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# The Anglo-Saxon Calendar.



The blended Memories of the Good and Great,  
Whom time has harmonized in Excellence,  
Are a fair meeting field—let angry Hate  
And jealous Emulance be banished thence,  
With sordid Greed and bigot Self-pretence—  
Thoughts that are holy, Actions that are brave,  
Counsels of Wisdom, Words of Influence—  
These are the Sureties that are strong to save,  
These the true guides of Life that Anglo-Saxons crave !

Few are the Names that live, when Bodies die,  
And few the Memories dear to after Days—  
Yet such there have been !—Reader, cast thine eye  
Along this Calendar of Saxon praise ;  
Read the good Names, and emulate their Ways ;  
Learn what they wrought, and venture Thou the same ;  
To loftiest Deeds thine aspirations raise ;  
Spurn pain delights, and Pleasure breeding shame ;  
So with the " Good and Great " shall Time enrol thy name !



# January.

Days of the Month	Holy Days & Holy Days	P <sup>r</sup> Copd & Great.	Memoranda.
1	<b>Circumcision</b>	Edmund Burke b. 1730	Union with Ireland 1801 Charles II. crowned at Scone 1651
2			
3			
4			
5			
6	<b>Epiphany</b> Twelfth Day		Major Pierson killed at St. Helier 1781
7	St. Distaff's Day	Princess Charlotte b. 1706	King Edward II. resigns the Crown, æt. 43 1327
8		Queen Catherine d. 1536 Henry VIII. d. æt. 50 1547	
9			Marquis of Exeter, Lord Montague, and Sir E. Nevil beheaded 1530
10		Abp. Laud beheaded 1645	Capitulation of Cape of Good Hope 1806
11			
12			
13		Charles James Fox b. 1748	
14		Edmund Halley d. 1741-2	Transports first sent to Botany Bay 1718
15			Pondicherry taken by the English 1761
16		Edmund Spenser d. 1508	Conference of Divines at Hampton Court 1604
17			
18			King Henry VII. marries the Princess Elizabeth of York 1486
19			
20		John Howard d. 1790	American Independence acknowledged 1783
21		David Garriek d. 1779	
22		George Lord Byron b. 1788	Parliament closed by Cromwell 1654
23		Wm. Pitt d. æt. 46 1806	
24			Long Parliament dissolved 1679
25	<b>Conver. of St. Paul</b>	James Hogg b. 1782	King Henry VIII.'s second Marriage to Anne Boleyn 1533 Queen Catherine appeals by letter to Pope Clement 1532
26		Dr. Jenner d. 1823	Massacre of the British Army at Khoord Cabul Pass 1842
27			
28			
29		King George III. d. æt. 81 1820	Franklin's Petition to Privy Council rejected 1774
30	<b>King Charles Martyr</b>		King Charles I. beheaded 1649
31			

# February.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Y <sup>e</sup> Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1			Battle of Mortimer's Cross . 1401
2	Candlemas Day. Purification of V. Mary		Battle of Lincoln; captivity of the King Stephen . 1141
3		John Beckman d. . 1811	
4			John Rogers first Martyr . 1555
5		Sir R. Peel b. . 1788	
6		King Charles II. d., æt. 54. . 1685	
7			
8			Mary Queen of Scots beheaded . 1587
9			Bishop Hooper suffers . 1555
10			Queen Victoria married . 1840
11		Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, d. . 1847	
12			War with France . 1778
13			Lord Guildford and Lady Jane Dudley beheaded . 1554
14	Old Candlemas. St. Valentine's Day .		Queen Catherine Howard and Lady Rochford beheaded . 1542
15			Captain Cook killed . 1779
16		Elizabeth of York d. 1508	Sir J. Jervis's victory off Cape St. Vincent . 1797
17			
18			Ameers of Scinde defeated by Sir C. Napier . 1843
19			Capitulation of Trinidad . 1797
20			
21			
22			
23		Joshua Reynolds d. 1792	Duke of Clarence killed . 1421
24	St. Matthias Apos. and Mart.	Duke of Cambridge b. 1774	The rebel lords, Earl of Derwentwater and Viscount Kenmare executed . 1716
25		Sir Christopher Wren d. . 1723	Earl of Essex executed . 1601
26		John Kemble d. . 1823	Queen Elizabeth excommunicated by Pope Pius V. . 1570
27			
28			
29			

# March.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	David Archbishop of Me-nevia d. 1642, æt. 40.		Introduction of Reform Bill . 1831
2	Cedde or Chad, Bishop of Litchfield, d. . 672	John Wesley d. . 1791	
3			Sir Nicholas Carew beheaded 1539
4			
5			
6			
7			
8		King William III. d. 1702	
9			
10		Earl of Bute d. . 1749	
11			
12	Gregory the Great, Bishop of Rome and Confessor		War between England and Spain . 1650
13			
14			Admiral Byng shot . 1757
15			
16			
17	St. Patrick's Day		Lord Seymour beheaded . 1540
18	Edward King of West Saxons		American Stamp Act repealed 1766
19			Battle of Erpingham; Sir R. Welles beheaded . 1470
20		Sir Isaac Newton d. 1727	
		Henry IV. d. . 1413	
21		Robert Southey d. 1843	Archbishop Thomas Cranmer executed . 1556
22			American Stamp Act . 1765
23			
24		Queen Elizabeth d. . 1603	
25	Annunciation of Virgin Mary.		
	Lady-Day		
26			King Richard I. mortally wounded by Bertrand de Guerdon, æt. 41 . 1199
27			The Queen Charlotte, 120 guns, blown up near Leghorn . 1800
28		King James I. d. . 1625	
29			Robert Bruce crowned at Scone . 1306
30			
31		Dr. W. Hunter d. . 1783	War declared against France 1744



# April.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Y <sup>r</sup> Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	All Fools' Day . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
2	. . . . .	Arthur Pr. of Wales d. 1502	Battle of Copenhagen; Lord Nelson . . . . . 1801
3	Richard Bishop of Chichester . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
4	. . . . .	Oliver Goldsmith d. 1774	. . . . .
5	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
6	Old Lady-Day . . .	. . . . .	Riots in London pending the arrest of Sir F. Burdett . . . 1810
7	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
8	. . . . .	. . . . .	King John returns to Eng-land and dies . . . . . 1364
9	. . . . .	King Edward IV. d. at 41 . . . . . 1483	. . . . .
10	. . . . .	. . . . .	Special Constables' Day. . . 1848
11	. . . . .	Earl of Chatham d. 1778	. . . . .
		Cardinal Beaufort d. 1447	. . . . .
12	. . . . .	. . . . .	Admiral Rodney's Victory . . 1782
13	. . . . .	Hugh Clapperton d. 1827	Catholic Emancipation . . . 1829
14	. . . . .	. . . . .	Battle of Barnet; Earl of Warwick killed . . . . . 1471
15	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
16	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
17	. . . . .	. . . . .	Victory of Santa Cruz, by Blake, who dies on his return . . . . . 1657
18	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
19	Alphege Archbishop of Canterbury . . .	Lord Byron d. at Missolonghi (Greece) 1824	Lord Lovat executed . . . . . 1747
20	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
21	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
22	. . . . .	King Henry VII. d. at 52 . . . . . 1509	. . . . .
		Henry Fielding b. . . . . 1702	. . . . .
23	St. George Martyr, d. A.D. 209 . . .	Wm. Shakespeare b. 1564	Truce between England and Burgundy . . . . . 1443
24	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
25	St. Mark, Evan. and Martyr . . .	Oliver Cromwell b. . . . . 1599	Constitution of Pennsylvania 1682
26	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
27	. . . . .	Lord Somers d. . . . . 1716	. . . . .
		Sir Wm. Jones d. . . . . 1704	. . . . .
28	. . . . .	. . . . .	Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with the Dauphin . . 1558
29	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
30	. . . . .	Washington, 1st President of the U. S. 1789	Battle of Fontenoy . . . . . 1745

# May.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Ye Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	<b>St. Philip and St. James.</b>	Joseph Addison b. . 1672	.
2	.	.	.
3	.	.	.
4	.	.	Battle of Tewkesbury . . 1471
5	.	.	Seringapatam taken by storm 1799
6	.	.	King Henry VIII.'s fourth marriage to Anne of Clives 1540
7	.	.	Capitulation of Jamaica . 1655
8	.	.	Attempt of Blood to steal the Crown . . . 1671
9	.	.	.
10	.	.	.
11	.	Lord Chatham d. . 1778	Perceval assassinated . . 1812
12	Old May-Day . . .	.	Wentworth Earl of Strafford beheaded. . . 1641
13	.	.	King Richard returns to England and makes war upon France . . 1194
14	.	.	Battle of Lewes . . . 1264
15	.	.	.
16	.	Felicia Hemans d. . 1835	King John does homage to the Pope before his Legate at Dover . . 1213
17	.	Queen Caroline b. . 1768	Penruddock executed at Exeter . . 1655
18	.	.	Richard Earl of Cornwall crowned King of the Romans, at Aix-la-Chapelle. 1257
19	Dunstan Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 998 .	.	.
20	.	.	Queen Anne Boleyn beheaded 1536
21	.	.	King Henry VIII.'s third marriage to Jane Seymour 1536
22	.	.	Siege of Gibraltar . . 1727
23	.	.	King Henry VI. murdered, et. 40 . . . 1471
24	.	.	First battle at St. Alban's; Duke of Somerset killed . 1455
25	.	.	Archbishop Cranmer pronounces Katherine's divorce . . 1533
26	Augustin, first Archbishop of Canterbury, the Apostle of the English, d. A.D. 610	Queen Victoria b. . 1819	.
27	Venerable Bede . . .	King George III. b. 1738	.
28	.	.	.
29	<b>King Charles II. Nat. and Rest.</b> . . .	Noah Webster d. . 1843	Habeas Corpus Act . . 1678
30	.	William Pitt b. . 1759	.
31	.	Alexander Pope d. . 1744	King Charles II. restored . 1660
			Thomas à Beckett consecrated to the See of Canterbury . . 1162

# June.

Days of the Month.	High Days & Holy Days	Y <sup>e</sup> Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	. . . . .	David Wilkie d. . . . . 1841	Mr. Adams, first American minister, received at St. James's . . . . . 1785
2	. . . . .	. . . . .	Riots in London . . . . . 1780
3	. . . . .	. . . . .	Dutch Fleet defeated by Duke of York; Admiral Opdam blown up . . . . . 1665
4	. . . . .	. . . . .	Reform Bill passed . . . . . 1832
5	Boniface Bishop of Mentz, and Martyr . . . . .	K. of Hanover b. . . . . 1771	Slave Trade abolished . . . . . 1806
6	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
7	. . . . .	The "Good Queen Anne" d. . . . . 1394	Interview of Henry and Francis at Ardres, "the field of the cloth of gold" . . . . . 1520
8	. . . . .	Edward the Black Prince d. . . . . 1376	The Allied Sovereigns in London . . . . . 1814
9	. . . . .	. . . . .	Habeas Corpus Act passed . . . . . 1641
10	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
11	St. Barnabas Apos. and Mart. . . . .	King George I. d. . . . . 1727	. . . . .
12	. . . . .	. . . . .	Act of Settlement . . . . . 1701
13	. . . . .	Dr. Thomas Arnold b. . . . . 1795	Peace with the Scotch at Berwick . . . . . 1639
14	. . . . .	Sir Henry Vane beheaded . . . . . 1662	Battle of Naseby . . . . . 1645
15	. . . . .	Thomas Campbell d. . . . . 1844	Lord Thurlow resigns the Great Seal . . . . . 1792
16	. . . . .	John Duke of Marlborough d. . . . . 1722	Battle of Dettingen . . . . . 1743
17	St. Alban first English Martyr . . . . .	William Cobbett d. . . . . 1835	Battle of Bunker's Hill . . . . . 1775
18	. . . . .	. . . . .	Battle of Waterloo . . . . . 1815
19	. . . . .	. . . . .	Magna Charta signed . . . . . 1215
20	Trn. of Edward King of West Saxons . . . . .	. . . . .	Accession of Queen Victoria . . . . . 1837
21	. . . . .	K. Edward III. d. . . . . 1377	Cadiz taken by the Earl of Essex . . . . . 1596
22	. . . . .	. . . . .	Lord Bridport's victory off L'Orient . . . . . 1795
23	. . . . .	. . . . .	Stamp Duty instituted . . . . . 1694
24	Nativity of St. John Baptist. Midsum.-Day . . . . .	. . . . .	Battle of Bannockburn . . . . . 1314
25	. . . . .	. . . . .	Diet of Augsburg; first Protestant Confession of Faith . . . . . 1530
26	. . . . .	K. George IV. d. . . . . 1830	Dutch Fleet defeated by Rupert and Monck . . . . . 1666
27	. . . . .	. . . . .	Dr. Dodd executed . . . . . 1777
28	. . . . .	. . . . .	Queen Victoria crowned . . . . . 1838
29	St. Peter Apos. and Mart. . . . .	. . . . .	The Great Plague in London began . . . . . 1665
30	. . . . .	King William IV. d. . . . . 1837	Greenwich Hospital founded . . . . . 1636

# July.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Pe Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	.	.	Bombardment of Algiers . 1688
2	.	.	Battle of Marston Moor . 1644
3	.	.	.
4	Trans. of St. Martin .	.	Declaration of Independence 1776
5	.	.	.
6	Old Midsummer-Day .	.	Sir F. More beheaded . 1535
7	.	Richard Brinsley Sheridan d. . 1816	.
8	.	Percy Bysshe Shelley d. . 1822	.
9	.	.	.
10	.	.	Battle of Northampton; King Henry VI. taken prisoner 1400
11	.	.	Battle of the Boyne . 1690
12	.	.	King Henry VIII.'s sixth Marriage to Katherine Parr 1543
13	.	.	Gibraltar taken by Sir Geo. Rooke . 1702
14	.	.	Riots at Birmingham . 1791
15	St. Swithun .	.	.
16	.	.	.
17	.	.	.
18	.	.	.
19	.	.	Battle of Halidon Hill . 1333
20	.	.	.
21	.	Inigo Jones d. . 1652	Battle of Shrewsbury; Hotspur killed . 1403
22	.	.	King Edward III. lands at Antwerp . 1338
23	.	.	.
24	.	.	.
25	St. James Apos. and Mart. .	.	.
26	.	.	Battle of Edgecote; Earl Pembroke defeated and beheaded . 1469
27	.	.	Battle of Talavera . 1811
28	.	.	First English Newspaper . 1538
29	.	.	Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded . 1540
30	.	William Duke of Gloster dies . 1700	.
31	.	.	Sir G. Byng destroys the Spanish Fleet off Passora 1718

# August.

Days of the Month	Vigil Days & Holy Days	Y <sup>e</sup> Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	Lammas-Day . . .	Queen Anne d. æt. 40 . 1714	Battle of the Nile . . . 1798
2	. . . . .	. . . . .	King William Rufus killed by an arrow while hunting in the New Forest . . . 1100
3	. . . . .	Joshua Barnes d. . . 1712	. . . . .
4	. . . . .	. . . . .	Capitulation of Gibraltar . . 1704
5	. . . . .	. . . . .	Wolsey advanced to the See of York . . . . . 1514
6	<b>Transfiguration of our Lord</b> . . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
7	. . . . .	Queen Caroline d. . . 1821	. . . . .
8	. . . . .	Canning d. . . . . 1827	King Henry VIII.'s fifth marriage to Katherine Howard . . . . . 1540
9	. . . . .	. . . . .	Battle of Otterburn . . . 1388
10	St Lawrence . . . . .	. . . . .	Elba taken by Nelson . . . 1706
11	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
12	Old Lammas-Day . . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
13	. . . . .	Queen Adelaide b. . . 1792	The Asteroid Iris discovered by Hind, London . . . 1847
14	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
15	. . . . .	. . . . .	General Gates defeated by Lord Cornwallis . . . 1780
16	. . . . .	Ben Jonson d. . . . . 1637	Manchester Massacre . . . 1819
17	. . . . .	Duchess of Kent b. . . 1786	. . . . .
18	. . . . .	Admiral Blake d. . . 1667	Treaty of Winchester . . . 1153
19	. . . . .	. . . . .	Royal George sunk . . . 1782
20	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
21	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
22	. . . . .	. . . . .	King Richard III. killed, æt. 33 . . . . . 1485
23	. . . . .	Archbp. Warham d. . . 1532	Stamps on Newspapers . . 1713
24	<b>St. Bartholomew Apos. and Mar.</b> . . . . .	. . . . .	The style of King of Great Britain first assumed . . 1604
25	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
26	. . . . .	Prince Albert b. . . . 1819	Amoy, China, taken . . . 1841
27	. . . . .	. . . . .	Margaret Countess Dowager of Salisbury, daughter of George Duke of Clarence, the last of the Plantagnets, beheaded . . . 1541
28	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
29	. . . . .	. . . . .	Cession of Hong Kong . . . 1842
30	. . . . .	. . . . .	Greenwich Observatory founded . . . . . 1675
31	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .

# September.

Days of the Month	Holy Days & Holy Days	Pe Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	St. Giles . . . . .	. . . . .	Great Fire of London . . . 1666
2	. . . . .	. . . . .	Battle of Dunbar gained by Cromwell . . . . . 1650
3	. . . . .	Oliver Cromwell d. . . 1658	Battle of Worcester . . . 1651
4	. . . . .	Dudley Earl of Leicester d. . . 1588	. . . . .
5	. . . . .	. . . . .	Malta surrendered to the English . . . . . 1800
6	. . . . .	King James II. d. æt. 68 . . . 1701	First American Congress . . 1774
7	. . . . .	Queen Elizabeth b. . . 1533	Popish Plot . . . . . 1678
8	. . . . .	. . . . .	Capitulation of Upper Canada . . . . . 1760
9	. . . . .	William the Conqueror d. . . 1087	Battle of Flodden . . . . . 1513
10	. . . . .	. . . . .	Prince Rupert surrenders Bristol . . . . . 1645
11	. . . . .	. . . . .	Tea first imported to England . . . . . 1391
12	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
13	. . . . .	Charles James Fox d. æt. 58 . . . 1806	Battle of Worcester . . . . . 1651
14	Holy Cross . . . . .	John Duke of Bedford d. . 1435	Battle of Homildon Hill . . . 1402
15	. . . . .	. . . . .	Manchester Railway opened . . . 1830
16	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
17	. . . . .	Lady Arabella Stuart d. . . 1615	Capitulation of Ceylon . . . 1795
18	. . . . .	. . . . .	Capitulation of Lower Canada . . . . . 1759
19	. . . . .	. . . . .	Capitulation of British Guiana . . . . . 1803
20	. . . . .	Lord Brougham b. . . 1770	Battle of Poitiers . . . . . 1356
21	St. Mathew Apos. and Evan. . . . .	. . . . .	First Battle of Newbury . . . 1643
22	. . . . .	Walter Scott d. . . 1832	King Edward II. murdered at Berkeley Castle . . . 1327
23	. . . . .	. . . . .	Battle of Zutphen; Sir P. Sidney mortally wounded . . . 1586
24	. . . . .	. . . . .	Battle of Assaye, East Indies . . . 1803
25	. . . . .	. . . . .	Balliol is crowned at Scone . . . 1332
26	. . . . .	Marquis Wellesley d. . 1842	Lord Cornwallis enters Philadelphia; the Congress remove to Lancaster . . . 1777
27	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
28	. . . . .	. . . . .	. . . . .
29	Michaelmas-Day. St. Michael and All Angels. . . . .	Horatio Nelson b. . . 1758	Viscount Stafford beheaded . . 1680
30	. . . . .	George Whitfield d. . 1770 Queen Cath. Parr d. . 1548	King Richard taken prisoner, resigns the Crown . . . 1399

# October.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Pe Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	.	.	.
2	.	Wm. Ellery Chan- ning d. . . . . 1842	.
3	.	.	Edward IV. passes over to Holland . . . . . 1470
4	.	.	Miles Coverdale's transla- tion of the Bible published . 1535
5	.	.	Battle of Dundalk; Edward Bruce defeated by John Lord Birmingham and slain . . . . . 1818
6	.	.	.
7	.	.	.
8	.	.	.
9	.	.	.
10	.	.	.
11	.	.	Lord Duncan's Victory . . 1707 Queen Mary's Trial . . . 1586
12	St. Wilfred . . . .	Prince Edward b. . . 1537	Cabul reduced by Generals Pollock and Nott . . . 1842
13	Trans. of Edward the Confessor . . . .	.	King Henry VI. restored . . 1470
14	.	King Harold killed . . 1066	Battle of Hastings . . . 1066
15	.	Sir Philip Sidney d. æd. 32 . . . . . 1586	.
16	.	.	Bishop Latimer burnt . . . 1554 Houses of Parliament burnt . 1834
17	Etheldreda V. and Abbess of Ely, commonly called St. Audrey . . . .	Gen. Beauchamp d. . . 1703	.
18	St. Luke the Evan. . .	.	.
19	.	.	Mortimer is seized in Not- tingham Castle . . . 1330
20	.	.	First Writ for Ship Money . . 1634
21	.	Nelson d. 1805 . . . .	Battle of Trafalgar . . . 1805
22	.	.	.
23	.	.	Battle of Edgehill . . . 1642
24	.	.	King John and King Edward ratify the Treaty of Bre- tigny in person at Calais . . 1360
25	.	King George II. d. æd. 75 . . . . . 1760	Battle of Agincourt . . . 1415
26	.	Hogarth d. . . . . 1764	.
27	.	.	Second Battle of Newbury . . 1644
28	St. Simon and St. Jude . .	.	.
29	.	.	Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded . 1618
30	.	.	.
31	.	Robert Earl of Glou- cester d. . . . . 1146	Pampeluna invested . . . 1813

# November.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Y <sup>e</sup> Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	All Saints'-Day	.	.
2	All Soules	.	.
3	.	.	.
4	.	.	King William III. landed . 1688
5	Papists Conspiracy; Gunpowder Plot.	Princess Charlotte d. 1817	Gunpowder Plot discovered . 1605
6	.	Henry Prince of Wales d. . 1612	Marriage of Katherine of Aragon to Arthur Prince of Wales . 1501
7	.	.	First Gazette . 1665
8	.	John Milton d. . 1674	.
9	.	Prince of Wales b. . 1841	.
10	.	.	.
11	.	.	Treaty of Grenada . 1500
12	.	.	.
13	.	.	King Charles I. is taken by Colonel Hammond to Carisbrooke Castle . 1647
14	.	Mary Queen of Scots born . 1542	.
15	.	Cardinal Pole d. . 1558	.
16	.	.	King Henry V. lands at Dover . 1415
17	Hugh Bishop of Lincoln d. . 1200	Lord Erskine d. . 1822	.
18	.	.	Battle of Navarino . 1827
19	.	.	.
20	Edmund, King and Martyr	.	.
21	.	James Hogg d. . 1835	Duke of York marries Mary of Modena . 1673
22	.	The Regent Duke of Orleans d. . 1723	Portobello taken by Admiral Vernon. . 1793
23	.	.	.
24	.	John Knox d. . 1572	.
25	.	Francis Chantrey d. 1841	Battle of Solway Moss . 1542
26	.	.	Mortimer executed . 1330
27	.	.	.
28	.	.	Earl of Warwick executed . 1499
29	.	Cardinal Wolsey d. . 1530	.
30	St. Andrew Apos. and Mart.	.	.



# December.

Days of the Month	High Days & Holy Days	Y <sup>r</sup> Good & Great.	Memoranda.
1	.	.	.
2	.	King Henry I. d. aet. 76 . . . . . 1135	.
3	.	.	.
4	.	.	Capitulation of Mauritius . . . . . 1810
5	.	.	.
6	.	.	United States acknowledged . . . . . 1782
7	.	.	.
8	Feast of the "Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary" instituted by Anselm, Arch-bishop of Canterbury . . . . .	Algernon Sidney d. . . . . 1688	.
9	.	John Milton b. . . . . 1608	Settlement at Sierra Leone . . . . . 1780
10	.	.	.
11	.	.	.
12	.	Dr. Darwin b. . . . . 1732	Cromwell made Protector . . . . . 1653
13	.	.	.
14	.	George Washington d. . . . . 1799 Mary Queen of Scots born . . . . . 1542	.
15	.	.	Desolating Fire at New York . . . . . 1835
16	.	.	Edward Baliol is defeated by Moray . . . . . 1332
17	.	.	.
18	.	.	.
19	.	Samuel Johnson d. . . . . 1784	Toulon taken by the English . . . . . 1793
20	.	.	.
21	St. Thomas Apos. and Mart. . . . .	.	.
22	.	.	.
23	.	.	Peace of Ghent, America, and Great Britain . . . . . 1814
24	Christmas Eve . . . . .	.	Lord Cobham suffers for Heresy . . . . . 1417
25	Christmas-Day . . . . .	Isaac Newton b. . . . . 1642	.
26	St. Stephen first Mart. . . . .	.	.
27	St. John Apos. and Evan. . . . .	.	.
28	Innocents'-Day . . . . .	Queen Mary d. aet. 83 . . . . . 1694	.
29	.	.	.
30	.	.	Battle of Wakefield; Duke of York beheaded . . . . . 1400
31	.	.	.

## Rules to know when the Moveable Feasts and Holy Days begin.

EASTER-DAY (on which the rest depend) is always the first *Sunday* after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of *March*; and if the full moon happens upon a *Sunday*, *Easter-Day* is the *Sunday* after.

ADVENT-SUNDAY is always the nearest *Sunday* to the Feast of *St. Andrew*, whether before or after.

<i>Septuagesima</i>	} Sunday is	<i>Nine</i>	} Weeks before Easter.	<i>Rogation-Sunday</i>	} Five weeks	} after Easter.
<i>Sexagesima</i>		<i>Eight</i>		<i>Ascension-Day</i>		
<i>Quinquagesima</i>		<i>Seven</i>		<i>Whit-Sunday</i>		
<i>Quadragesima</i>		<i>Six</i>		<i>Trinity-Sunday</i>		

## A Table of the Kings and Queens of England.

	Began to Reign.		Reign Ended.			Began to Reign.		Reign Ended.	
Will. Con. . .	1066	Dec. 25	1087	Sept. 9	Henry VII. . .	1485	August 22	1509	April 21
Will. Rufus . .	1087	Sept. 25	1100	August 2	Henry VIII. .	1509	April 22	1547	Jan. 23
Henry I. . .	1100	August 5	1135	Dec. 1	Edward VI. . .	1547	Jan. 28	1553	July 6
Stephen . . .	1135	Dec. 26	1154	Oct. 25	Mary . . .	1553	July 6	1558	Nov. 17
Henry II. . .	1154	Dec. 19	1189	July 6	Elizabeth . .	1558	Nov. 17	1603	March 24
Richard I. . .	1189	Sept. 3	1199	April 6	James I. . .	1603	March 24	1625	March 27
John . . .	1199	March 27	1216	Oct. 19	Charles I. . .	1625	March 27	1649	Jan. 30
Henry III. . .	1216	Oct. 28	1272	Nov. 16	Charles II. . .	1649	Jan. 30	1685	Feb. 6
Edward I. . .	1272	Nov. 20	1307	July 7	James II. . .	1685	Feb. 6	1688	Dec. 11
Edward II. . .	1307	July 8	1327	Jan. 20	Will. & Mary .	1689	Feb. 13	1702	March 8
Edward III. . .	1327	Jan. 25	1377	June 21	Anne . . .	1702	March 8	1714	August 1
Richard II. . .	1377	June 22	1399	Sept. 29	George I. . .	1714	August 1	1727	June 11
Henry IV. . .	1399	Sept. 30	1413	March 20	George II. . .	1727	June 11	1760	Oct. 25
Henry V. . .	1413	March 20	1422	August 31	George III. . .	1760	Oct. 25	1820	Jan. 29
Henry VI. . .	1422	Sept. 1	1461	March 4	George IV. . .	1820	Jan. 29	1830	June 26
Edward IV. . .	1461	March 4	1483	April 9	William IV. .	1830	June 26	1837	June 20
Edward V. . .	1483	April 9	1483	June 25	Victoria . . .	1837	June 20	Whom God preserve.	
Richard III. .	1483	June 26	1485	August 22					

## Presidents of the United States from the adoption of the Constitution.

		Term Began.	Term Ended.
1 George Washington . . .	Virginia . . .	April 30, 1789 . .	March 3, 1797.
2 John Adams . . .	Massachusetts . .	March 4, 1797 . .	March 3, 1801.
3 Thomas Jefferson . . .	Virginia . . .	March 4, 1801 . .	March 3, 1809.
4 James Madison . . .	Virginia . . .	March 4, 1809 . .	March 3, 1817.
5 James Monroe . . .	Virginia . . .	March 4, 1817 . .	March 3, 1825.
6 John Quincy Adams . .	Massachusetts . .	March 4, 1825 . .	March 3, 1829.
7 Andrew Jackson . . .	Tennessee . . .	March 4, 1829 . .	March 3, 1837.
8 Martin Van Buren . . .	New York . . .	March 4, 1837 . .	March 3, 1841.
9 William Henry Jackson .	Ohio . . .	March 4, 1841 . .	April 4, 1841.
10 John Tyler . . .	Virginia . . .	April 4, 1841 . .	March 3, 1845.
11 James Knox Polk . . .	Tennessee . . .	March 4, 1845 . .	March 3, 1849.
12 Zachariah Taylor . . .		March 4, 1849 . .	

## Governors of Chief Colonies, &c.

EUROPE.—*Gibraltar*, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Sir Robert Gardiner. *Ionian Islands*, Lord High Commissioner, Lieutenant General Lord Seaton. *Malta*, Governor, Right Honourable R. More O'Ferrall. *Heliogoland*, Captain Hindmarsh, R.N.

ASIA.—*Bengal*, Governor-General of India, Earl of Dalhousie. *Madras*, Governor, Sir H. Pottinger, G.C.B. *Bombay*, Viscount Falkland. *Ceylon*, Governor, Viscount Torrington. *Hong-Kong (China)*, Samuel C. Bonham, Esq.

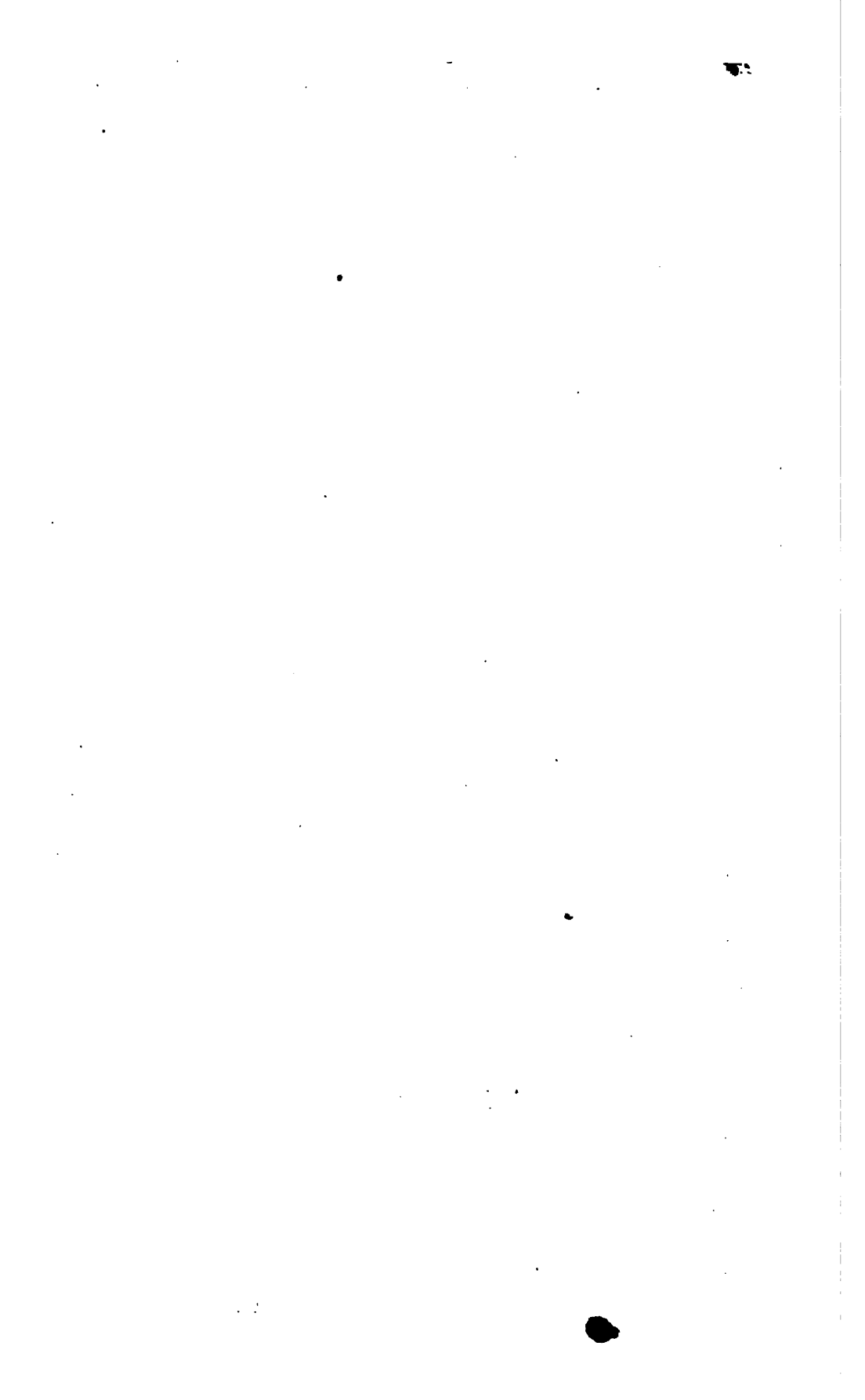
AFRICA.—*Cape of Good Hope*, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir Henry Smith, G.C.B. *Mauritius*, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, General Sir W. Maynard Gomm. *St. Helena*, Governor, Major-General Sir Patrick Ross.

AMERICA, WEST INDIES, &c.—*The Canadas and other possessions in North America*, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief, Earl of Elgin. *Jamaica*, Captain-General and Governor, Right Honourable Sir Charles Grey. *Barbadoes*, *St. Vincent*, &c., Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Colebrooke, C.B.

AUSTRALIAS.—*New South Wales*, Governor, Sir C. A. Fitzroy. *Van Diemen's Land*, Lieutenant-Governor, Captain Sir W. T. Denison. *West Australia*, Governor, Charles Fitzgerald, Commander, R.N. *South Australia*, Lieutenant-Governor, Sir H. E. Fox Young, Bart. *New Zealand*, Governor, Sir George Grey.



“Non Angli sed Angeli.”



# An Address to Anglo-Saxons.



"*Non Angli sed Angeli.*" "Not Angles, but Angels." Such was the exclamation of the great Gregory some twelve hundred years ago, when, according to old Story-books and Histories, the youthful Angli, early Leaflets of the mighty Anglo-Saxon Branch, drew all the eyes of Rome to their angelic forms.

Perhaps it was the mere alliteration of the words and the poetry of the idea which suggested the Saying of the good old man; perhaps, like the High Priest of old, he spoke, not of himself, but by the Spirit of Prophecy. This we cannot now determine; but, whether it was inspired or not, the Saying has not fallen to the ground. From that time forward the tree of the Anglo-Saxon race took root and flourished; for a thousand years the mighty trunk grew and shot upwards, rude and rugged perhaps in appearance, but of sound heart of oak within; and then it spread forth its branches to the uttermost ends of the earth, affording shelter, and protection, and support to the other families and less favoured races of mankind. The Anglo-Saxons have been accomplishing their destiny. Let us look upon the surface of our Planet, dotted over in every direction by these *Angli*, or *Angeli*, or *Messengers*—messengers, hitherto, of civilization and commerce, but now, we hope, destined to become messengers of better tidings even than these, the future heralds of light and knowledge, about to work out some realization of the words "*Peace on earth, and Good Will to all men.*"

This we believe to be the *Destiny*, the *Mission*, of the Anglo-Saxons. But in order to accomplish this Destiny, to fulfil this Mission, we must first become *united* in some things at least, if not in all. We must have some *Rallying Point*. Division, Disunity, is

the canker-worm that hinders the development of the Blossom, and ravages in the bud the beautiful Flower of our wide-spreading Branch. We all disagree about our Social Institutions, we differ about our Religious Observances; but, if it be now possible, let us endeavour to seize upon some opportunity of conversing with one another, without touching upon these topics; not because they are subjects of no importance, but because they are subjects of *difference* and *disagreement*. And there is one Field upon which we may all meet as Brothers, one Platform from which we may all teach without confusion, one *Bond of Union* which can embrace all our Race,—our *Mother Language*—the “*kindly English Tongue*.”

The whole Earth may be called the *Father-land* of the Anglo-Saxon. He is a native of every clime—a messenger of heaven to every corner of this Planet; not indeed yet developed to his perfection, not yet even comprehending his mission, but *tending thitherward*; he runs to and fro upon the Earth’s surface, accumulates facts, lays up in store the treasures and discoveries of every zone, and records, ever records, the results of his enterprize, and experience, and investigations, in his own *Mother Tongue*. There is no language so rich as the English in the results of scientific researches, and in the records of travellers from every region of the Earth.

The Histories and Romance of the old world, the Enterprize and Discoveries of the new, and the illustrated pages of the Book of Nature, form meeting-points for all Anglo-Saxons, whatever spot be their home, however much they may differ in creeds, sects, and institutions. And we believe that we should more readily attain the grand object of our hopes and aspirations, which is *Unity* and *Brotherly Good Will*, by putting prominently forward all those Facts upon which we can agree, and by avoiding subjects of discussion upon which, at present, we can only agree to differ.

Some thoughts like these, upon the present condition and apparent destiny of our Race, have led to a wish that there should be established some sort of literary centre or head quarters, to which all Anglo-Saxons who are at present spread abroad upon the face of the Earth might forward the results of their researches and discoveries upon any subject that concerns the future progress of their congeners; and it has been suggested, that instead of con-

triving at first any new or untried receptacle, it would be better to adopt the prevailing form of a periodical publication, which might ultimately develop itself into some more magnificent and imposing Shrine of Knowledge.

It has been thought, too, that London would be the proper centre to which all such communications should flow, not only because it is the Capital of the British Empire and the great Babylon of the civilized world, containing within its circuit two millions of Anglo-Saxons ; but because it is the cradle of the English language, the spot in which Wycliffe and Chaucer, Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and other mighty men—men of renown—have laid the foundation of that temple of English literature in which every child of the Race seeks for light and inspiration. With this object in view a Map has been prepared which represents, in a rough but striking outline, every spot on the Earth's surface in which the Anglo-Saxon genius is dominant. A slight sketch of an Anglo-Saxon Kalendar has also been prepared, which, when corrected and enlarged with some care and labour, will exhibit every day of the year to us as a niche or shrine for the memorial of some great name and some celebrated event dear to every English reader.

We have thought it best to publish these two sketches—the Map and the Kalendar—in their present unfinished state, in order that the Idea which they are intended to set forth may be diffused as generally and as rapidly as possible in the early part of the new year, and that the end of the year 1849 may witness the completion of the first volume of the Anglo-Saxon. Our present intention is to publish the Anglo-Saxon *quarterly*, in January, April, July, and October; the four parts being designed to form one handsome volume for the year of about five or six hundred pages, with maps and illustrations, of which this Prospectus, with the Map and Kalendar, will form the first part for this year. The Anglo-Saxon is not intended to take its place amongst either the Quarterly Reviews or the Magazines, but it will combine the advantages of both; its pages will be open to communications from any member of "the Family" in any part of the Earth, especially to those that have any reference to the *Destiny and Mission of the Race*. It is hoped that Officers of the Navy and Army, and all persons whom

pleasure or business carry about to the various parts of the Earth, will make use of our pages to communicate to others anything which may be worth knowing and of general use to the world. Correspondents will be by degrees established in every place where the English language is read and spoken and loved, however few in number the readers may be; and we hope that in a short time we shall receive communications of general interest from every spot that has been distinguished in our Map as being Anglo-Saxon. The volume for each year will thus form a Manual for Reference and a continued Record of Progress for all matters of general interest to the Race.

We propose to publish also a series of papers on the history, the language, and the literature of the English, from the earliest records of Bede and Gildas up to our own times. Biographical notices will also be collected, and a variety of Anglo-Saxon ballads and legends from time to time inserted. The first number of each year will contain a new edition of the Map and Kalendar, corrected up to the close of the previous year, and various Maps, illustrating the particular countries of interest to us, will accompany the different numbers. Copious and varied tables of statistics will be carefully prepared expressly for this publication, and these dry matters of detail will be as much as possible varied and enlivened by original articles of anecdote and imagination.

In short, it is the object of the promoters to establish a valuable and sterling work, which shall become as necessary and acceptable and interesting to the Anglo-Saxon in every quarter of the globe, as is the daily delivery of his letters by the post-office. The next number will be published in the first week of April, and any communications of immediate interest should be forwarded at once to the editors.

There is one other wish which we venture to express: it is thought that even this short outline, with the Map and Kalendar, would be well suited for extensive distribution amongst the Working Men of England, especially in these times; and it is earnestly desired that all those who, from station, means, and leisure, are or ought to be Guardians, Governors, and Directors of their less favoured fellow-mortals, will come forward with kindness and good will, and assist



us by contributions from purse and pen to promote the general diffusion and interest of the "Anglo-Saxon." Let them do what they can to forward its distribution amongst all classes of English readers, in clubs and coffee-rooms, drawing-rooms and institutes; so that, in these days, while our brothers are running to and fro over the face of the Earth, and knowledge is by their means being spread abroad, every child of the Race may, in his own peculiar corner, by his own fire-side, become acquainted and familiar with the progress and with the conquests of his fellows.

There are few English villages which do not talk of some of their children who are emigrants, or sailors, or soldiers in many of these far distant regions; ever and anon the village-post brings to each parish coterie some tidings, vague indeed, and meagre perhaps in detail, but full of personal hopes and family interests, although dated from the Bush of Australia, or the Prairies of America, or the tributary Cities of Asia.

Would not this *Pride of Race*, if it was carefully and judiciously cultivated by leaders and governors, and its results more popularly and generally diffused, do more to raise the energy and encourage the labour of the Working Man than any jealousy of institutions or rivalry of sects. Let the "Working Man" be told and taught to look and ponder well upon the Map of the Earth's surface; let him see for himself, and remember that the English speakers, English workers, are spreading themselves like bees over a fourth part of the Dry Land; let him be taught and made to understand that the bright Sun which rouses him to his daily labour has looked upon every degree of the Earth's surface since he last bade him good-morrow, and has seen under every degree some of his Anglo-Saxon brothers rising to their work. It has been well said that the Sun never sets upon the British Empire, still less upon the Anglo-Saxon Race.

Now all English and American gentlemen can do much to forward this good feeling amongst the different classes of their followers and dependants, and English and American ladies perhaps can do still more; and in order to rally around us all those who must necessarily influence, either for good or evil, the great mass of human souls, it is proposed to found in London a "*Grand Anglo-*

*Saxon Club*," to be carried out on a magnificent scale, and in a style worthy of the object and of the Race.

London itself affords several instances of what may result from association and *esprit de corps*. The finest palaces in our streets are raised and supported by voluntary associations of individuals connected together by ties of party politics, educational reminiscences, or similarity of occupation and profession. Every year presents us with some new architectural wonder-work, resulting from these limited associations, and at the present time three noble palaces, almost within a hundred yards of each other, are kept up at a trifling individual expense by a comparatively limited class, the Officers of the Army and Navy.

Why should not the Officers of the Anglo-Saxons, the Leaders, and Teachers, and Governors, all unite to found, and perfect, and adorn a noble Anglo-Saxon Palace or Hall, which shall comprise all the usual advantages of a Club and, at the same time, form a centre or rallying-point for Anglo-Saxons from every quarter of the globe? It should contain galleries, libraries, and museums, to be adorned with the *chefs-d'œuvre*, the *discoveries*, and *relics* of the Anglo-Saxons. It should be the centre of communication, the Heart of the Race, receiving strength from every region, and diffusing light to every corner of the Earth.

Such, gentle Reader, are a few of the Ideas which we would fain see realized. We commence our undertaking when Men's minds are running upon old associations—while they are busy with the Yule Log, the Mistletoe Bough, and the Baron of Beef. May a "Merry Christmas and a happy New Year" warm the hearts of all who read these Pages towards the "Old Country" and the "Mother Tongue," and enable us like true Anglo-Saxons to *do well* what we have undertaken to do, remembering the old Saw, "WHERE THERE 'S A WILL THERE 'S A WAY."

The Editors of the Anglo-Saxon.

The PAST, The PRESENT,  
and  
The FUTURE.



Who says that the race of old England is run,  
That her laurels are faded,—her fall is begun,—  
That her wealth, and her might, and her glories are past—  
And the Sun of her greatness is setting at last?

The good men of Old! we will boast of them still—  
They did their work bravely through good and through ill—  
The name they have left us with pride we receive,  
And our sons shall not blush at the name that we leave.

The good men of Old! we have learnt from their story  
That wisdom is wealth and that virtue is glory,  
But nor virtue nor wisdom unsullied had they,  
The goal is not won—and we list not to stay.

We list not to stay, while there wanders on earth  
One outcast who curses the land of his birth;  
One son so neglected, who owns not in truth  
A blessing from England, the land of his youth.

We list not to stay while the Parent beguil'd  
 Calls England the hell wherein perished his child,  
 And the poor man despairing seeks far o'er the sea  
 A land where the rich are not only the free !

On, onwards we'll press till the true goal be won,  
 And in Faith, Hope, and Love a new era begun ;  
 Till kindness alone be the bond that shall bind  
 Old England's true sons, and through them all mankind.

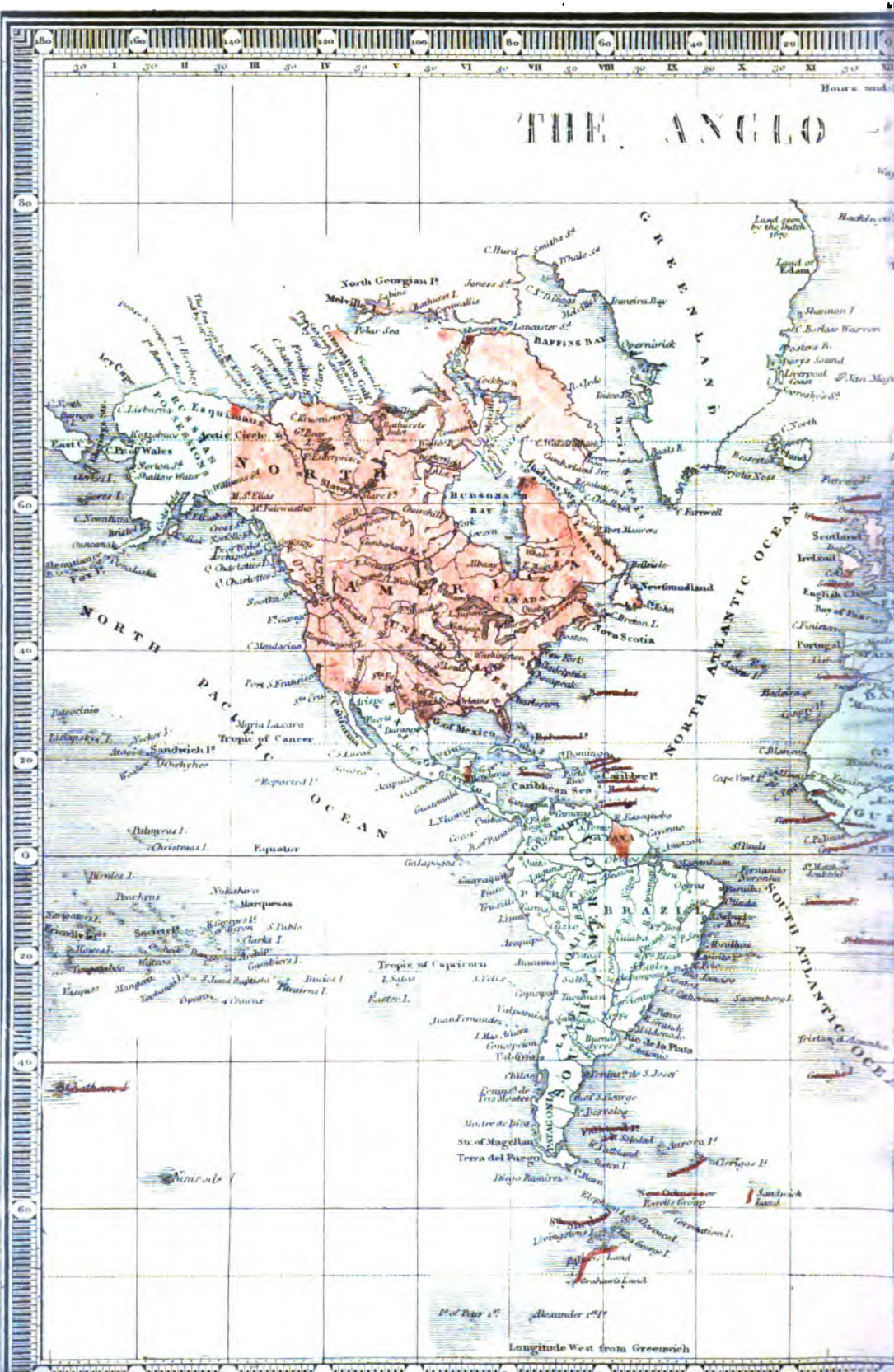
Our vain is the hope—for the night is far spent—  
 The day dawn is rising—the dark cloud is rent ;—  
 The Past tells its warning, the Present its sorrow ;  
 But Peace, Joy, and Love are in store for the morrow !

There is One who will aid, when His merries are sought ;  
 His best gifts He giveth—unsold and unbought.  
 Let our hearts then unite, while our words are the same,  
**OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN, BE HALLOWED BY  
 NAME !**

\*.\* It has been observed that of the fifty-eight words of which the Lord's Prayer is composed, not more than three words are of Gallo-Norman introduction, and of those two are corruptions from the Latin. The remaining fifty-five are immediately and originally derivable from the "Anglo-Saxon."



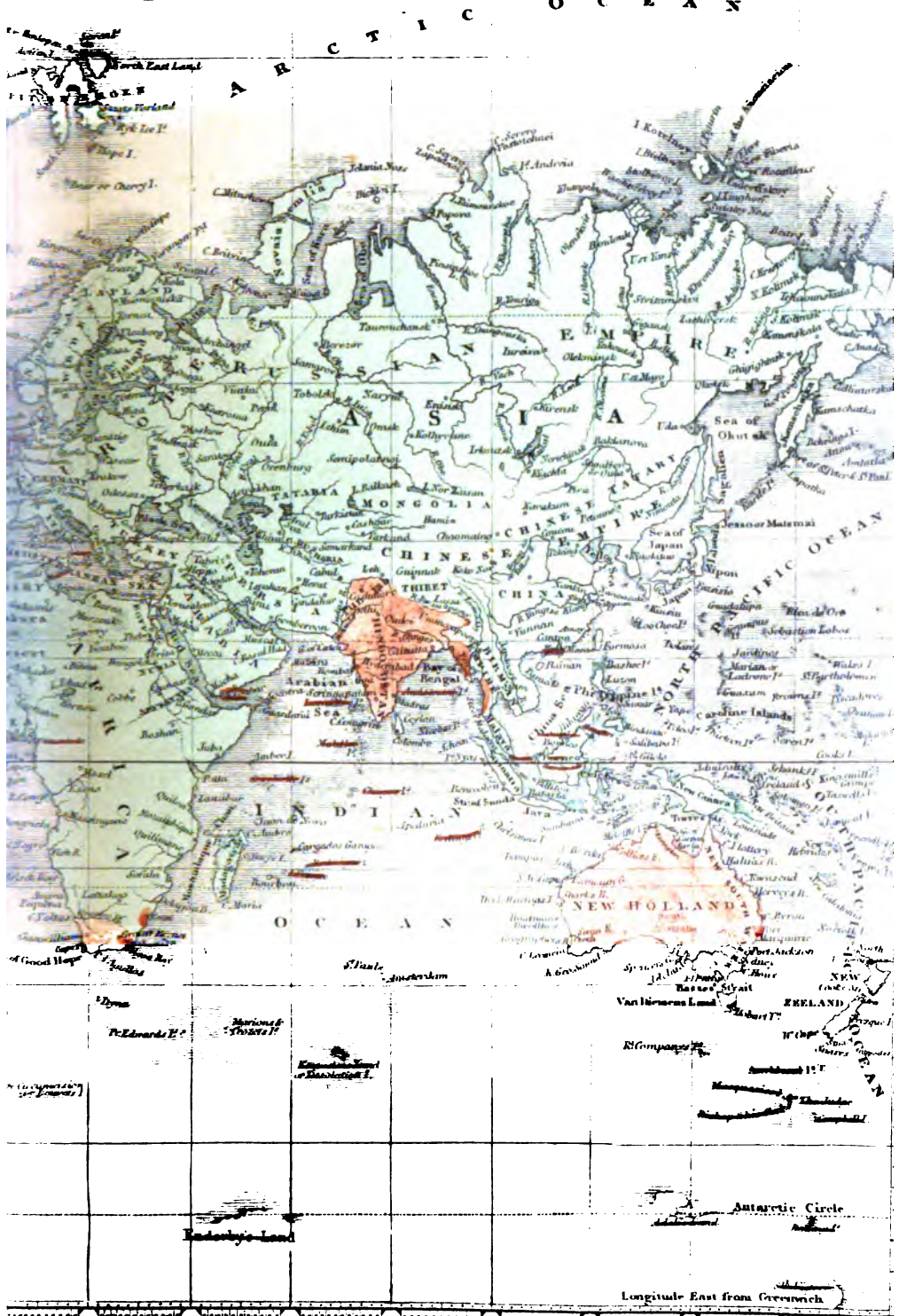








# SAXON MAP







## “The Anglo-Saxon Map.”



CALL it not presumption, gentle Reader, if we venture to assume so prominent a title for this Map of the Earth's surface upon which the vestiges of the Anglo-Saxons have been so conspicuously traced. We do not publish this Map as an elaborate or highly finished geographical bijou, but rather as a rough outline, which may catch the eye and win the attention of the working man as well as of the cultivated scholar.

We could wish that every man whose thoughts and words are English, whether Briton or American, Indian or Australian, should place this Map before him; and while he recognizes his own favourite spot as one of the many Homes of the Anglo-Saxons, should ponder earnestly upon the startling facts which must impress themselves on the attention of every man who has any pride of race within him.

This Map teaches us, that of the whole surface of our Planet which it thus represents to us, one-fourth part only consists of the Dry Land which is granted to man for his inheritance; and that of this Dry Land, to say nothing of the Oceans, almost one-fourth part is already under the influence of the Anglo-Saxon genius; or, in other words, those parts of the Earth's surface which are coloured red upon the Map may be called Anglo-Saxon, either because the Anglo-Saxons form in them the bulk of the inhabitants, as in North America and in the British Islands, and in parts of Australia; and thus, in the question of population as well as of government,

predominate over all other Races; or because they are subject to our government and protection, and form vast empires, as in India, of which *we*, the Anglo-Saxons, are Conquerors, Emperors, and Autocrats; or else because, as Conquerors in a nobler sense, the Anglo-Saxons are reclaiming the wild and desert domains of Nature, as those vast plains of America and Australia, which are waiting only for their help and handy-work to rival the fertility and beauty of the older world; or, lastly, because, as Lords of the Ocean, these Anglo-Saxons have visited all the isles of the sea, and established the peculiar genius of their language, and customs, and enterprize on the greater number of those little worlds that rise above the surface of the waters as if to welcome them to—

“ Untried fields and pastures ever new.”

Look again, then, at our Map, good Brother, whoever or wherever thou mayest be, and accompany us for a few minutes while we pay a hurried visit to our different Homes on the surface of this Earth. Our acquaintance is new and our time is short; we can only now touch upon the prominent features and most remarkable results of the enterprize of our Race. But ere we meet again, Brother, we hope to receive and to record in our pages many things, both new and useful, as touching those various settlements or abodes, the observations and discoveries of thyself, perhaps, and of many another Child of the Race.

We hope that our pages may become the medium through which the American may communicate with the Australian, the Indian with the African, the Briton with the Malay.

These are the main divisions of the Dry Land, to which we can only hastily refer in this brief notice:—

The British islands and dependencies in Europe; the Indian empire and British possessions in Asia; the Cape of Good Hope and other settlements in Africa; Australia and her islands; the vast North American continent; the West India islands; and British Guiana, in South America.

In Europe the Anglo-Saxons find the centre and nucleus of their

Race, the root of their wide-spreading tree, planted in the British islands; and not the root only, but the main trunk or stem also, which contains their chief strength, and power, and wealth. There are probably, at the present time, nearly thirty millions of inhabitants in the British islands, and of these two millions are concentrated in London—the most powerful, the most wealthy, the most populous city in the world.

The English possess, also, in Europe, Heligoland, an island in the North Sea, chiefly useful as a point of observation in war and a dépôt for produce. They possess, also, the fortress of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean; the islands of Malta and Gozzo; and the Republic of the Ionian islands is under their protection.

In Asia we hold the Indian empire, which comprises the greater part of the peninsula of Hindostan, or India within the Ganges, with the island of Ceylon, the provinces of Assam, Cachar, Jynteah, Aracan, Martaban, Tavoy, Ye, and Mergui, in India beyond the Ganges, acquired from the Birmese in 1826; Prince of Wales Island (Pulo Penang), Malacca, Singapore, &c., or the Straits settlements situated on, or adjacent to, the Malay peninsula. These dominions lie between lat.  $1^{\circ} 20'$  and  $31^{\circ} 15'$  N., and long.  $71^{\circ} 45'$  and  $140^{\circ}$  E. To these territories, which are under the immediate rule of the British, there may be added the tributary States of Berar, Oude, Mysore, Travancore, Cochin, Sattarah, the dominions of the Nizam, of the Rajpoot and Bundelcund chiefs, &c., which are substantially administered by British rulers, and are either entirely or in part surrounded by British territories. Besides these vast dominions we have Hong Kong in China, Aden in Arabia, and Labuan and Sarāwak in Borneo.

In Africa we possess the extensive territories of the Cape of Good Hope, comprising the greater portion of the extremity of that continent south of lat.  $29^{\circ} 30'$  and between long.  $17^{\circ}$  and  $27^{\circ} 30'$  E. We have colonies and settlements at Sierra Leone, the river Gambia, Liberia, and Cape Coast Castle; and in the islands of Fernando Po, Ascension, St. Helena, Mauritius or Isle of France, and others.

In Australia our principal settlements are at New South Wales, established 1788; Van Diemen's Land, 1801; Swan River and

King George's Sound, 1829; and South Australia on Spencer's Gulf, 1834. In short, this new division of the world will, in all probability, become reclaimed and cultivated by the Anglo-Saxons very much in the same way that America, or the New World that was, has, notwithstanding the fruitless attempts of other races at colonization, become at length an English continent.

And this is the last grand division that claims our attention in this rapid analysis. North America, whether discovered by North men, or Spaniards, or Welchmen, is at the present time most undoubtedly an Anglo-Saxon country. It is the most conspicuous feature in our Map; and although it is not intended to convey the idea that this vast territory is exclusively inhabited by them alone, still it is perfectly clear that the whole district is under the guiding influence of Anglo-Saxons. Although there are thousands of Frenchmen in Canada, and thousands of Germans in the United States, yet the laws and institutions under which they live are almost entirely English, and the governors of the country are undoubtedly so. Of the fifty million inhabitants of America, probably one-half are, at this time, either Anglo-Saxons or under Anglo-Saxon governance.

The outlines which we have here given of these portions of the Dry Land may, perhaps, appear meagre and unsatisfactory if we consider the magnitude of the subject, and the interest of the details; but it must be remembered that it is only as a general outline illustrative of the Map that this sketch is written, with a hope that it may excite some interest, not altogether superficial, in the minds of our brothers in all parts of the world, and thus induce them to assist us, by their communications and contributions, in promoting a more general diffusion of these "Facts for Anglo-Saxons."

Courage! then, good Anglo-Saxon; look again upon our Map, good friend; show it to thy wife and to thy little ones, to thy friends and followers, to the strangers that are within thy gates; and tell them that of the thousand million human beings that are dwellers upon this Planet of ours, there are fifty million Anglo-Saxons, who, gradually spreading abroad from this little three-cornered nook of Old England, have left their names, their language,

and their deeds indelibly stamped upon those portions of the Earth's surface which have received the distinguishing colour in our Map. And, if thy own lot be cast in a pleasant land, and thy own home can boast of comforts and good things which are denied to thy brothers in less favoured regions, then remember our common stock, call to mind our common language, and take up thy pen and write down, for the information and assistance of thy brothers, whatever of good or of help thou hast learned from that page of God's book which has been opened to thee.

The following tables will show the eminence, variety, and value of the good things of the Earth which are continually passing through our hands. Some thirty thousand vessels are annually exchanging with this little island the produce of every clime, the manufactures of every race.

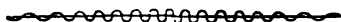
But let us not think only about pounds, shillings, and pence; not think always of cotton goods and currency, exports and imports, and all the jargon of commerce; surely, we may sometimes venture to reflect, and muse a little on the destinies of the Human Race, and on the part which we shall play in the grand Design of the Creator.

May not these Anglo-Saxons, whose merchants are princes, conceive the probability of an exchange of knowledge and information as well as of raw goods and manufactures? May not these merchant navies circulate to all parts of the Earth the kindly expressions of good will, the gentle consolation of sympathy, and the stimulating interchange of ideas, which would form the freight of our new Argo, destined to explore every region and collect the accumulated treasures of Anglo-Saxon enterprize? May it be so: our vessel shall be launched, a frail skiff at first, fitted rather for adventure than for freight; should it bring back good tidings of welcome, and promises of favour and support, a more goodly bark shall venture forth to bear out to the new world the memories and traditions and romance of the old country in exchange for the novelties and discoveries and unknown flowers of the fresh and hitherto unexplored fields of Nature.

## TABLES

OF

EXPORTS FROM, AND IMPORTS INTO, THE UNITED KINGDOM.



*Russia*—Imports from. Tallow, corn, flax and hemp, flax and linseed, timber, bristles, ashes, hides, iron, and wax. Exports to—Cotton, twist, woollen fabrics, salt, coal, hardware, colonial products, &c.

*Sweden and Norway*—Imports from. Timber, iron, and bark. Exports to—Cottons and cotton yarn, woollens, earthenware, hardware, coffee, indigo, tobacco, sugar, &c.

*Denmark*—Imports from. Corn and rape-seed, butter, bristles, wool, hides, and bark. Exports to—Coal, salt, iron and steel, earthenware, machinery, coffee, indigo, &c.

*Prussia*—Imports from. Corn, oak and fir timber, bark, bristles, wool, spelter, flax, &c. Exports to—Refined sugar, salt, cottons, hardware, earthenware, &c. Our trade with Prussia is principally carried on through Hamburgh.

*Germany*—Imports from. Wool, corn, wines, butter, linens, hides, clover, rape-seed, smaltz, spelter, zaffre, furs, wooden clocks, &c. Exports to—Cotton stuffs and yarn, woollens, refined sugar, hardware, earthenware, iron and steel, coal, salt, indigo, coffee, rum, tobacco, cotton, wool, spices, &c. A good deal of the imports from and exports to Holland and Belgium are on German account.

*Netherlands*—Imports from. Butter, cheese, corn, madder, Geneva, flax and tow, hides, linens, seeds, toys, &c. Exports to—Cotton stuffs and yarn, woollens, hardware, earthenware, salt, coal, and colonial produce.

*France*—Imports from. Brandy, wine, silk (raw and manufactured), gloves, madder, eggs, skins, and fruit. Exports to—

Wool, linens and linen yarn, brass and copper manufactures, machinery, coal, horses, &c. Large quantities of Nottingham lace are smuggled into France, and brandy into England.

*Portugal and Spain*—Imports from. Port and sherry wines, barilla, wool, raisins, dried fruits, lemons, oranges, olive oil, quick-silver, &c. Exports to—Cotton stuffs, woollens, linens, hardware and cutlery, iron and steel, soap, candles, leather, and cinnamon.

*Italy*—Imports from. Thrown silk, olive oil, straw for plaiting, straw plait and hats, currants, lemons, oranges, wine, barilla, shumac, bark, cheese, lamb-skins, hemp, &c. Exports to—Cotton stuffs and yarn, refined sugar, woollen manufactures, hardware and cutlery, iron and steel, coffee, indigo, tobacco, pimento, &c.

*Turkey, Greece, &c.*—Imports from. Silk, opium, madder, figs, raisins, valonia, oil, cotton, currants, and senna. Exports to—Cotton manufactures and twist, linens, hardware, iron and steel, cordage, woollens, earthenware, indigo, and coffee.

*Egypt and Africa*—Imports from. Cotton, wool, flax, linseed, senna, and other drugs. Exports to—Cotton manufactures, iron and steel, arms and ammunition, and machinery.

*Foreign West Indies*—Imports from. Sugar, cotton, coffee, cigars, &c. Exports to—Cotton manufactures, earthenware, linen manufactures, hardware, iron and steel, woollens, glass, machinery, &c.

*United States*—Imports from. Cotton, tobacco, wheat, flour, rice, skins and furs, hides, staves, &c. Exports to—Cotton, linen and woollen manufactures, hardware, cutlery, earthenware, salt, brass and copper, apparel, books, &c.

*South American States*—Imports from. Cotton, wool, sugar, coffee, bullion and precious stones, cocoa, hides, fruits, bark, dye-woods, furs, &c. Exports to—Cotton, linen and woollen manufactures, earthenware, hardware, soap, candles, &c.

*African British Colonies*—Imports from. Cape and Constantia wines, hides, ivory, skins, aloes, palm-oil, teak, timber, wax, dye-woods, sugar from the Mauritius, &c. Exports to—Cotton, woollen and linen manufactures, apparel, earthenware, hardware, iron and steel, soap, candles, and stationery, fire-arms, salt, machinery, &c.

*Asia and Australia*—Imports from. Tea, indigo, cotton, sugar, silk, coffee, wool, pepper, saltpetre, piece-goods, rice, lac-dye, cinnamon, mace, cloves, cocoa-nut oil, whale oil, ivory, tin, and the precious metals. Exports to—Cotton stuffs and yarn, woollens, linens, earthenware, copper, hardware, iron and steel, leather, glass, machinery, &c.

*American British Colonies*—Imports from. Furs, fish, ashes, skins, turpentine, &c. Exports to—Woollens, cottons, linens, hardware, iron and steel, soap, candles, earthenware, apparel, glass, cordage, coal, butter, cheese, &c.

*British West Indies*—Imports from. Sugar, coffee, rum, cotton, pimento, molasses, mahogany, logwood, fustic, cocoa, cochineal, ginger, hides, &c. Exports to—Cottons, stuffs, linens, woollens, apparel, soap, candles, hardware, iron and steel, fish, earthenware, cordage, beef and pork, arms and ammunition, &c.

*M'Culloch's Dictionary.*









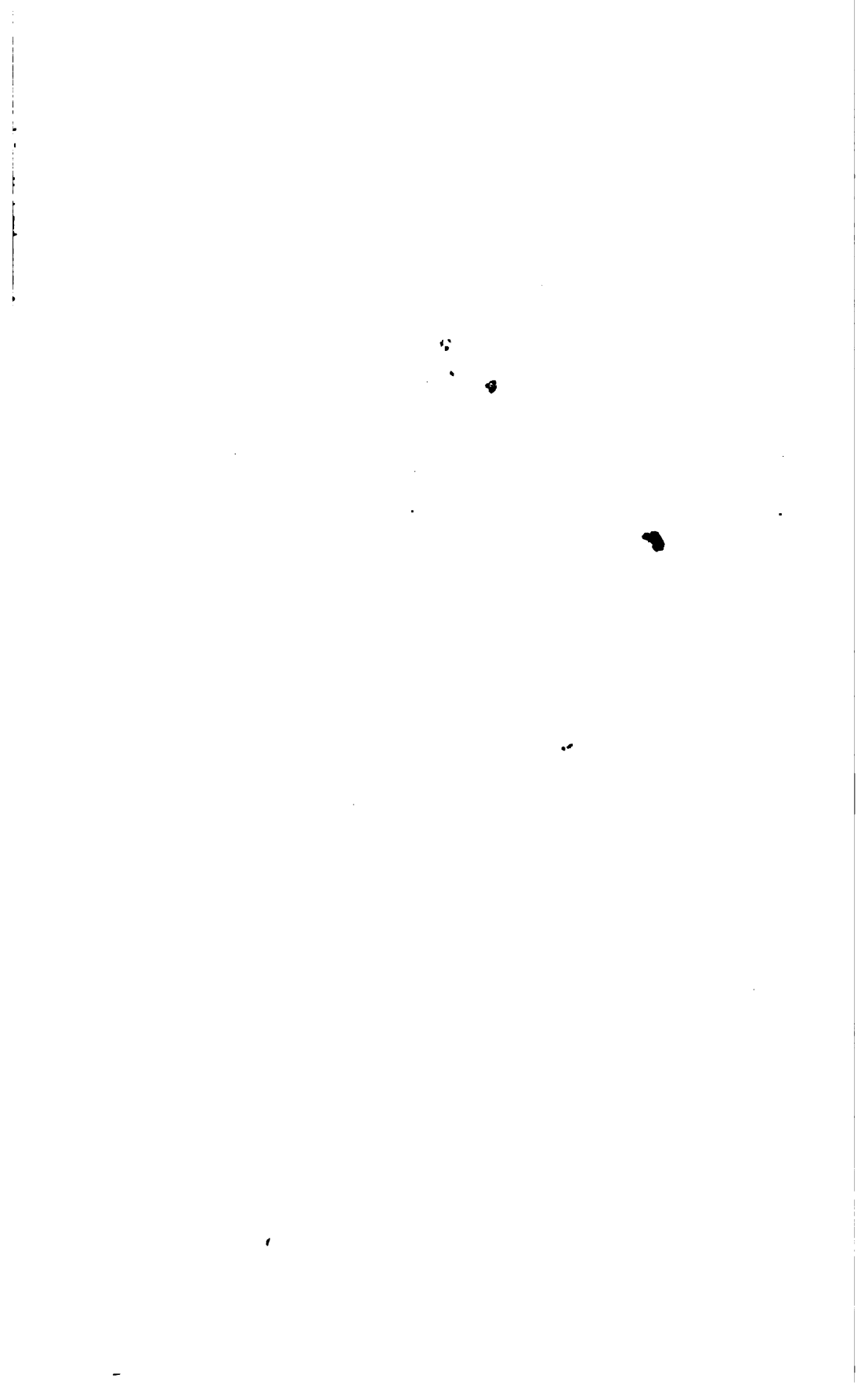
An Anglo-Saxon Chieftain.

A.D. 449.



An Anglo-Saxon Chieftain.

A.D. 1849.



The  
Anglo - Saxon.

Part II.



London :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

mdccclx.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY J. BRETTILL, RUPERT STREET, MAYMARKET.

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# An Easter Offering.



“**W**HERE there’s a Will there’s a Way.” So thought the Editors of the “Anglo-Saxon” when they hoisted the Standard of the Race on the first day of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine. The old Proverb was true enough. The will to do good was not wanting—the will to cherish and encourage all the nobler tendencies of the Age, to establish Unity and Brotherly Good-will among all Anglo-Saxons, in spite of Time and Distance, in spite of varieties of Creeds or differences of Institutions—the Will was not wanting, and the Way now seems to be clear.

The Standard was raised in London, the centre of the Race, and an Anglo-Saxon messenger was forwarded by rail and steam to every corner of the globe recognised as an Anglo-Saxon settlement. Time has not permitted us to receive as yet the Adhesion of our Brothers beyond the sea,—but in England the appeal has met with a hearty welcome and cordial response.

Some cold calculating no-bodies (or rather no-souls) professed, indeed, to doubt the existence of any Anglo-Saxon spirit; a few sneering sceptics thought that we might summon it from the vasty deep, but that it would not come when we did call for it; others associating the name in their misty conceptions with antiquarian black-letter and old monkish chronicles, have forgotten that *Anglo-Saxon* is the proud title, not of a dead and withered branch, but of a wide-spreading tree—green and flourishing; here and there some well-meaning individual professed to look upon this Pride of Race as an antiquated and narrow sentiment, a relic of darker ages, a barbarian conceit, opposed to the progress of Civilisation and the light of Christianity. Earnestly disclaiming any intention to offend

the prejudices or well-meaning sensitiveness of our weaker brethren, we yet think that they have mistaken the idea intended to be put forth by what we call "Pride of Race." A spirit of strife or selfish aggrandisement, or contemptuous disregard of others—such is indeed an antiquated and barbarian sentiment, and will find no echo in the breasts of true Anglo-Saxons of the present day. And yet if we rest upon the good old man's exclamation, and accept the lofty omen—if we claim to be called Angeli, Heralds of Light, Messengers of Civilisation, reclaiming the barbarian from his ferocity, the savage from his indolence and degradation,—surely we may be proud of our Mission and may magnify our Office. For ourselves we cannot look on the map that indicates with such striking emphasis the expanding activity of our own kith and kin, without thoughts of Pride, which we are not ashamed to avow—the pride which rouses us to personal exertion and self-devotion, lest we should fall short and linger behind in the glorious advance of our Brothers, lest we should forfeit the Birthright of our race—Energy and Success!

While, however, the undertaking in which we are engaged has here and there encountered a few cavillers (the minor points of whose objections referring to the price and form and other details of our publication we do not think it here necessary to discuss, though they have not been all unconsidered), yet the general acceptance with which it has met has been of the most encouraging description. A few of the anticipations and congratulations which the first Part elicited, may be quoted, not in arrogance or self-conceit, but to encourage others not to be ashamed to express similar sentiments of Love for Country and Race,—not to fear the vulgar sneer at Enthusiasm and high Imagination—those noblest qualities of Man's best nature!

"This is a new, bold, and heart-stirring conception," writes one friendly critic. "It strikes new chords in the Anglo-Saxon heart. '*We Anglo-Saxons*' is a new fraternal expression to which we have not often listened; and to which we confess that we listen, in the noble aspirations of this new Periodical, with some pride, and much heart-felt pleasure."

"We see nothing," writes another, "but what will tend to

“ great usefulness in the circulation of the ‘ *Anglo-Saxon* ;’ it will  
“ prove an inestimable source of intelligence to the reader ; and,  
“ as time rolls on, it will become a beacon of reference to mark  
“ the onward progress of Society throughout the habitable globe,”  
&c., &c.

These and many similar communications have encouraged us to proceed.

And now, in presenting the first-fruits of our enterprise to the Anglo-Saxon Public, we are sadly conscious how ill the Performance may compare with the Promise. Glancing over our table of contents, a hundred subjects flock into our self-reproaching brains on which we had a word to speak and have not spoken it,—subjects of the first class—Education, Colonisation, Law, War, and Peace ;—subjects of the second class—English, American, Australian, and other Anglo-Saxon manners, customs, and institutions ;—subjects of the third class—Daily Politics, Anecdotes, Correspondence, homes and houses, food and raiment, commerce and agriculture,—subjects not the less interesting because belonging to daily life, the hopes, fears, smiles, and groans of the Million.

The highest subject of all—the Spiritual destiny of our Race and of mankind—has not been altogether omitted ; but oh ! how much is there to be said on that point ; and, first, how much to be *unsaid*. What a glorious task were it, might we be permitted only to indicate the way to better workmen—what a mission were it—not to reproduce—for when, in the World’s History, has it yet existed ?—but to produce, and develop, and display Christianity in its consummation and complete perfection—to wipe away from all men’s recollection the blots and stains of acrimony and contention which have almost made the name of Religion to stink in the nose of a no longer barbarous world—to sound loud and clear in the ears of straggling wandering nations the one recalling note to which, when truly struck, man’s inmost spirit ever yearns to respond—Love !

Strong in the faith of Better things to be attained, and seen, and felt on earth, than any yet experienced—bold in the confidence that to our race among others a special mission, corresponding with the natural qualities of our distinctive organisation, has been

entrusted of running to and fro upon the earth, and communicating to the round world such light and knowledge and Hope as we have realised for ourselves—strong in faith, and bold in confidence, we turn to England, the cradle and centre of such Destinies, with a longing, earnest hope that she is beginning to emerge from the clouds through which she has hitherto pursued an onward, yet sorely bewildered course; and that laying aside party interests, and putting selfishness to shame, she is beginning to require that her sons and daughters, one and all, shall act up to the principles of their Christian mother, and that every man in the highest and holiest sense “*shall do his duty.*”

And to whom do we look for guidance and encouragement in our progress to better things, and the transition to a new Era? Is it not to our natural and appointed Leaders?—to our most religious and gracious Queen, and to all who are put in authority under her—to Noblemen and Gentlemen, Bishops and Clergy, Judges and Magistrates? On them, in the exalted position which our country holds among the nations of the civilised world,—on them the eyes of many observers are anxiously fixed,—above all, to them look up, though we fear with less hearty confidence and with decreasing love, the toiling, hard-fed, and ill-clothed millions whose relative position to the higher grades of society is the great problem,—we think it may be added, the great reproach of the day.

We have good hope that the gentlemen of England will really come forward, not to fight party battles and struggle for moneyed interests, but as the Champions of the people,—the Protectionists of the unprivileged,—whether peasants or artisans,—the manly Advocates of justice and mercy, truth and charity; that they will not leave to discontented grumblers, or self-interested demagogues, the removal of our social evils,—the reform and improvement and extension of our Laws and Institutions.

We gladly hail many happy symptoms that the Bishops and Clergy of England are ready to lay aside that indolence or timidity which is so cunningly cloaked under religious partisanship, and manfully and resolutely to fight the true battle of the Cross; to attack and overcome the foes that lurk not in book-shelves, or sermon cases, but in streets and highways,—in palaces, shops, and garrets.

High time that it should be so.—Is it not already a common reproach and bye-word against Christians that their Religion has been a failure—that their avowed enemies, Selfishness, Avarice, Malice, and Hatred are walking to and fro over the earth with giant strides? Indeed we have lately heard of public meetings for the promotion of Peace—for the doing away with wars and fightings—in which it has been openly asserted that Christianity has not been able to bring about so desirable a consummation, and that some other ways and means—some other champions must be sought for. The chief and most winning motive for Peace and Goodwill that is now put forward is,—that War is so expensive—that it is *cheaper* not to be at enmity with one another!

Yet for all this, if we are not fondly deceiving ourselves, we would read the signs of the Times with hope and thankfulness. England is neither standing still nor retreating in the great struggle of Human Improvement. Higher and better are the aspirations of each succeeding generation, and the Highest and the Best is daily becoming the earnestly sought object of the thoughtful and zealous. True it is, that in first waking from a long slumber, the bewildered nation seems slowly and unsteadily to develop its spiritual capacities. Stumbling from side to side with uncertain steps, it has hardly yet begun to tread boldly and steadily the ever narrow road of Truth and Goodness. Symptoms, however, of increasing wakefulness and high determination are springing up in all directions. And therefore it is with Hope that we are fain to read the open pages of our Country's History,—Heaven grant that we decypher truly.

And now, turning from England, and the hopes and cares nearer home, we remember the wider scope of our undertaking, and we may be allowed to say something here about what is termed the *Rage for Nationalities*. This feeling, or sentiment, or passion, has undoubtedly been working powerfully amongst the different Races in Europe, and has certainly produced some extraordinary results, whether good or bad must be left to Time and posterity for decision. But this *Rage for Nationalities* is a very different thing from the Pride of Race or Breed—especially the Pride of an Anglo-Saxon, whose country is circumscribed by no arbitrary boundaries, whose Home is independent of any form of

Empire, Monarchy, or Republic. It is the pride of the eagle that ranges from the North Pole to the South—not limited to some petty district, not confined by country or by climate. People talk of the dangers of Centralisation—they do not exist for the Anglo-Saxon. His Genius is eminently diffusive, self-relying, and independent. He can and will govern himself and his own affairs—he will have his own way.

It is not this Centralisation of Governments or Institutions that we are anxious to establish. In these matters we would wish that “every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind,” and should act accordingly. But we *are* anxious to promote a degree of Centralisation in what may be called the *Family Feeling* of the Race; we are anxious that, as the different children of Old England grow up to years of discretion, and acquire strength, and wealth, and power, they should not, like the bird or the beast, whose nature it is to forsake the Dam, turn away from their Mother Country, or forget, or slander, or reproach her. Such has been, unfortunately, too often the case already; and we think that the Parent has been the most to blame. As in families so in Nations—if the child is cast out upon the world uneducated, unformed in character or tastes, left without guardians, governors, and teachers, what can the Parent anticipate from such progeny but wrath, and strife, and bitterness? But Old England has not altogether been unmindful of these bitter disappointments, this sad experience. She is beginning to bestir herself while there is yet time. Her younger children shall no longer suffer from short-sighted neglect or wilful misgovernment; and if taught, and trained, and governed under the careful superintendence of a Parent now grown wise by experience, they will rally round her in her old age, should dear Old England ever become really and truly *old*, and the Mother and her Daughters will become a United Family, such as the Nations of the Earth have never witnessed; such as Babylon, or Athens, or Rome would never have imagined:—

“Wherever the bright Sun of Heaven shall shine,  
Her Honour, and the Greatness of her Name  
Shall be, and make new Nations; she shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach her branches  
To all the plains about her;—our children's children  
Shall see this and bless Heaven.”

How many thousands of Old England's Children have been for many years, year after year, wandering forth from parents and homes, spreading themselves over the face of the Earth like sheep without a shepherd! It is true they were not helpless sheep, but self-helping Anglo-Saxons, with energy enough, skill and enterprise enough, but without Teachers or Governors, without the Noble by birth, by fortune or education, to lead and cheer them on. The Church of our Country at length has been roused from this indifference to the welfare of her Children who are over the waters, far out of reach of Parish and Priest, Diocese and Bishops. She has earnestly set to work to remedy her former neglect. Well educated and learned and pious Men are now commissioned to watch over the spiritual welfare of England's distant Colonies. They have a clear field before them, much to account for, and a high and holy mission to fulfil. Well and worthily, we believe, they are doing their duty; and few English Settlements are now without an *educated* English Gentle Man, placed there for this very purpose, that his duty and occupation of Life should be to talk to his Brethren of another country and another world—of Life, and Death, and Immortality.

But this is only within the last few years; many were the English Homes throughout the world to which the sad lines of Cowper would have very recently been applicable:—

“ The sound of the church-going bell  
Those valleys and rocks never heard,  
Never sighed to the sound of a knell  
Nor smiled when a Sabbath appeared.”

Let us take courage then. One step in advance has already been made in this eminently social question. We may be proud of having done *something* to remedy a crying sin, but we must now go on and do something more. The Priests and the People have done and are doing their duty in these matters; but what are the Chieftains doing, the Leaders, the Governors? Have we heard yet of any Prince of the Blood Royal, of any Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron, or Baronet, who has hoisted his banner and led forth his own People to win from ungrudging Nature a nobler inheritance and broader fame than can be found in the care of his paternal acres, overstocked and eaten up as they are by hordes of

useless and hungry wretches—useless only because not wanted in the place of their birth, hungry and starving only because they are not led forth to lands of food and plenty.

The chiefs of the present day lack something of the old Anglo-Saxon spirit, of Anglo-Saxon enterprise. The roving propensity with a dash of the old Danish love for a sea life still remains, but it exhibits itself in a mean, pitiful, and selfish form; the modern Anglo-Saxon Lord travels all over the world to gratify his personal curiosity and individual desire for information, and frequently, perhaps most frequently, that he may not be wanting in what is deemed a fashionable accomplishment. He returns from a flying visit to the Cape, where he has been shooting buffaloes, or India, where he has been shooting tigers, or the North, where he shoots wild fowl—a pretty wise fellow—and makes tolerable vent of his travel;—but to what good end is all this acquired information to be devoted? How is his Country—how his Countrymen benefited by his expenditure of time and money? Doubtless he acquires with labour and care this experience of Life—this knowledge of the Earth we live in—in order that he may lead forth to the genial skies and fruitful fields of Australia or America or Southern Africa his half-starved tenants, his hungry followers, and his adventurous but poor and restless relatives—the unprovided for—the younger scions of an ancient and noble family.—Would that it were so indeed!—"Have patience, Cousin, and shuffle the cards,"—the good time will come at last.

In the meantime we can see no reason why the Reign of the good Queen Victoria should not be distinguished in the future Annals of our Race by the Revival of the pure and noble spirit of Christian Chivalry! The High and Mighty, the Most Noble, the Right Honourable, the Knights Grand Crosses, Commanders and Companions of the present day may, by their achievements, prove that the Tales of the Round Table are not all a Myth; they may prove themselves worthy descendants of their boasted Forefathers, worthy themselves to win new devices—to live in the undying memorials of Bards and Heralds, of Poetry and Emblazonry.

The Wandering Minstrel and gaudy Herald of the olden time, perhaps, have had their day; but their place is well and worthily



supplied by the Daily Press—the diurnal Heralds of all that is good and great in the widening circle of Anglo-Saxon Interests. The Herald's Mantle has fallen on shoulders as powerful as they are honest. The old Bard's fanciful enthusiasm for the Good, the Brave, and the Beautiful, is ever bursting forth from the Daily Press—the modern exponent of Ideas that are not only utilitarian and substantial, but frequently, also, enthusiastic, sublime, and almost prophetic.

How can we honour too highly the Writers of the English Press! In their earnest, thoughtful reflections; in their high-toned and sterling, sensible, though sometimes erroneous teaching; in their struggles for the good of the Commonwealth, how little do we find of that egotistical assumption, that avidity of personal glorification which characterises the journalists of other Races! In other nations the Daily Press is considered rather as a stepping-stone, as a means for the individual aggrandisement and personal glorification of its conductors; but in England, who knows the name, who thinks about the political position of the Writer, who with marvellous abnegation of self spends the midnight oil and the accumulation of years of study and thought to give a higher tone to the daily thoughts and direct to honourable enterprise the energy of his countrymen?

The bitterness, evil speaking, lying and slandering of bygone years, are well nigh forgotten; the railing Thersites of the Daily Press, who is carried down by the stream of events, reviling as he goes, but never making head manfully against the abuses of the day, is now seldom to be met with. There does exist emulation indeed and competition, sometimes for lucre and for power, but as much, we hope, for truth and honesty:—

“ O virtuous fight,  
“ When right with right wars who shall be most right !”

To one, then, and all we present our Easter Offering, an earnest, we hope, of better things to come; much, however, it should be remembered—nay, everything—depends on the “pious and patriotic” feelings of our Brother Anglo-Saxons—at home and abroad.

Since we raised our flag in London, sundry intimations have been received that a somewhat similar undertaking to our own has

been in contemplation in the United States of America, an indication of filial attachment not yet extinct in the noble heart of England's first-born. May their pious endeavour succeed and flourish, whether in honourable rivalry with ourselves, or in happier companionship!

One word about the form and fashion of "*The Anglo-Saxon*." Our worthy Printer has suggested, that, in a Publication the object of which is to promote Progress and Improvement, some novelty in the typographical department will be thought to be neither incongruous nor unwelcome. He appears to be anxious to "go a-head," and prove himself not to be deficient in the characteristic enterprise and energy of the Race.

*Ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὐχομαι εἶναι.*

Many suggestions for alteration and improvement will doubtless arise in the minds of all good friends who will read these pages, not to criticise and condemn, but to welcome and encourage. Such advice and assistance will be "thankfully received," and duly attended to. In the meantime let all who care for kith and country—all who are not ashamed of the honourable "Pride of Race"—rally cheerfully and heartily round the *STANDARD* of the *ANGLO-SAXONS*. No fear but that it will long wave in the Van of Nations—the proudest Emblem of the World's Progress!

*The Editors of the Anglo-Saxon.*



# Life of Gregory the Great.

(FROM BEDE'S ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.)



At this time, that is, in the year of our Lord 605, the blessed Pope Gregory, after having most gloriously governed the Roman apostolic see thirteen years, six months, and ten days, died, and was translated to the eternal see of the heavenly kingdom. Of whom, in regard that he by his zeal converted our nation, the English, from the power of Satan to the faith of Christ, it behoves us to discourse more at large in our Ecclesiastical History, for we may and ought rightly to call him our apostle; because, whereas he bore the pontifical power over all the world, and was placed over the churches already reduced to the faith of truth, he made our nation, till then given up to idols, the church of Christ, so that we may be allowed thus to attribute to him the character of an apostle; for though he is not an apostle to others, yet he is so to us, for we are the seal of his apostleship in our Lord.

He was by nation a Roman, son of Gordian, deducing his race from ancestors that were not only noble, but religious. And Felix, once bishop of the same apostolical see, a man of great honour in Christ and his church, was his great-grandfather\*. Nor did he exercise the nobility of religion with less virtue of devotion than his parents and kindred. But that worldly nobility which he seemed to have, by the help of the Divine Grace, he entirely used to gain the honour of eternal dignity; for soon quitting his secular habit, he repaired to a monastery, wherein he began to behave himself with so much grace of perfection that (as he was afterwards wont with tears to testify) his mind was above all transitory things; that he despised all that is subject to change; that he used to think of nothing but what was heavenly; that whilst detained by the body,

\* Felix IV. was Bishop of Rome, A. D. 526.

“ ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me ; my judgment was as a robe and diadem. I was the eye to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was father to the poor ; and the cause which I knew not I searched out. And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth.” And a little after : “ If I have withheld,” says he, “ the poor from their desire, or have caused the eye of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof. For of my youth compassion grew up with me, and from my mother’s womb it came forth with me.”

To these works of piety and righteousness this also may be added, that he saved our nation, by the preachers he sent hither, from the teeth of the old enemy, and made it partaker of eternal liberty ; in whose faith and salvation rejoicing, and worthily commending the same, he, in his exposition on holy Job, says, “ Behold, a tongue of Britain, which only knew how to utter barbarous language, has long since begun to resound the Hebrew Hallelujah ! Behold, the once swelling ocean now serves prostrate at the feet of the saints ; and its barbarous motions, which earthly princes could not subdue with the sword, are now, through the fear of God, bound by the mouths of priests with words only ; and he that when an infidel stood not in awe of fighting troops, now a believer, fears the tongues of the humble ! For by reason that the virtue of the Divine knowledge is infused into it by precepts, heavenly words, and conspicuous miracles, it is curbed by the dread of the same Divinity, so as to fear to act wickedly, and bends all its desires to arrive at eternal glory.” In which words holy Gregory declares this also, that St. Augustine and his companions brought the English to receive the truth, not only by the preaching of words, but also by showing of heavenly signs. The holy Pope Gregory, among other things, caused masses to be celebrated in the churches of the apostles Peter and Paul over their bodies. And in the celebration of masses, he added three phrases full of great goodness and perfection : “ And dispose our days in thy peace, and preserve us from eternal damnation, and rank us in the number of thy elect, through Christ our Lord.”

He governed the church in the days of the Emperors Mauritius and Phocas, but passing out of this life in the second year of the same Phocas, he departed to the true life which is in heaven. His body was buried in the church of St. Peter the Apostle, before the sacristy, on the 4th day of March, to rise one day in the same body in glory with the rest of the holy pastors of the church. On his tomb was written this epitaph :—

Earth ! take that body which at first you gave,  
Till God again shall raise it from the grave.  
His soul amidst the stars finds heavenly day ;  
In vain the gates of darkness make essay  
On him whose death but leads to life the way.  
To the dark tomb, this prelate, though decreed,  
Lives in all places by his pious deed.  
Before his bounteous board pale Hunger fled ;  
To warm the poor he fleecy garments spread ;  
And to secure their souls from Satan's power,  
He taught by sacred precepts every hour.  
Nor only taught ; but first th' example led,  
Lived o'er his rules, and acted what he said.  
To English Saxons Christian truth he taught,  
And a believing flock to heaven he brought.  
This was thy work and study, this thy care,  
Offerings to thy Redeemer to prepare.  
For these to heavenly honours raised on high,  
Where thy reward of labours ne'er shall die.

Nor is the account of St. Gregory, which has been handed down to us by the tradition of our ancestors, to be passed by in silence, in relation to his motives for taking such interest in the salvation of our nation. It is reported that some merchants, having just arrived at Rome on a certain day, exposed many things for sale in the market-place, and abundance of people resorted thither to buy : Gregory himself went with the rest, and, among other things, some boys were set to sale, their bodies white, their countenances beautiful, and their hair very fine. Having viewed them, he asked, as is said, from what country or nation they were brought ? and was told, from the island of Britain, whose inhabitants were of such personal appearance. He again inquired whether those islanders were Christians, or still involved in the errors of Paganism ? and was informed that they were Pagans. Then fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, “ Alas ! what pity,” said he, “ that  
“ the author of darkness is possessed of men of such fair coun-  
“ tenances ; and that being remarkable for such graceful aspects,

“ their minds should be void of inward grace.” He therefore again asked, what was the name of that nation ? and was answered, that they were called Angles. “ Right,” said he, “ for they have an “ Angelic face, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the Angels “ in heaven. What is the name,” proceeded he, “ of the province “ from which they are brought ?” It was replied, that the natives of that province were called Deiri. “ Truly are they *De ira*,” said he, “ withdrawn from wrath, and called to the mercy of Christ. “ How is the king of that province called ?” They told him his name was Ælla ; and he, alluding to the name, said, “ Hallelujah, “ the praise of God the Creator must be sung in those parts.”

Then repairing to the bishop of the Roman apostolical see \* (for he was not himself then made pope), he entreated him to send some ministers of the Word into Britain to the nation of the English, by whom it might be converted to Christ ; declaring himself ready to undertake that work, by the assistance of God, if the apostolic pope should think fit to have it so done. Which not being then able to perform, because, though the pope was willing to grant his request, yet the citizens of Rome could not be brought to consent that so noble, so renowned, and so learned a man should depart the city ; as soon as he was himself made pope he perfected the long-desired work, sending other preachers, but himself by his prayers and exhortations assisting the preaching, that it might be successful. This account, as we have received it from the ancients, we have thought fit to insert in our ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

\* Benedict I. Gregory was made Bishop of Rome, A. D. 590.



# Energy.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY."

## I.

Indomitable merit

Of the Anglo-Saxon mind !

That makes a man inherit

The glories of his kind,

That scatters all around him

Until he stands sublime

With nothing to confound him

The conqueror of Time,—

O mighty Perseverance !

O Courage, stern and stout !

That wills and works a clearance

Of every rabble rout,—

That cannot brook denial

And scarce allows delay,

But wins from every trial

More strength for every day,—

Antagonistic Power !

I praise,—for praise I can,—

The God, the place, the hour

That makes a man a Man,—

The God—from whom all greatness ;

The place, Old England's shore ;

The hour, an hour of lateness,

(For Time shall soon be o'er) ;

The Man,—aye, every brother

Of Anglo-Saxon race,

Who owns a British mother

And Freedom's dwelling-place !

II.

I feel, I feel within me  
That courage self-possess'd,  
The force, that yet shall win me  
The brightest and the best,—  
The stalwarth English daring  
That steadily steps on,  
Unswerving and unsparing,  
Until the world is won,—  
The boldness and the quiet  
That calmly go ahead,  
In spite of wrath and riot,  
In spite of quick and dead,—  
Hot Energy to spur me,  
Keen Enterprise to guide,  
And Conscience to upstir me,  
And Duty by my side,  
And Hope before me singing  
Assurance of success,  
And rapid Action springing  
At once to nothing less,  
And all the mighty movings  
That wrestle in my breast,  
The longings and the lovings,  
The Spirit's glad unrest,  
That scorns excuse to tender  
Or Fortune's favour ask,  
And never will surrender,  
Whatever be the task !



### III.

I cannot wait for chances,  
For luck I will not look ;  
In faith my spirit glances  
At Providence, God's book ;  
And there discerning truly  
That right is might at length,  
I dare go forward duly  
In quietness and strength,  
Unflinching and unfearing,  
The flatterer of none,  
And in good courage wearing  
The honours I have won !  
Let circumstance oppose me,  
I beat it to my will ;  
And if the flood o'erflows me  
I dive, and stem it still ;  
No hindering dull Material  
Shall conquer or control  
My energies ethereal  
My gladiator Soul !  
I will contrive occasion,  
Not tamely bide my time ;  
No capture but Creation  
Shall make my sport sublime ;  
Let lower spirits linger  
For hint and beck and nod,  
I always see the finger  
Of an onward-urging God !

IV.

Not selfish, not hard-hearted,  
Not vain, nor deaf, nor blind,  
From wisdom not departed,  
But in humbleness of mind,  
Still shall mine independence  
Stand manfully alone,  
Nor dance a dull attendance  
At any mortal throne,  
Disciple of no teacher  
Except the One in Heaven,  
And yielding to no creature  
The Reason He hath given !  
O thus, while contemplation  
In faith beholds above  
My glorious hope, Salvation,  
Eternity of Love,  
And while a Saxon Spirit  
Is bubbling from my heart  
To strengthen and upstir it  
To play a giant's part,  
No hindrance, nor misfortune,  
No man's neglect, nor ill,  
Shall bend me to importune  
One weak indulgence still ;  
But with my God to nerve me  
My soul shall overwhelm  
All circumstance to serve me  
In my Spiritual Realm !



# Ruminations of Travel.



"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."



## WHITHERWARD ?

**W**HETHER at home or abroad, gentle Reader, across the Channel or the Ocean, looking on, with no special bent or bias, at men and manners, ourselves belonging peculiarly to no one caste or class, but in some relation to them all, to us in this loose unattached condition, like that of the philosophic "fool in the forest," to us there is one question touching human history and destiny, ever and anon presenting itself for an answer, and it would seem must needs now and then present itself, even to the keenest gamester in the play of life, who in the whirl of all the fretful stir and bustle, casts his die for fame or fortune on the world's round table.

Has it not often occurred to thee also, Brother Reader, to ask thyself and those about thee, and the storied page of those before thee, whether We, the collective Race of Men, the *genus homo*, the yet unread riddle of the sphynx,—whether We, like the turning and circling globe we live upon, obey a law of life which brings us ever round and round to the starting point,—or whether we move *onward, forward, upward* as we go, toward other spheres and other heights of progress and development, improvement and happiness ?

Upon the accepted answer to this query in the mind of those who make it, must much depend, one would think, the colour of all speculative observation and conclusion as to what they see or seem to see—must depend even the tone, and spring, and temper of their own worldly citizenship—its Faith, its Hope, its Cheerfulness.

Here however, as in other decisions of human debate, we must watch lest the "Wish prove Father to the Thought;" we must be wary lest the discouraging dulness of the game, "Here we go round, and round, and round," make us jump to an unwarranted conclusion that such could never have been the part given us to play.

Meanwhile, as a disclaimer to all idea of dogmatism, we have no objection to admit, that a man may be as good, as useful, and as happy as another, though he care for none of these things, though he regard only his own individual time and place, duty and purpose upon the span he occupies, neither heeding nor seeking to learn what may be the collective destiny of his Name and Nation, as members of the great family of Man; but such an one will have small sympathy or congeniality with our own mental mood,—we assuredly weary him already, and can only take comfort in the thought, that of those who heed neither the bygone nor future growth of their parent stem and stock, few will have been led by such a far-reaching name as “Anglo-Saxon” to open the pages to which we have the honour to offer our mite of contribution in the shape of “Sundry contemplations and often rumination of travel.”

To those who feel their own existence and interest inseparably bound up with that of their kind, it must continually occur, that there are vast alternate ups and downs in the career of different branches of the human race; very little knowledge of History brings to mind epochs of perihelion brightness, and aphelion dulness in the career of the leading and as we call them older, though really *younger* Nations of the Earth. The Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman Powers all occur as familiar sounds to every school-boy; we are all versed more or less in Declines and Falls of Empires, in Dark Ages, and Middle Ages, and Revival Ages, and Augustin Ages. We have all heard and perhaps thought of various conditions of our remote Fathers, distinguished as Adamite, Patriarchal, Barbarian, Feudal, and the like, so many precursors to the present epoch of Society, which whether of transition or not, we agree to characterise as the highest level of social advancement yet attained by the imposing name of *Civilisation*. In all this may be recognised apparently some sort of recurring law “to and fro”—“up and down;”—but is it or is it not coincident with, and subordinate to, another movement, greater and steadier, though less perceptible, just as at rising tide, the oscillation of the sea-waves is coincident with and subordinate to the vast rising swell of the main ocean?

We who are now sitting pen in hand with the view of giving our vote and opinion one way or the other (cloaking the poverty of our own proper unity under the editorial dignity of the plural),—we have striven and do strive with all our heart and mind, and not unsuccessfully, to believe that there is evidence of continued *National and Collective Human Progress* here upon this Earth and in reference to things earthly, as the declared law and purpose of Providence in respect to that triune combination of Body, Spirit, and Understanding, which goes to the constitution of Man.

It may not be easy to obtain any assurance of this while shouldered and jostled, wearied and worried, disappointed and disgusted in our individual experience of daily life—our only chance is to draw a little off from the press

so fatal to Faith and Hope, seeking a higher point from which with breathing leisure and elbow room we may look on for a brief space at the course of the moving crowd, to see if we may, whether it only fluctuate vainly to and fro, or whether there be really onward and forward gain of ground, to give it the dignity and interest of a distant destiny. This attempt at gaining a comprehensive view of man's collective career, looking at him in different places, at different times, and under different circumstances, has been always set down with reason as the chief interest and purpose of historic reading and foreign travel,—without some such aim travelling is little better than laborious seeing of sights with a negative score of pleasure and profit.

"More fool I," says honest old Touchstone, as commentary upon finding himself as far as the Forest of Ardennes, "when I was at home I was in a better place." And History may be well called "an old Almanack," unless it teach, or at least profess to teach, that the "Proper Study of Mankind is Man."

Let such study lead to the conclusion that our Human Society is something other and better than a recurrence of Vice and Misery on a large scale, relieved with a small varying surface of skin-deep refinement, and we may watch its development, however slow-seeming to our impatience, with faithful hope and joyful pride; if not—why then let those who will read deep and go far to find and fetch little worth, we would spare our midnight oil over a blank and cheerless page, and would say to Sir Traveller, in the words of Rosalind,—

"I had rather a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad;  
"And to travel for it too!"

## LUTETIA.

It is high time, however, to remember that we have headed our paper as "Ruminations of a Traveller," in deference to which superscription we proceed to date our time and place as established in the midst of the great volcanic crater of political lava, whose overflow has lately shaken and affrighted the world.

Here we are then, O gentle Saxon Cousin, on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, in the very centre of Paris, this great throbbing heart of the heaving and stormy-tossed *Realm* we were going to say, but remember in time to correct the term, and write *Republic, Angliçè Commonwealth*, of our restless and mighty neighbour, but very good friend and ally, the land of Gaul.

Yes! here we are, with our windows and balcony *qui donnent sur le devant*, commanding a view of what has always been, *selon nous*, the grandest street in Europe, with its curving sweep, its height and breadth, and massive depth of light and shade, though alas! for the departed noble trees hewn down for barricades! such verdant shade as theirs can never again spread here till the

sun has ceased to shine on us ; but without dwelling on disagreeables, we look down this cloudy but dry *Mardi-gras* on the close-thronged buzzing multitude, upon whose black mass of continuous hats on the wide *trottoir* of either side one might think to walk for a mile, for the women are far fewer than the men, the quota of riders and drivers, too, not in the old proportion with either, *liveries* rare as yet, and we are to have, it seems, no processional Bœuf this year, one of the young Republic—no great loss, in our opinion, to gods or men, and a clear gain to the beast or *bos*.

Marvellous, incongruous, but ever attractive Paris ! what an arena hast thou been for the last half century and more, for broil and battle of human hand and head and heart—for where upon the surface of this vast round Earth can we find another million of such spasmodic hearts and hot heads, and, alas ! alas ! such red hands, as within so small a space and so brief time have been sent to wag and fret and fight their hour upon the lap of their common Mother, till she open in pity her kindly bosom to hush them all to rest and slumber. Throbbing heads and hearts, with fierce right hands, all too ready to do their bidding, fermenting, seething, boiling in toil and trouble, fear and hope, danger and doubt—and even now, after the long fever, fierce and fitful, of sixty years—even now, none knowing, which is common enough,—and all feeling that none can know, which is uncommon enough,—what to-morrow's dawn may bring forth. Yet, *O Lutetia !* thou art doing, we doubt not, thine appointed work—doing it for a well-devised and far-reaching purpose,—under wiser direction than Thou or the Nations art always mindful of,—a Power that directs and checks for good the hurricane, the volcano, and the earthquake, and will no less direct and check for the good of all, the fiery, stormy strength with which thou playest thy feverish part to stir and shake and wake the stagnant dormant world : may it be given thee to do wisely what we are well assured thou wilt in any case do bravely ; for the present we say no more about thee, but go off at a tangent to a calmer and safer region, there to look about us clear of the smoke and din of passion's conflict, seeking, where and when we may, some sign or pledge set in the cloud, that—

“ He who is higher than the highest regardeth,  
And that there be higher than they.”

#### ROTHOMAGUS.

Some days since, and in mental mood according, we paid a visit to the ancient city of Rouen, old enough indeed to have been known once upon a time by so antique a combination of syllables as *Rothomagus*, in far later years rejoicing in the immunities and high rank of Capital to the renowned and Royal Province of *Normandy*, a name which signifies no doubt that the land

had been seized and held by a host from the hardy *North*, to whom we Angli are indebted in our generation for rocking the cradle of early English chivalry. But on the glory of Normandy, as on every other earthly, Change has written an everlasting *Transit*; for History, as the French say, deals not in repetition—*l'Histoire ne se répète pas*.

Rouen is no longer the Capital of the Province, for the Province no longer exists, but in lieu of it, by decree of that stern shatterer and uprooter of all things feudal and chivalrous, the Convention of '98,—in lieu of it we have some five Departments, doubtless well and wisely limited by geometric science, but assuredly neither historical nor poetical enough to satisfy the soul of an Anglo-Saxon, whose memory loves to revel with more imagination than judgment in the glories and the stories of Olden Time. Still in this old city of Rouen are several things, both real and ideal, worthy of mark—the huge fretted rock-work of the gorgeous but grim and gloomy cathedral pile, holding our first Richard's lion-heart; and a nobler temple still, the noblest perhaps of Mediæval genius, the eye-filling, spirit-lifting consummation of loftiness, lightness, enduring strength, and proportioned beauty which they call St. Ouen;—then there is the statue and the story of Joan of Arc, of whom—high-hearted, heroic girl!—the less said and known the better for the credit of our feudal Fathers. These things, and more than these, are to be seen and marked, but there was something different from all of these that we looked at more curiously and earnestly, which thou wert not likely to guess, friend Reader, even wouldst thou try.

What could it be to impress the wisdom or the folly, the judgment or the fancy of an Anglo-Saxon stranger, wandering in the narrow, crooked, dirty, ill-paved, ill-smelling labyrinths of the cotton-spinning city of Rouen, assuredly bearing out the poet in his ascription of small divinity to the *direct* creation of it or its like?—"Oh! the machinery, spinning jennies," and so forth—most certainly worth any man's looking at; and we do look at it, having asked and obtained the Frenchman's leave; we look at it, as we have done a hundred times before, with admiration and faith, as the sign and pledge of the future fulfilment of many things yet far from accomplishment; to be accomplished, however, we believe, by the genius of our own land—her Watts, her Arkwrights, and her Stevensons—the special mission, or at least a special part of that mission which our Queenly Isle is carrying out among the Nations. Yet it would be scarcely worth the while of an Anglo-Saxon born to leave his own shore to muse on the marvels of so small a Manchester!—still we feel at home, and do muse; for we find cheering in it, as we watch the well-known whirl, listen to the whiz, and mark the measured move of the animate iron monster, whose giant-arm of strength asks no sleep and heeds no toil, whose breath of life, though fierce as the blast of a pent hurricane, is yet tamed and trained and tuned to the will of its maker and master—Man! "Do this, and it doeth it," whether to fly with the wind's speed, to weave a woof from a worm's thread, or strike with the strength of a thunder-bolt.

Surely, in looking at these wondrous works, Anglo-Saxon born and bred—wheels and beams, frames and reels, valves and rods—surely we may perceive and know, as one intelligible thing, that these and such as these, in all their multiplication, complication, and application, were never sent or meant to do such miracles on Earth without a direct Providential purpose, and *that* the welfare of *Man*,—his progress and development,—not always to be, as hitherto the rule, a groaning Gibeonite, hewer of wood and drawer of water. What else but this is the *Moral*, we had almost said the *Religion*, of Machinery, scientific, and industrial, the marked characteristic of this, as yet the oldest and maturest, surely, therefore, the wisest and the strongest generation of the Sons of Men? Oh, ye of little faith, who would talk of these as painful and degenerate days! Why should not our aches and pains be *growing* pains?—our social pangs and throes of *birth*, and not of death; or, if of death, what is death itself but another birth, transition to a wider and better world wherein to bustle,—a change, the condition of which now and heretofore ordained, is struggle and alarm. *Forward* and *onward*, not *backward* and *downward* is, let us trust and try to believe, the device and destiny of Man in his collective no less than his individual capacity. The tide of his fortune ever ebbs and flows, but the flood is rising, on and on, to a higher mark, till it bear him to the level of the true, —to be in body and soul triumphant, glorious and godlike in the image of his Creator, whose kingdom we are taught to believe shall come *on Earth*, and whose Will shall be done *here*, as already fulfilled elsewhere by beings of riper growth. Our Heaven is not a “lo, here!” nor a “lo, there!”—no vague region of anywhere or nowhere; but we bear both Heaven and Hell *within us*, according as our God-given powers are quickened and matured, as by the genial warmth of the beaming Sun, or nipped and blighted for a season, as by the withering breath of an eastern wind.

Why, again, but for the advancement of the *Race*, the development of all our *latent* faculties, can it be given to *us* (as to other lands are other gifts), can it yet be given to us supremely, of English blood, to skim the earth and plough the ocean rapid as the wind, guiding and ruling the mightiest things of life, works of our own hand, rejoicing as Giants to run their course? For what else but this principle of Progress are we the appointed and fitted diggers and delvers of the Earth's crust,—strong of limb, steady of purpose, bold and skilled in our vocation,—piercing mountains, filling valleys, spanning deeps, that many may run to and fro, and knowledge be spread abroad,—seeking and finding fiery means of speed and power within the globe's rind, and on that very rind reading, as written by the finger of God, the annals of the Globe itself?—Ay! tracking, measuring, and weighing the starry worlds in their courses,—strengthening our eyes by means and appliances of sight, whether to peer with fearful gaze into dim firmaments of other Heavens, before whose faint and awful light the bold imagination reels,—or to watch and learn the life of a living thing whose earthly sphere is a grain of dust!



Who says the days of miracles are gone? let him say it to others than to us, who as on wings of wind ride our fiery furnace over sea and land! who make the lightning's flash our messenger! and cause the sun-beams paint our picture!

## STEAMER AND STOKER.

But yet *surgit amari aliquid*, a warning comes to check our pride, and lower our tone, to tell us that what we are, and what we have, is ours only as held in trust,—a loan for the advantage of all, not ourselves only,—and that our pride must be in the best use, not in the short possession. Were it true that machines are miracles, and true that *we* have wrought them, still it is no less true, and a truth of far higher order, that another Machine, not of our own handiwork, has been committed to our honoured keeping, with strictest injunction of sacred care, and that this charge has hitherto been neglected, abused, often made light of, and denied. A “moving power,” indeed, of far other than our putting together, a consummate combination, a peculiar and peerless contrivance, compared with which, the wonders of “double action,” “high pressure,” “locomotion,” “telescope,” “microscope,” “telegraph,” “photograph,” are but the clumsiest bungles of a ‘prentice trial,—an engine indeed with which none other can be brought in parallel,—beggaring all comparison,—distancing all competition and approach,—with powers self-acting, self-controlling, self-sustaining, and self-producing,—past all imagining and beyond all describing, though it occurs just in time, that a bold and happy hand has made a dash in the way of description, somewhat as follows, if our memory hold:—

“What a piece of work is MAN! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and reason how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the Beauty of the World! the Paragon of Animals!”

We should like to know what a gentle Reader would think of *that* in the way of description, were it met with now for the first time; but, after all, the question comes, “Is it true?—is the portrait taken from the life?”—“*d’après Nature*,” as the French say. And yet, again, which concerns us even more, is it true that this peerless “piece of work,” this matchless “Paragon,” has been entrusted to *our* charge? The assertion has been doubted at different times, but the inquiry was never more categorically put to the highest authority, than by a celebrated personage in early history, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” The state of mind which prompted the question, and the conditions of the implied answer, will probably be sufficient for those with whom we are concerned; the matter, therefore, may be considered as set at rest. We go on, then, to the other note of interrogation,—“Is it really true that Man

"our brother is so like an Angel and a God?"—with all the rest that precedes and follows in the *procès verbal*. If so, why then it is no less certain that this express and admirable "Work" must in the long run, with anything like fair play, distance all competition,—its value must continually rise in the Market, the more known and understood the more inappreciably estimated, till no other property, real or personal, can be brought for a moment in competition or comparison with it. Well, then, if we are to judge and say what price we affix to the "Paragon," why let us see him, and—as the parallel lies in some degree between him and the Engine—take as a ready sample, and a better than millions, that individual of the genus whose daily task and daily bread it has been this quarter of a century to shovel fuel food into the maw of his ravening rival. There they stand for ready estimate of current value, cheek by jowl—STEAMER and STOKER! either to be had a bargain to the highest bidder! But stop! hush thy flippant tone, thou pert, self-appointed judge of thy Brother, and perchance thy Better,—hush thee! "for shame if not for charity" in presence of "yon poor o'erlaboured wight," dull and dirty, bent and blear-eyed, old before his time, and his time cut short,—check thy fool-born railery, as thou lookest from his portrait to him, and from him again to his portrait.

"Noble! Infinite! Angelic! Godlike! Beautiful!"

Know, in very deed, that he is all this, that each of these is *in* him, with the sufficient proof that in others from the same Hand, and of the same mould, all this, by due tending and careful nurturing, has been brought *out* of him; though, under stress of pressure and lack of nourishment, much may be warped and stunted in the growth, much buried and concealed in the germ, even as an oak in frost-bound soil might lie pent for ages in an acorn.

But we judge not the fruit by the husk, the jewel by the casket, nor the fly by the grub,—neither Man by his *latent*, but by his developed state,—by the height to which he may rise rather than the depth to which he may be cast down. We may assume that what is hid in the last and best work of earthly creation is *meant* to be brought forth, and seen, and known, not left hid for ever in oblivion, as though it had never been. The first great argument in Universal Religion is the evidence of *contrivance* throughout the works of Nature, which carries us at once to Nature's God; if such evidence be denied, there is nothing left but Atheism. It is this purpose, and time, and season appointed for everything that *is*, which affords the only ground for belief in future life to those who are not content to receive it on *Authority*. What purpose, we are asked, can be found in the wish and hope and longing for Immortality given to Man alone, with knowledge of Death, unless the Shadow forerun the substance? So also with Man here as hereafter, earthly as unearthly, collectively as individually, we may surely believe him destined to be what he has the means of being, growing at last to his full measure of height and breadth,—in body, spirit, and understanding,—growing in favour as well as

stature, for the glory of his Maker, who placed him here in rank and pride of power, to increase and multiply no less in mind than in body,—no less in the higher than the lower elements of his being,—no less in the *Qualis* than in the *Quantus* of his nature.

Of one thing, meanwhile, we may also rest assured, with respect to the real toiler of mere bodily toil, to the neglect of the nobler faculties within him, that if he be doing his work diligently and earnestly, he is doing it also fairly and worthily, though unfavourably, for none may refuse him straw to make brick, and then count the tale to cry “he is idle, he is idle.” No! no! he is doing his work, fighting his fight—*playing the man!* and biding his time, to lack neither promotion nor reward in Creation’s Hierarchy. And, which concerns ourselves more nearly, if we in our fine linen, and soft skin, sound of wind and limb, with little to do with body and mind but our fool’s pleasure, and little to suffer but its fruit, if we can give in no better account of work done, and wages won in the service of our Master, why then—we cannot tell; but we think it may be better for us, as well as for our toiling sweating brother, that we go and make common cause in the welfare and improvement of his body, mind, and estate; that we sooth him in his suffering, as sacred since not of his own deserving; that we respect him in his degradation as dignified, since not of his own doing.

Strange, though, that higher and happier men should be found who are satisfied to see “such a piece of work,” as good and able as themselves, brought down to such a seeming base use,—a blind mill-horse-round of dullest drudgery, from day to day, and year to year,—as long, or longer than the blessed Sun of Heaven lights up one half the Earth, upon which he might walk sublime and godlike, as his charter runs—

“Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri  
Jussit.”

Think only what MAN even now may be? and has been individually, and therefore might be and should be,—ay! and yet will be, and must be, collectively, since no power is given without its purpose, its time, and its triumph! And then look at myriads perhaps of the best in latent faculty, spending nine-tenths of waking life, through this condition of society,—that we from our easy chair complacently call *Civilisation*, and would fain think it permanent,—in shovelling, shifting, lifting, twisting, and such like, while breathing far other breath than that the Lord of Life breathed into the nostril of his best and last created.

When Cuvier got but the fragment of an old bone to examine, they say that he could describe and construct the whole skeleton, determining therefrom the habits and haunts of the living animal. Upon what did the science of the great Naturalist or Reader of God’s works depend?—simply upon the principle that each bend, and curve, and knob, and knuckle of every bone is contrived

for a given and strictly definite purpose, in combination and adaptation faultless with the rest, nothing deficient, nothing superfluous. What then, would an observer from a higher sphere judge and conclude on seeing the powers, moral and intellectual, as well as physical, of such an animal as Man reduced to exclusive, or nearly exclusive, bodily exertion for means of existence? Would he not pronounce our nature and destiny as yet undeveloped, ourselves scarcely as yet even fully born, our career not opened upon which reserved to run? What journal of thoughts, he might inquire, has the recording angel as yet dotted down to the score of those who it seems might and should, and therefore still may and can, be deemed but little lower than himself? Surely we too, in our lowly sphere, may believe and hope that the first leaf of the Great Book is not as yet turned for any among us. How little do we know about it! Still it is our birthright to revolve and ponder these things in our heart, till the time come for those who have sought Truth to find it, for those who have loved it to know it.

It is often alleged, as an argument against machinery, that it supersedes human labour, and deprives thousands of employment. But, Gracious Heaven! what labour? and what employment? If we can get wood and iron to do the lifting and shifting, the hewing and drawing, can we find no other and worthier work for the "Noble in Reason!" the "Infinite in faculties!" the Angelic! the Godlike!—nothing better to do than what may be better done by the up-and-down of a piston rod, and the round-and-round of a turning crank? Oh, fearful and faithless! who still would doubt and dread the gracious call that summons Manhood to play the thorough Man, and would even refuse the ways and means provided! But what is writ is writ, and will be no less fulfilled, even should it call millions among us—

" Who now their fardels bear,  
" And grunt and sweat under a weary life,"—

to what some may think the *perilous* progress of learned leisure, reading the starry heavens with Newton, and the heart of Man with the Swan of Avon.

There are some, moreover, among us who hold that there is other knowledge to be learned from books,—or one BOOK,—than Newton's skill, or Shakspeare's lore can teach; who hold that the direct *Word of God* itself is sealed to him who cannot, like the Seer of old, read and understand, while the Heavenly writing runs as with the fingers of a man's hand! Here, surely, is worthy work among the rest prepared for the mind's eye,—or shall we say, rather, that the mind's eye was prepared for this as its worthy work?—at any rate a strong case for at least the teaching of great *A* and little *a* to each and all, as a right on the part of those who have the wish to learn, and a duty on the part of those who have the power to teach. But, as concerning the "Word of God," it will be said, that "in any event the unlettered may hear it read." Ay! ay! more of man's intervention between our Maker and our Brother!

He may transact the matter of Salvation by proxy and power of attorney ! But let those who aspire not to be called Rabbi ! Rabbi ! and who bow to no mediator but One, let them found their claim for National primary Education, as a Government measure, upon this plea as on strong ground, realising at least one step of actual and an essential preliminary of all future Progress.

If our "sundry-contemplation and often rumination" have yet left us a "*compagnon de voyage*," we would venture to ask in reference to the topic of Man's career on this earth, either social or individual, bodily or mental, whether it ever crossed the Reader's mind, to ponder the old doctrine of the *Transmigration* of Souls ? It often occurs to our own Soul, as a law that would go far towards solving the riddle of Life, reconciling the principle of collective and continued progress on the part of the Species, with the apparent and almost undeniable indifference of Nature's course to the condition of the actual living Units of Humanity, as they appear and disappear like snow-flakes on the water ; only let them *re-appear* in due time and turn, and the "turn-about" dispels at once that ever-denounced, but still deceptive and all too-strong delusion, called "distinction of persons" in things material and things spiritual, a delusion so strong indeed as to go some way towards exousing the persuasion of the French lady of *ancien régime*, "*Que le bon Dieu y penserait deux fois avant de damner une personne de cette qualité-là.*" Nothing, it seems, would sooner settle the question and sweep clear the mist, than the reception and conviction of a general law—*Hodie Mihi Cras Tibi*, "Mine to-day and Thine "to-morrow," realising and grasping the flying Vision that as yet like the mocking *Mirage* dances before men's souls across the dreary flat of poverty and misery, with the mystic sibyl-written scroll—LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATÉRNITÉ.

For our own part, we only know that *Metempsychosis* jostles no clause in our creed, and that Pythagoras was a wise man of Greece.

#### THE CONQUEROR.

Having gone off on a parabolic curve projecting into Infinite Space from the starting point of Machines, cotton and other, we would beg with humility and apology to hasten back to the lowly point, where we ventured to tell the Reader that though he should condescend to try, the chances were against his guessing at what we looked most curiously in the ancient city of Norman Rouen ; he naturally after trying the Churches and Joan of Arc, suggested "the Mules and Spinning Jennies," and we plead guilty to a round-about style of saying *Nay* ; but as small amends we avow forthwith that the object of our study was a small dingy chattel, the intrinsic worth of which to a "*Marchand de Chiffons*" might be some sixpence sterling, a little square patch of time-worn yellow sheep-skin, covered thick with Monkish black-letter

middle-age Latin, in sequence to which, and making in our eyes the ideal value of the document, came a somewhat ill-conditioned ragged shaky *Cross*, of form upright, and termed "the Latin" *his mark*,—much such a hieroglyphic as a small school-boy might now-a-days achieve in the first line of his first page of graphic pot-hooks ;—*his mark*. Whose mark? The mark of William! Gulielmi! King of England! Duke of Normandy! first and foremost of his name. King and lord, stern and stark, by right of might, from Battle Abbey to the Roman Wall, William hight THE CONQUEROR!

So he could not write! This Royal Robber, this Princely Pirate, this Conquering Hero, could not even spell and sign that ruthless Bastard name, whose power shook the haughty cliffs of Albion, and changed the course of her proud and peerless History!

Look at this poor lamentable zig-zag, no better than the track of a crawling ink-bedabbled spider, and cry aloud "Io Triumphe!" thou modern cockney proficient in the mystery of "the three R's" as toasted in Guildhall—plume thyself in high feather thou aspiring partisan of the principle of Progress, who hast seen "the Schoolmaster abroad!" This is the manual mark of the fierce and stalwart fist that clutched for his own lion's share a thousand of the best and broadest manors of merry England,—that grasped and won, and wore upon his Victor brow, the Diadem of Briton's past and future line of Kings! This is the mark of the bloody iron hand that carried fire and sword to work their worst wild waste of death in our bonny North, making fell havoc, as we hear, of England's breathing life, and all the growing grass, and every standing roof on Scotland's side the Humber! This is the print of the playful paw, "*ex ungue leonem*," that for sport and not in wrath, turned the smiling vales of our fertile South into a jungled hunting ground, with "Forest-law," and "Act for preserving Game," surely shedding the blood of *vilain* man for that of stricken deer, and only searing his eye-balls blind if he risked his sight to snare a bird or kill a hare!

But he really could not write his name? Ay! that could he and did he, Simpleton! wrote it after his own fashion with such a pen as fitted his grasp, a pen of steel, double-handed, and six feet long, called a *Sword*, with which he carved his name so deep on History's broad page, *are perennius*, that it looks even now well nigh as grimly visible as nearly a thousand years ago, before he quitted hastily the world he ruffled, vaulting hence, on viewless track, from the saddle of his prancing horse, gingerly dancing with hot hoof over the smouldering ruin of Norman *Mantes*, royally burned, with other towns, a dozen or so, as a sharp retort to French Philip's blunt gibe on his swollen bulk. "Lying in! are we!" quoth the stark and stern, "then we'll light up "France for our Churching!" Even so—thou corpulent suffering mass of acrid humours—for thus much of mischief is yet permitted thee, but no more; for the Churching blaze shall light thy funeral fires, and thou with thy grey

hairs must go down to the pit whither thou hast sent many before thee, mourning, writhing, and desolate,—

“ With nought that should accompany old age

“ As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

Thy puffed and putrid body roughly hurried and huddled down to dust shall burst its wooden shell, and the stench of foul mortality shall silence the wailing dirge, chasing the chaunting monks and menial men with napkined nose from the abbey church of favoured *Caen*, founded for thy bones' last resting-place.

So History tells the tale, leaving it for us to draw the moral, teaching us nothing new. But let us at least avoid, as we would shun the plague, the sorry and vulgar triumph of mean men over the Royal head disrowned, and the lofty brow laid low. He was a King! ay, every inch a King! in days of blood and strife he fought his fight and did his work as both were given, and with no slack hand, for the God of battles was with him, who alone may weigh and judge both him and us. Him and us! and how curiously and closely are we and ours bound up with him and his, inseparably and for ever linked in the World's History! What a turning point was that for our Name and Nation, for those syllables that go to the sound of *Anglo-Saxon*, telling as we love to think, of native strength, and sterling worth, and kindly manliness; what a turning point was that for all the “leaflets” of the broad and branching tree that now shadows with her boughs half the expanse of Earth's dry land, and well nigh all the islands of the sea; what a moment was it when he embarked with his fifty thousand men in mail from that gentle *Dives* streamlet to leap and stumble (falling he said to kiss the ground and take possession), on the sands of Hastings! Or, to be more curious in the matter, what a turning point was that in Anglo-Saxon annals, when bluff and bold Duke Robert turned his admiring gaze of homage upon the *Falaise* tanner's lovely daughter. Had the Royal Duke but looked another way, or the gentle damsel proved too coy in the wooing, and too hard in the winning, why then we may conclude that our own particular Liege and Lord Gulielmus Bastardus would never have found his way as he did into this censorious world, there would have been no William the Conqueror—no Conquest of England. We should have been other than who and what we are—no stalwart issue of the crossing breed between the chivalrous and numerous Normans who “came over with him” and the sturdy yellow Saxons who in their turn “came over” somewhat sooner to the native Rome-deserted Britons; Briton and Saxon both meanwhile alloyed though much against their will, but not the less for our and the general good—alloyed and hardened with a daring dash from the Pirate Dane; even, as we say, for our and the general good,—for from what else but this multifarious mingling of blood with the aboriginal Romanised Briton, the sturdy yellow Saxon, the fierce freebooting Dane, and the feudal dark-eyed chivalrous and churchly

Norman has sprung the Race, whose blood and bone, whose laws and language, whose means and appliances of Science, whose bent and call for toil and trade and travel, whose ships and colonies and commerce have spread, are spreading, and will spread from the Pole to the Equator and the Equator to the Pole, changing, controlling, and compelling the career of Nations and the annals of the World!

No dull or unmeaning page, then, in earthly history has been inscribed by that mailed and heavy hand, whose clerkly exploit we eye with curious gaze in old St. Mary's Convent, scanning and conning with small waste of time and little need of lamp all that is extant written, full of meaning as the most, by the Conqueror and Statesman whose works at large have left a name and fame to live while Dover Straits endure.

And what a career did that armed hand open, with its feudal host, and French fealty, for the land he left and the land he leapt upon one grey October morning, A.D. 1066; linking henceforth those pale confronting shores across that storm-tossed narrow sea, linking them for weal or woe to themselves and all the nations of the earth, henceforth in deadly grapple or in friendly grasp. Alas! centuries were then to come, though now, *laus Deo*, we may trust, both come and gone, in which the Two were to be linked for little else than the furious defacing of their Maker's image in each other's blood; meeting at home or abroad, by land or by sea, singly or with the world in arms, for little else than burning, wasting, and trampling on the richest gifts of their common God, shouting for battle-cry the name of Him to whom both turn in worship as the Author of Peace and the Lover of Concord!

#### THE SWORD AND THE PLOUGHSHARE.

Now, at least, we trust that the fierce enduring struggle has nearly served its destined and needful purpose, almost burnt out the fighting fury of natures whose noble instinct and joy of battle is reserved for better and higher war than the piteous marring of each other. Both have learned, when faint and bloody from the field, that fighting with noble foes is a foolish and a losing as well as a frightful game, deeply losing to all that play, and often deepest loss to them that seem to win. The frantic struggle, however, since not fatal, has not been fruitless; both have learned mutual respect by mutual trial of strength,—learned too their mutual dependence, the condition of life, that they let live; each has found that the other has a peculiar and distinct part to play, for which peculiarly and distinctly fitted, that it will and must, sooner or later,—and the sooner the better,—play it out, without let or hindrance from the other; that the difference of National temperament and condition, so far from being a challenge to battle, should be the surest pledge of peace; proving that each



needs the other, has what the other has not, does what the other cannot do,—that estranged, each loses much, but that hostile, each courts ruin in the savage effort to wreak it upon the other. Nothing, it would seem, more true or even trite than this; but it has taken us long to learn, and that we are now beginning to know and acknowledge it after a miserable millenium of mutual mischief and devilish destruction, is, of all signs of the times, the most cheering, alone bright enough to lighten the horizon where so many clouds are lowering,—alone stronger proof than all the rest of *Progress* as the *Rule*. We have many foes yet to conquer, and many perils yet to confront, but not, we may hope, as heretofore, to fight with suicidal sword,—not to lavish and lose the strength, courage, health, wealth, and genius of our Race,—that we may sing *Te Deum* for resources mortgaged, habits brutalised, and a decimating list of our best and bravest killed and wounded. What might we not have done for the education of our people in body and mind, in manners and morals,—for the culture of our land, the increase of produce,—the health and beauty of our towns,—in short, for our welfare and progress in all good, with but half the means sunk for ever in a single war, beginning in pride and passion, to end alone in exhaustion, discontent, and redoubled burthens?

If we had to risk the truth or the acceptance of our trust in the progressive advance of Civilisation, on the strength of any single evidence, we should point to the past page of History as showing War for the *Rule* of action, and the present as proving it the Exception. We must not however measure our conviction of such actual change by the mere lapse of time, on which it might seem insufficiently to rest, and even less upon the smoothness of its course. The Time has been short, and the Course critical; but if we look well to the succession of events, stirring, startling, stunning, which have crowded into these brief years; if we note the causes, the elements of strife that have been working, the sparks and fiery flakes that have been flying in such a teeming epoch of transition from old things to new, we may fairly for our gain of Cause, count months for years, and decades for centuries in the closing the gates of Janus' Temple. If we, the advanced Nations of the World, are yet to fight, we may believe it will be no longer fighting with each other, or fighting for fighting's sake, no longer in the narrow vulgar spirit of national domination, which is but collective Vanity, but that of true pride and noble concurrence in the development of our respectively allotted means for the self-same welfare of both. We have both great things and hard things to do,—but our device must be

“*Possunt quia posse videntur.*”

Faith alone can remove mountains; Faith which presupposes Hope, and is inseparable from that spirit of healthy benevolence and beneficence to all, which we but poorly express by “Charity.” It is in seeking and finding ground for Confidence and Cheerfulness in the future, that we may become

the firmest National votaries of true Political Economy or citizenship, consisting of no other elements than those of the Religion to which we individually adhere—hitherto so little honoured or even admitted in the code of international ethics. “What,” writes a profound thinker, “does an English ambassador want but a bold heart and the Ten Commandments; your skill diplomatic is stuff, and no really great man now-a-days would act or negotiate on such shallow principles.”

To those who can still turn but the cold ear of Scepticism to every aspiration after continued moral or physical advance in our collective career, we would ask why should such hope be more *Utopian*, as concerning either, than that which has been undeniably and is daily being fulfilled in reference to what is called more particularly *intellectual* triumph? Let any one who is impressed by the apparently slow and as yet but surface penetration of civilised improvement, and who thence takes a gloomy view of all chance of future amelioration, finding no support for even the elastic foot of Hope,—let such a man, whom we heartily respect, but from whom we heartily *try* to differ, summon to his memory for a moment the mere Nomenclature that goes to express some of the gigantic *onward* steps of human intelligence, since the days when William the Conqueror signed his *bon plaisir*, as we have seen,—he will then, we think, hardly despair of future progress, or deny the law, as he counts upon his fingers *gun-powder, printing-press, mariner's compass, telescope, steam-power, gas-light, galvanism, photograph, chloroform*, and as many more wonders of Chemistry and her sister sciences as he may chance to remember. There is no reason to suppose, or at any rate we know of none, that the intellect of Man comes from a different source, or tends in a different direction, from that of his other powers and faculties: we know that there has been and continues to be prodigious progress in the one, why not then in the others, on the rule *ex uno disce omnes*. We have a right to conclude that no *latent* good is meant to be for ever hid, which is tantamount to the conclusion that Man's capacity and aptitude for Social well-being is not to be left in undeveloped inferiority to that of the bee or the beaver, in whose community order, industry, sufficiency, enjoyment, and contentment under the steady rule of instinct and the force of attraction, give us little ground for pluming ourselves on the height of Social Science hitherto attained under our spur of necessity and proud prerogative of vacillating Reason. But, *nil desperandum!* the very supremacy of our rank in Creation depends upon its law of *Progression* as opposed to *Permanence*.

Instinct travels on a short, straight, well-fenced course, and soon and safely reaches its limit. Reason has far to go and by a devious route, but like a meandering river she still surely, however slowly, makes way in her onward progress to a boundless and sublime expanse; with Infinity in prospect, Time is nothing; if she arrive at all she arrives quickly—“*sat cito si sat bene*”—all's well that ends well. Or, if we must liken Reason to a light,

we may think ourselves authorised in the conclusion, that though flickering and burning dimly hitherto it is not meant to go out under a bushel, but destined yet to be seen far and wide from a lofty hill.

## IL N'Y A QUE PARIS.

But whether our Philosophy be judged to limp or no, has she seen or learned anything worth the telling, while playing peripatetic in France's capital? What has she found to strengthen, and what to stagger her step? What to cheer and what to cast down her countenance?

There is certainly much to see in this vast capital,—as, indeed, upon what span of God's earth is there not,—had we but the faculty of seeing straight and deep. “Nothing to see,” argues but a heedless or purblind dullard, little caring or little conscious on what he looks; for look where he will, in the crowded town, or the lonely field, there is meaning too deep for our sounding-line. We all feel this in so common a thing as the painting and perfume of a flower, and we long to know more of so lovely a mystery. Granted. But suppose corruption in a stagnant ditch,—here, too, there is mystery, but we turn away disgusted, for the mystery is no longer lovely, but unlovely, repulsive, hideous to the sense,—meaning *our* sense,—which, after all, proves only that the thing is not sympathetic with our nature, and therefore to be avoided, of which it gives salutary warning, imperative enough to be disagreeable, making amends, however, as a point of comparison, to enhance the opposite perception of pleasure. So that were we to accept for the *absolute* and not the *relative* meaning, the one-sided interpretation of our own sense, still we should find *good* even for ourselves in repulsive odious *evil*. Yet how far are we from the full meaning of any jot or tittle in Creation, on whose page we read only by Faith the unseen evidence that “whatever is is right,”—finding

“Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and Good in everything.”

While looking, then, in Paris, or elsewhere, at what offends and repels us, let us take our warning and learn our lesson with thankfulness and profit; but if disposed to quarrel too loudly or too deeply with aught that is, we shall do well to lower our tone, keeping our temper and our foot as standing upon Holy ground, dreading the dream of marring or meddling in the Works of an unerring hand—

“A mighty Maze, but not without a Plan.”

It will be good for us all in the dark hour of discontent and disappointment at the World's course, to add, as corollary to our daily creed, the words of a sound divine already quoted:—

“There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our Philosophy.”

We thank thee, Princely Dane, for teaching us the clause.

With an invocation; then, to Faith and her divine sisters, of whom we may stand in need, let us give a glance at the condition, social and political, of this European nucleus,—this cynosure of civilisation, of which Frenchmen at least say, “*Il n’y a que Paris.*” Of its mere outward aspect, all with whom we are now concerned probably know enough; still it is well for every Son of Fashion to point the finger once again, *en passant*, to those plain practical matters of comparison which he finds unfavourable to his own patriotic pride, which as long as they exist for our example exist no less for our reproach—never mind how well known—till known well enough to be profited by. The constant drip-drop of the water wears the everlasting flint, and our Saxon hearing is hard enough on the deaf side, to be little sensitive to iteration on that dull topic, line upon line, so disagreeably known to us all as “good advice” and “self-amendment.”

Before, however, descending to particulars, we shall hazard, by way of preface, that Paris, like our own huger and murkier Babylon, is best viewed on the surface, should the object of looking be its glorification. Which of the two may pass better muster under the eye of scrutiny, as concerning the greater welfare of the greater number, it would not become a citizen of either to decide on his own *ipse dixit*; but, unhappily, the triumph of either would redound less than could be wished to the glory of the winner,—for Truth, standing stern umpire, must pronounce no prize adjudged, proclaiming the two Capitals of the World’s two leading Nations hitherto wanting in essential elements of well-being, even for the earthly nature of myriads within them who claim an acknowledged inheritance of unearthly Spirit and understanding.

If Paris, or such as Paris, were now presented as the best and last boast of human Reason, marking the goal of Man’s progress upon the Planet where he holds dominion delegated, well might Mephistophiles curl his demon lip with a withering sneer, and draw his own conclusion,—well might the Devil deride the failure of God’s last and best created, and cap his claim with scornful sarcasm:—

“ He calls it Reason—using it at least  
To live more brutally than any beast!”

#### CANAILLE.

We are not, however, going to shock the Reader with hideous pictures of misery and degradation on the large scale, common thus far to the proudest cities of the civilised world; but that such a state of things exists is a truth never to be slurred or forgotten. It hangs over our partial and superficial refinement, either as an incentive and pledge of future progress, or as fatal sentence of final failure; there is no escape from the horns of the dilemma; we must choose.

A man may, it is true, revolve for a while in some brilliant but contracted circle of an European capital, neither heeding nor knowing the conditions of existence in the broad and infinitely more important substrata upon which the gilded pinnacles are raised; but such a man has not yet arrived at full mental estate. ~~Manhood~~—has not yet put away childish things; but lives as a child, thinks as a child, and with him for the present we are not in colloquy. If he would really become a Man, claiming his diploma of Earthly citizenship as the required passport for a far journey he must soon travel, why let him begin here in Paris, if idleness bring him hither, and study the conjugation of the French verb *Vivre* in all its modes and tenses; let him watch and estimate the ways, means, and appliances of life among the multitude,—the collective mass made up of such inspired pillars of dust as himself,—which, however, in the aggregate we call *Mob*, *Canaille*, and *Rabble*,—let him meditate upon the fact that within this walled city are a hundred thousand such as these, among a million, who pick up the doled pittance of public alms, whereon to drag out an existence of degradation and destitution, compared with which the life of a street dog is dignified,—*bodily* degradation and destitution, be it remembered,—no question now of the condition moral and intellectual, for these faculties are oftener in stark nullity or absolute negation.

If our refined friend, whom we have set to learn his verb, should hesitate with reason, before bringing between the wind and his gentility sights and sniffs rife with risk to healthy blood and a kindly heart, why let him take counsel of discretion, and keep clear of the thickest *cloaque* of foul and fetid squalor, but not without confessing every night of his life that there exist within the same walls as himself thousands whom he calls before God his brothers, whose homes he dare not visit, and whose air he dare not breathe,—living in dens, clothed in rags, and fed on garbage, where typhus still hovers like the vulture, lured by the glad stench of lethal pollution. Let a man avoid risk disproportioned to the good he could do or the lesson he could learn, so that he resist, for Heaven's sake and his own, the strong temptation to entrench himself in his own circumference of comfort, soothing his conscience with the unction that he sees and feels nothing amiss,—“that it always was so,” and always will be so,—and “is no affair of his, as he pays the rates.” Such sleeping drops are said to be sometimes administered to still a troublesome small voice, even by those who—God forgive the mockery—profess CHRISTIAN ethics!—but let us hasten, in all courtesy, to disclaim the shadow of such imputation towards our Brothers.

Should, however, the “Anglo-Saxon” travel into the lands and hands of Infidels, Turks, or Heretics, for all of whom, if “working righteousness and “fearing God,” we avow profound respect, we would beg to ask of any one of them, whether can be found a clause in their respective Creeds tolerating the principle of *laissez aller*, or “let be,” within hearing of that sound that

pierces from Earth to Heaven as the cry of a Brother's agony? *Allah khhereem!* it would be a bold question under the shadow of the silvery crescent of Mecca, and a needless one in all latitudes where the Divine tablet on the heart has not been blotted by "Covetousness, which is Idolatry." But we are writing, let us remember, for Anglo-Saxon gentlemen and Anglo-Saxon gentlewomen—*sans peur et sans reproche*—to whom we would offer *suaviter in modo* the friendly suggestion to look deeply beneath the polished surface and high level of their own society, if they have not done it yet, till compelled, as they surely will be by what they see, to seek and find conviction strong, cheering, and healthy as Holy Writ, that "Onward!" is not only our valiant device of Duty but the inevitable scroll of Destiny,—that we have to press forward to the mark of a high calling not only individually but *collectively*,—that true Conservatism, or the Conservation of Social Good, is inseparable from and identical with its advancement, as growth is the condition of Life in all undeveloped organisation, only ceasing to increase when beginning to decay.

Documents in the shape of medical reports on the supposed approach of cholera may be consulted with advantage by a foreigner, as illustrative of the Parisian "condition of the lower classes," as we too coldly phrase it; "Odds 'bodikin, man,' is not *their* Condition *our* Condition? Is not the lower class of necessity the *supporting* class? and do you expect your House to stand upon a rotten foundation?"

"But they are used to it, and use is second nature; depend upon it they 'do'nt feel nastiness, and foul air, and bad food, and ragged clothes as you and 'I should.'" We devoutly hope they do not. But as to *use* and second nature in the stunting and crushing of manhood, it seems much the same as the stunting and crushing of a Chinese woman's foot by a Chinese iron shoe,—the foot may get used to the crushing, but is spoiled for walking,—the intended developed nature is that of the lightest, most elastic, and most beautiful of God's mechanism; the compressed marring of man's handiwork has made it an unsightly, shapeless, and useless stump. These medical reports, however, tell us many things which we do not copy, because more painful than profitable in the recital,—they may be left to the imagination of our friends across the water, quickened if need be by a glance at our own "blue books" upon the like topic, or reference to the new edition of "Do-the-Babes' Hall," published, with illustrations, at Tooting. If an advocate for *laissez aller*, whose natural sphere is the upper world of this life, would upon principle consent to grope through part of the grimy *Mystères de Paris*, whether on the recording page, or footing it on the insurgent *pavé*, we should like to get him up, with his old knowledge of good and his new knowledge of evil, to the height of Montmartre, overlooking the mighty City, and leave him to muse in solitude on the marvels and anomalies spread out below him. The Promethean fire of genius burning with heaven-kindled splendour within those walls,—the still holier and steadier flame

of the heart's warmth glowing in the murky mass, not less cheering than the other brighter but fitful flashing light,—the discoveries of Science, tracing and decyphering the works of God,—the achievements of Art, in copying and adapting them to the use of Man,—the deep Scrutiny of our own complex nature, by analysis, moral and physical,—Faith and Hope inscribed on a hundred Temples with Christian Ministering to the diseased mind,—Mercy and Help enthroned in princely palaces with Samaritan soothing for the suffering body,—these and such as these let him view for awhile, till he rise in triumph with a *Homo sum*—and then to check his pride and change his tone—Oh, lame and impotent conclusion ! let his head hang and his heart sink for his creed, as he looks down upon what he knows too well to be little better as yet than an unleavened lump of *confusion, discontent, prostitution, and pauperism*.

No, no ! What he sees is not the conclusion, but the beginning ; not the agonised death, but the still struggling birth of Human Society, watched by the Eye of One to whom a thousand years are as a day, and a day as a thousand years, who gives means measured to the end, and an end vindicating the means, reserving for all and each a season and a purpose. Our Sun is not setting, but slowly and surely rising in Majesty to a meridian zenith, gilding as yet but the lofty tops that soar from a lower and thus far chillier and gloomier world, but biding its appointed hour to be gladdened, warmed, and quickened by the Lord of Light and Life.

## DESTITUTION AND PROSTITUTION.

Destitution and Prostitution ! What words are these to be applied to the full growth of the “ Noble in Reason,—the infinite in Faculties,—the Beauty of the World.” Conditions of full growth ! God forbid ! Say, rather, accidents incidental to early “ mewling and puking in our nurse's arms ”—the nursing arms of Mother Earth.

We are half prompted to score through the uglier word of the two, remembering to have spoken lately of Saxon gentlewomen—but no, let it be ; away with mincing affectation that would put Prudery for Purity, and Ceremony for Respect. We honour and value our country-women as the best allies, abler than ourselves in the Common Cause, and why are they to be denied the real or supposed cognizance of the ground we occupy ?—over-sensitive delicacy is of too fine a web to stand wear and tear ; we like it something stronger. “ To the Pure all things are pure,”—or, as Coleridge said, “ The Moon shining on a dunghill takes no pollution.”

With respect to the Destitution under which the great majority of civilised men still groan and struggle, there is we think a sort of *quasi* religious notion current, that partly reconciles many very good people to its existence—a notion

expressed apparently with more rhythm than reason in the well-known couplet:—

“Man wants but little here below,” &c.

We venture to dispute the popular saw in its general theory, as every one utterly denies it in his own individual practice. Man's wants, physical, moral, and intellectual, seem anything but few or simple, if they are to be measured by his deeply-implanted hopes and wishes, and his powerful, though often latent, means of realising them. Look at him merely in his bodily condition, with his naked, porous, delicate, skin; the wondrously-developed net-work of his nervous system; his short, smooth, pearl-enamelled teeth; his exquisite sense of taste; his unarmed hands and feet; his small base of equilibrium;—and then think what extraneous means and appliances he needs not only to become invested with dignity and dominion, but to avoid being the most hapless, helpless, suffering, unfledged biped that walks the earth. Think what varied, ingenious clothing—what secure, ample, and well-devised dwelling—what ablution, warmth, and ventilation—what culinary science, what weapons, what armour—what quadrupedal aid and service he requires and must secure before reaching even such a point of insufficiency as hitherto attained. And how does he obtain it? but by long and suffering experience; slow and patient training; gradual, painful, and precarious development of intellect; learning to live, and living to learn; often arrested, thwarted, thrown back, yet ever true to the legend on his brow, *Vires acquirit eundo*; rising with fresh strength and renewed spring; making his way and securing it; asserting and vindicating before Heaven and Earth his noble, but arduous, and *therefore* noble, mission to work out his own welfare, in his own way and at his own risk, yet given a sufficiency withal, as sent forth, in honour and favour, conquering and to conquer.

As to our not “wanting long,” what we want at all, it is enough that man's wants last here as long as he lasts here himself; and that in spite of the contempt sometimes expressed for God's Earth and Man's life upon its surface, every one of us is extremely anxious to prolong his lease, and surround himself not only with the necessities and comforts, but also with the refinements, elegancies, and luxuries of terrestrial sojourn; and in both are we right, if our love of earth and earthly life be not less collective and expansive than individual and selfish, for our life is a glorious and gracious gift of the Lord, whose also is “the Earth and the fulness thereof.”

It is by estimating the wants of Man according to the legitimate powers and desires of mind and body manifested individually under favourable development, that we come at once to the conclusion that our present stage of Society is still an early one, and that though higher now than at any preceding epoch, it has yet reached but a low level compared with its future rise; hitherto not even



fulfilling such primary bodily requirements as are seldom or never withheld from the beasts of the field and the birds of the air.

How much may men learn even from the insect he unconsciously treads under foot ! A dozen busy citizens seeming to the curious eye more sober, cheerful, industrious, provident, and patriotic than himself, crushed by the heedless or hurried planting of his heel. Ay ! we may go to the Ant and learn, bringing Reason to be schooled of Instinct ; but in honour, not in humiliation—for this very faculty of learning is Reason's highest privilege, her noblest prerogative, the badge of supremacy, the pledge of far-reaching destiny achieving her own triumph with the means entrusted, seeking and gathering wisdom and strength where she can find them, adding but slowly to her stock, but adding surely, and working nobly and gladly in the free spirit of the Divine free gift of self-control, self-judgment, and self-advancement.

Compare for a moment the Social Organisation of such a human hive as Paris with that of the bee, in relation only to the elements of order and harmony, and how immeasurably does devious indefinite Reason seem to lag behind straight-going restricted Instinct ; and yet how inappreciably insignificant is the bee, and the bee's work, and the bee's world, compared with the life, and the work, and the world of Man ! Is there anomaly or paradox in this ? Not at all. *Order* and *harmony* argue completion of design ; confusion and disproportion that the structure is yet unfinished ; the sparrow might build her perfect nest in a day within the unfinished Temple of God that had yet been forty and odd years in the rearing, but how many nests would be worth the Temple !

We conclude only that the one is a work in completion of achievement, harmonious but insignificant ; the other in Transition of Progress, confused but stupendous.

We see how the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air are fed, and clothed, and lodged,—even how the lilies of the field are arrayed by the Power who knows what they need, and whose Mercy is over all His Works ; while Men as yet in multitudes' cry with an exceeding bitter cry, as hungry, naked, and houseless (the cry no where more piercing than on our own shore, in our own tongue, wafted by the western wind). Can this last, or be meant to last ? that Man, never as now “in action so like an angel !” “in apprehension so like “a god !” should bring it all in his own person to the permanent conclusion of a forked radish, cast out as a worthless weed !—*Credat Apella non ego.*”

Towards what but the easy fulfilment of the physical demands of our nature is tending the inordinate development of practical Science which marks the present epoch ?

Millions are half starved !—The Chemistry of Agriculture ensures an indefinite increase of the Earth's fruits, on the plain principle of restoring to the Soil the mineral constituents, which, rejected as useless by the animal economy, are essential to the elaboration of the vegetable.

Millions are in rags !—Steam Machinery, applicable to every purpose in its turn, is as yet most specially adapted to the gigantic achievement of all operations connected with the spinning, weaving, and carding of every material for human raiment, whether cotton, silk, or wool.

Millions live in dog-holes !—Calculation and combination are fast testing and proving, or rather have tested and proved the fact, that the means, which when frittered by isolated action are barely enough to afford a fetid kennel to the gaunt bones and bowed head of Pauperism, are ample, when united in the power of systematic aggregation, to ensure habitable appliances worthy the degree and dignity of Manhood. But why have we not already applied these grand ways and means to the comforting of empty stomachs and bare backs and houseless heads? Because, good Sir, or Madam, we have but lately acquired them. But how is it, Mr. Physical Philosopher, that we have been so long in gaining such important knowledge? *Parole d'honneur, Messieurs et Mesdames, je n'en sais rien.* But probably for the same reason that we were a long time in discovering America; or in learning that we get out of bed on a morning about five hundred thousand miles from the place where we got in at night; or any other truth of modern acquisition which may appear to an enlightened Reader of equal or more importance.

#### “HÔTELS” AND “HOUSES.”

If we have still a Reader, it must needs be one of an eminently courteous and long-suffering temperament, especially evinced in reference to this our “Sundry contemplation and often rumination of travel,” with the promise of which we set out, and think thus far to have indifferently fulfilled. If such a Reader be still within hearing, we tender our best thanks for past patience, and that we may not henceforth travel and ruminate alone, we promise from this present to be more particular, and, if possible, less tedious.

Paris, though, like every other Modern Metropolis, an utter failure, if alleged as an approximation to any permanent civilised standard, yet affords, as we said two or three pages back, several points of comparison highly honourable and advantageous to herself, and therefore instructive to others, especially to us, who in our turn may render like and perhaps greater service in generous rivalry of common good. Most of these are familiar enough; her Public Buildings are notoriously successful, while ours are equally known as general failures; the French superiority seems to consist in greater simplicity and unity of design, with more boldness and inequality of surface, giving relief and shadow; then ornament is made subservient to an architectural purpose, not *stuck on* as a bit of incongruous ostentation; and perhaps, more than all, the Parisian edifices are well lifted from the ground—they are seen as

meant to be seen, and as the drawings would represent them. No Englishman can look at the Madeleine, the Bourse, the Assemblée Nationale, the Arc de Triomphe, the superb Hôtels on the Quai, &c., &c., without being more and more struck with their superiority to anything we can show in the same way,—though it must be remembered that part of their advantage is due to the better climate, and it would be hard to make our architects responsible for London fog.

In general splendour of architectural effect, the world can show nothing to surpass or equal the scenery from the Pont Neuf to the Place de la Concorde, including, of course, the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and the Quais of the Seine. What may be said of the public buildings applies in great measure to the private houses, as compared with our own; they are imposing in loftiness, mass, and variety of surface, the large Venetian shuttered *Croisées* and deep sculptured cornices, give them incontestable advantage over our flat walls pierced with horizontal tiers of sashed windows, the upper rows reminding one of port-holes—then the material of the French house is ponderous white stone, of ours, dingy red brick, or far worse, flimsy false stucco, for of the brick, if in honest substantial reality, we need not be ashamed, and are not answerable for the lack of quarries; but in the name of Anglo-Saxon soberness and truth, let our dwellings look like what they are meant for, the homes and hearths of Englishmen, not masked in the sham mummerly of classic plaster, to ape the frontage of a heathen temple. The effective massing of the French houses, which so strikes our eye, is dependent upon the metropolitan or rather national custom of lodging several families under the same roof; in England we attach the idea of *home* to the sole possession or occupation of a house, and look upon "lodgings," or the French *appartement*, as a temporary make-shift. Every family with us will, if industry, economy, and ingenuity can compass it, contrive to rent a house "self-contained," as they say in Edinburgh, never mind how narrow, shallow, and low, it must needs be; still a house, and not a "lodging," with a little green door, and bell, and knocker, all to itself. Whether this is better or worse, as a system, is a different question from the architectural one; but it is quite clear that our packs of little houses, all as like one another as the lamp-posts, and only standing at all on condition of standing together, can never be made to pass muster for effect with the lofty, bold, and varied masses of the Parisian "Hôtels," with their great *Porte Cochère*, court-yard, porter's lodge, and common staircase, where, perhaps, ten different families of "respectability," to use our own term, live on the different floors without knowing each other or even each other's name. As a mere matter of experiment, we should like to see what means and appliances of life could be commanded in London by such a system, carried out as we should do it, if we did it at all. One likes the notion of a grand stone staircase instead of a creaking twisted better style of ladder, as good resource too in an alarm of fire; large, lofty, well-lighted rooms, at the same rent, would be better than the

finikin little compartments into which one has to bestow oneself and belongings, as things are, in bodily fear, at every move, for the old china on the small tables, put there apparently to make fidgetty people sit still. No doubt, the combination on a large scale might be productive of even startling advantages, seeming too good to be true, to people accustomed to "muddle;" but—there is always *amari aliquid* in the shape of *but*—they might quarrel as they met on the *Grand Escalier*, at least so we have heard alleged, and if we are such a pugnacious irascible race, there is no denying the serious drawback to collective agency in a common cause.

#### SHAMBLES AND GRAVE-YARDS.

The advantage of the Parisian *Abattoirs*, or extra-mural slaughter-houses, is so generally acknowledged, that it would be waste of words to say more about it; there is no other Capital in Europe, but the wealthiest and most populous, that permits droves of bullocks to be driven to the shambles through its crowded thoroughfares. Then, again, our Butcher-stalls are needlessly horrible in their cannibal show of raw ghastly carcasses, with heads hacked off, and grisly necks bored with a gaping knife-hole, dripping clotted blood upon the pavement. Why remind us, at every turn, of the horrors of throat-cutting and brain-smashing, and that we live by slaughter? We call killed ox *beef*, killed sheep *mutton*, and killed calf *veal*, veiling the deadly doing of the shambles by the genial remembrance of the kitchen. But in spite of Cooks and a Norman Nomenclature, these blue burly knights of the knife will make us know and see that we dine on mere Saxon flesh and bones, as bad as old Fi, Fo, Fum—

" Who smelt the blood,  
" And whether alive or whether dead,  
" He ground the bones to make his bread."

Look down the area-grating in a London street, and see the cerulean slayer up to the elbows in ebbing life, his face smirched with red and his knife sheathed in a quivering throat, with the warm reek smoking upwards for the sniff of the passing throng, huddled, perhaps, to avoid the stumbling rush of the poor fevered bullocks to their death. See this—and turn towards Westminster with "*Quousque tandem!*" How long! How long!

Paris, again, sets an example that must soon be followed by its mightier rival, in utterly prohibiting the burial of the dead *intra muros*. As a sanitary measure, it rests upon the same footing as that of the external *abattoirs*, admitting of no denial or dispute. Our own Kensal and Highgate are sufficient proofs of adhesion to the principle, and may already vie with the grandeur of Père-la-Chaise, or the more picturesque and soothing seclusion of Montmartre,

—sure, eventually, by their beauty, freshness, and growing sanctity, to win the exclusive suffrage of all, against the hideous pollution and vulgar desecration of town interments. The continued toleration of the old system in the present day is, perhaps, the strongest instance we can show of successful tenacity in opposition to public opinion and public safety, always excepting the portentous and complex grievance of Smithfield. While on the topic of funerals, it may be worth while to add our tribute of respect to Parisian good feeling and good manners, as evinced by the universal custom of lifting the hat while passing alike the proudest or humblest procession of the Dead. There is a touch of real breeding in this which may atone for various French deficiencies, and every Englishman would surely do well in lending the influence of his example to the introduction of such manly and brotherly courtesy among his own people, who hitherto, unhappily, have been little taught, or at least have little learned, to render outward homage of sympathy to the walking mourners that “go about the streets,” not much less likely we fear than others to be jostled or run over, and well assured of a yelling rabblement of luckless youth at the grave’s brink to put poor dim-eyed Sorrow out of countenance.

## MANNERS.

Honoured be the memory of the good old Village Dame who knew what was worth the “twopence extra!” Oh, for the teaching of Manners in our schools, National or other! Prythee, gentle Reader,—a word in passing, as to this woful want in our English training,—do, as Visitor or Patron, lend thy help in such a cause, and deserve well for ever, though it were a little, of thy Queen and Country,—devote a well-spent hour, some once a week, to the largest school you may chance to pass in town or country,—give a glad breathing pause to the weary sing-song gabble, “pribbles and prabbles,” and quicken the ear of waking boyhood to such living truth as he loves to hear,—tell him, what he believes full well, that *Courage* is the first, if not the best, of manly virtues, but that courage is ever twin to gentle Courtesy, and best proved by self-command. Make him hear, what he is apt enough to feel, that brag and bluster betray the coward, who, by his very nature as a dastard, is cruel to the weak and cringing to the strong.

The only reproach a boy much dreads is that of Cowardice, the only virtue he much prizes is that of Courage,—then strike upon iron hot, rather than iron cold,—speak to his heart, not to his head; sow what the soil can grow, and leave it fallow for a future crop. The pence-table, and the catalogue of the Kings of Judah, are good crams to be rammed down and fired off on a field day in honour of visitors and the glorification of monitors; but the urchins would be quicker to learn and mark a simpler and loftier lesson,—that Courage

tells Truth and shames the Devil,—that Courage is courteous, pitiful, self-possessed,—that Courage doffs his cap to the hoary head, protects the cause of the weak, and respects the tears of the mourner. Leave for other than boyhood your prosing and preaching that would make a statue yawn, and strike another string to the tune of “once upon a time,” stirring him like the Moor with the story of—

“Disastrous chances, and moving accidents of flood and field,”—

met and mastered by the spirit of a Man,—point the moral as you best may, and see which will be tired first. Multiply for ten thousand parishes of England such lessons of self-respect and self-controul, and see how long our streets will swarm as now with a rag-tag rout, ever ready to worry the weak, to madden the crazy, and jeer at a stranger in the land. One could almost, in bitterness of soul, parody *Iago*, with “Education!—a fig!” reading as we did the other day of some scores of young lives crushed out by a blind-panic rush through *one* door when three *were* open, and nothing driving them that need have shaken the nerves of a hare. But it is notorious that an alarm of fire, or the fall of a bit of plaster in an English church or theatre, is a signal of—Devil catch the hindmost. So much for our teaching and learning the command of self as an element of National Education!

In Theatrical police arrangements, again, we may take a lesson from our friends here, who certainly manage these things better. Some few weeks since, there was a frightful trampling and squeezing-out of human lives at a London play-house, which would never have happened, not even to the trampling of a toe, had the simple Parisian precaution been adopted, as it should have been half a century ago, of planting moveable zig-zag rails before the doors of every theatre an hour or two before opening, allowing and compelling each new comer to take and keep his place in the order of arrival, and reducing the mad rush of rude stupidity or ruffianism to a foot’s pace of single admission, safe to a dwarf as to a giant, “*faisant la queue*.”

#### THE SABBATH—FOR MAN.

This subject leads to a brief notice of another of the highest interest, namely—the French observance of the first day of the week, based on the same principle, yet so different in practice from our own, the most striking deviation being that of the grand theatrical performances invariably coming off on the Sunday evening. Far be it from us to pass judgment pragmatistical, or dogmatistical upon those who are equally able and equally entitled to decide for themselves; the Continental Nations leave us in a minority on the point at issue, but this in no way need weaken the hearty hope and wish and trust that

England may keep steady to her old custom, and close her theatres as she closes her shops for the day of rest, and for two reasons,—first, that no establishment involves a greater amount of excessive and varied exertion than the dramatic, and then that the nature of the feverish work is unfavourable to health, and has no claim of exemption on the score of Benevolence or Beneficence. The institution of our Weekly Festival is one of glad repose from servile toil, and sacred to a Religion of Faith and Joy and Love. As an ordinance of Rest for man and beast, it is the wisest and happiest we have inherited,—a recurring period of relief from the turmoil of a bustling, fretful, and vulgar world,—a barrier between week and week blessed as the night between day and day, when the weary cease their work and the laden leave their burden,—when those that rejoice and those that weep have time alike for both. Let us, then, cherish and defend the charter of such a right with more jealous care than *Habeas Corpus* or Jury Trial, for it is worth more than either, or both together. But we need judgment as well as zeal in the matter; let us know what we are defending, and how to defend it,—no confusion or mystification in the matter,—no confounding a Law of Liberty with a Law of servitude,—a day of faithful joy with one of splenetic gloom,—no acrid jaundiced Superstition for healthy high-souled Religion!

It has been said, we think, and if said at all, been said truly, that few things would astonish the Apostle Paul *redivivus* more than our English way of celebrating the first day of the week as a Christian feast; we may well think that his language would be something like that of Luther in the matter, “If it be a Jewish Sabbath, or its Shadow, they would palm upon you, why then protest with all your might,—work, dance, sing, eat, and drink in vindication of your freedom.”—“Let no man judge you in Sabbath days,”—“He that keeps a day or keeps it not, keeps it alike to the Lord.” It is very striking to see how the old puritanical leaven cleaves to us in this hankering after Judaism, first asserted and established in England by men who never wanted a quotation from “Kings” or “Judges” to justify a stab under the fifth rib, and who, had it suited them, would have been equally zealous with equal reason for the rite of Circumcision.

Nothing but an inconceivable jumble of fanatical ignorance with the long-winded vanity of the *Mucklewraths* and *Kettledrums* could ever have brought our glorious Christian Sunday to such a pass as in the days of Cromwell, and England has not yet thoroughly shaken off the night-mare. She still suffers sadly from the adoption by the majority of her people, of low and gross indulgence as the only alternative to intolerable vacuity and weariness on the day of joy and rest. Human patience soon fails and floats away on a flood of “Meet-“ in us” eloquence so largely flowing as to be powerfully muddy; and after all, let endurance be what it will, there are twelve hours to the day; and what resource is offered to the millions whose limbs have been cramped, whose lungs

have been tainted, and whose mind has been vacant during six days of ceaseless servile toil? Thanks to the rails and the boats, people do now-a-days in Summer weather get a chance of worshipping God on an altar of green turf, under Heaven's canopy, breathing a grateful sense of joyous life to the Lord who gave it, an accepted offering of his last and best created, rising with the lark's blythe carol and the purple violet's perfume. But Summer and Spring, even by the almanac, are but half the year, and what is to be done with the other half of the Sunday leisure by those who *must* have resources of some sort, and who if left to themselves have no means of choosing wisely, or indeed choosing at all? Here it is that the French, as well as other Continental Nations set us an example of good sense that we have been slow to follow, but in which, it would seem, we cannot much longer linger. In the name of Manliness and Cheerfulness, Intelligence and Kindliness, above all in the sacred name of Religion, throw open your Public Museums, Galleries, Libraries, and Exhibitions to the People, on the only day they can profit by the boon. "What!" shout Mucklewrath and Kettledrum, "*Religion* in stuffed birds, beasts, " and fishes! *Religion* in shells, minerals, and botanic specimens, in pictures, " statues, and model machines! *Religion* in chemistry, and all the *ologies*! " Gang awa wi' ye, Sir, for a profane loon."

Nevertheless, Gentlemen, it is even so; the World still turns from west to east, though *Anathema Maranatha!* has been levelled at it from heavier artillery than yours.

Religion is in Heaven above, the Earth beneath, and the Waters under the Earth, in every page of the Sacred Book of Creation's Work, unsealed in gracious favour for the honoured hand of Man to turn a leaf, wherein to read with kindling heart and expanding spirit the Revealed Word of One whose Glory is alike declared by the light of Empyrean Worlds, or the growth of a "lily of the field."

Religion in the plumage of a bird! yea, truly; or in the microscopic down of the tiniest fly that dances in the sunbeam, as much as in the nebula of Orion or the cluster of the Pleiades; and what Religion do these and such as these teach, but that breathed by the Spirit of Truth into mighty men of old to "show thee, O Man, what is Good,"—to love Mercy and walk humbly with thy God. Wake up the dull dozer that would dream of Truth opposing or lessening Truth,—who would grope in the dark to catch Creation at fault, and convict Perfection of a flaw,—who believes Truth in the Bible at feud with Truth in the Universe, because in his own Biblical bungling he clutches fast the letter that kills, and lets loose the winged spirit that makes alive. Our People are vicious, ignorant, and brutal, we hear on every side; but what have we done to improve, instruct, and refine them?—what resources are opened to develop the latent intelligence deep-set within them?—without which man's equilibrium is lost, and he reels and rolls like a ship without her



ballast. True the Churches are open once a week, where he may catch what he can of Gospel tidings of Peace and Joy and Brotherhood, and contrast them with the ways of the world about him; he may hear from those who know neither the toils of his labour nor the wants of his leisure, that he must be content as he is; but he shakes off the dust of his feet at their threshold and returns no more, for he knows they lie. He is not content, and never can or should be content, to feel his nobler powers struggling in vain against the sleeping incubus that weighs them down. He feels and proves that he is in want of what he ought to have, that his call is continually onward and upward, but that he is as yet making little or no way in "adding to his Faith Virtue, and to his Virtue *Knowledge*." The vacuity of Mind leads to restless disquietude, of which he knows but dimly the cause; but his mind must find food or gnaw into itself, or get steeped in drugged oblivion. Give him then what he needs, and what he has a God-given right to ask; open to him on this Sacred Day of joy and rest for the sweating brow and the bent back, the Book of Knowledge written by the direct hand of his Creator; surely no less divine than the Knowledge of Truth uttered by Man's breath with the Inspiration of the same Power on the printed page we reverence in the Bible. Real Christianity would rejoice and prosper in the land, by affording every attainable resource of knowledge and refinement to leaven the mass of brutal, dangerous ignorance, against which we have as yet no defence but the equally brutal and dangerous bayonet of the soldier and bludgeon of the constable.

We shall hail the dawn of a brighter epoch, when every public institution of instructive amusement is thrown open freely and courteously, as the good deed on the good day, to the multitude of those who deserve as much and more at our hands. Employ every resource, scientific or artistic, *emollire mores nec sinere esse feros*; let each and all find and follow their bent; but offer lectures and experiments, popular and elementary, in chemistry, geology, astronomy, and the rest; fling wide the doors of galleries; show pictures and statues, working models of machinery, and cabinets of natural history; and last, not least, teach displayed and illustrated in the cause of health and safety the knowledge of our own frame, fearfully and wonderfully made, leading us in all, but more than all, from Nature up to Nature's God. But who is to pay? Why, those who pay the taxes. Let a hundred thousand pounds' worth of moral impulse be tried as a small set off to the twenty millions yearly spent in the cause of powder and shot and cold steel, and let us see whether we might not spare as much from the budget that smacks of blood.

The Clergy need not fear for empty churches: if they would fill them let them take the lead in the Popular Cause, prove themselves what they profess, friends and teachers of the People, open the Works and the Word of God to eyes that are made by Him to see and read them both together.

One word more and we have done with our practical comparisons, which,

in spite of the proverb, *are never odious* when meant for our own improvement. This, too, touches the Clergy: how is it that the Roman Catholic churches are nearly always open and ours nearly always shut? One cannot well divine the spiritual reason, and the physical evils of damp and mould and fustiness are potent enough. There seems some national love of exclusiveness more peculiar than amiable in this and similar matters; we are really a "stand off" sort of people, with our everlasting locks and keys, locking the very churches, and at least bolting and buttoning the pews; even the very Preacher must be shut up before he begins and let out before he can get out. *Meum* and *Tuum*, too, seem nowhere so fiercely rampant in the form of broken glass bottles on the tops of walls, sharp iron prongs at the back of carriages, and murderous threatening boards about shooting and maiming from behind garden rails and park pales. They manage these things better abroad, and it would be as well perhaps if we were to consider whether this style of threatening and blustering be not as fully calculated to challenge as to intimidate aggression. The last time we were on Hampstead Heath we were so bullied and browbeaten by these threats of this, that, and the other bodily pain and fiscal penalty if we went on or turned to the right or the left, that we felt fairly disposed in desperation and exasperation of spirit to make a steeple-chase for St. Paul's as the shortest and straightest road from such a snarling snappish neighbourhood, that used to be free as the wind for the joyous spirit and freshened lungs of donkey-cantering Cockneyism. But beware, ye cantering Cockneys; and donkeys and donkey-boys, be doubly aware, of cantering or capering over the turf on the first day of the week; read the boards and tremble for your profanation and the possible consequence, from measures taken for the better observance of the Lord's Day by those who, we suppose, are less particular about the other six. These boards provoke various reflections—but we spare them and the Reader: better do as the donkeys do, arch quadrupeds as they are, look up with a mental quotation, *Risum teneatis?* and feeling a strong internal negative reply, enjoy a long and hearty "hee haw!"

#### SOCIALISM.

But enough of these and similar matters, though no Englishman sauntering through the streets of Paris need be at any loss to run a profitable parallel of comparisons to a greater length.

We have a word to say, and must get it said quickly, touching something of deeper meaning and stronger working than lies on the surface of society, though it be too plainly perceived there by the shaking and heaving of the ground we stand on.

Who doubts for a moment what we mean? Who cannot anticipate the

new-coined name for the new-born abomination, the portentous frightful *ism* of these latter days, calling itself **SOCIALISM**?

What *is* this shadowy awful spectre, summoned, it would seem, from the lowest Deep to make the world grow pale—the deadliest moral Pestilence that ever stalked by noon-day, sowing broad-cast to the wind the seeds of ruin, discord, and desolation—hallooing the Poor against the Rich, goading the servant against his master, denying and denouncing the earned or inherited fruit of our own toil or that of our fathers; and last, not least, but far worst of all, loosing or cutting with the fingers of a Fiend the sacred tie of Husband and Wife, Parent and Child, proclaiming in Hellish climax Property to be Robbery, and Marriage to be Mockery?

What is it? where is it? said we to ourselves on arriving at Paris. *Whence* it is there could be little doubt. We inquired, and the Reader shall know if he will what we have learned. The Spirits called from the vasty Deep may seem less diabolic than we thought, but still gigantic and powerful enough to require good conjuring to get them down again.

It is, perhaps, not taking too much for granted to suppose that in England generally little or nothing definite is known of Socialism; most of us, indeed, have heard the names of St. Simon and Fourier as connected with some eccentric fanaticism, Religious and Political, which one could only hope would prove too preposterous to be very mischievous, though there is but small hope in that anchorage; then there was a fuss about Robert Owen, of Lanark, sailing apparently in the same vessel with the foreign mystics. However, men of sense and soberness among us have been content till lately to set down the whole thing as much upon a level with the divinity of Johannah Southcote or the inspiration of Kentish Thom. We say till lately, for now the growth of this Socialism has been rapid as that of Jonah's gourd, and though exceedingly sorry for its shadow, we cannot deny that it is spread and fast spreading over the continent of Europe, and we must sit down and watch what may become of it.

*Socialism* as a word dates from about the year 1825, and its birth-place Paris; but the thing itself, or *Science*, as its advocates call it, is some twenty years older. It subdivides itself into three chief branches, known as *Communism*, *St. Simonism*, and *Phalansterianism*, the founders of which are usually considered in France to be respectively *Babeuf*, *St. Simon*, and *Charles Fourier*. But Communism in some shape we know to be at least as old as the agrarian system of Tiberius Gracchus, whose name accordingly figures as *soubriquet* to that of Babeuf, guillotined during the Revolution, a man apparently of strong and sincere conviction, but whose notion of bringing all proprietors to an equal level of possession by the process of subdivision, a thing as little desirable as feasible, needs no further comment. Communism, of a more limited and practical character, has been represented in England by *Robert*

*Owen*, in his manufacturing establishments, near the falls of the Clyde. No one has ever called in question Mr. Owen's spirit of benevolence and beneficence, and his experiments may be considered as of high interest and importance in the philosophical history of Mankind ; but his prominent principle of Man being but the creature of circumstance and education, and, therefore, irresponsible here or hereafter, brought him into irreconcilable collision with the Religious and Political Faith of the country. Within the last few months the name of *M. Cabet* has been familiar in all the papers, as endeavouring to realise his own modification of Communism by carrying out a colony to the Texas, there to found his *Icaria* ; the result appears to be, as might have been predicted, a very sorry affair, and *M. Cabet* has been the mark not only for general ridicule, which he may deserve, but for violent reproach on the score of dishonesty, of which he may be reasonably and fairly acquitted. His *Icaria* seems to differ little in theory from the *Utopia* of our own Chancellor More—a Commonwealth of Brotherhood—where each is to work according to his ability, and receive from the common stock according to his wants.

The second division of Socialism takes its name, as we have said, from *Claude St. Simon*, who died in 1825, his school being rather that of his disciples than his own, and making little noise in the world till after the expulsion of Charles X. The key-stone of his arch seems to have been the *dictum*, " that the old order of Society was founded by *War* and for *War*—the new by " Labour and for Labour." His ideas of Social amelioration were mingled with Poetic and Religious mysticism, conveyed in his work called " New " Christianity," developed and exaggerated by his posthumous followers. His principle seems to have been that of inequality both in property and authority, both being in proportion to work done and capacity employed ; that *individual* possession was gradually giving way to that *in common*, as exemplified by the abolition of slavery and diminution in the rate of interest. The St. Simonian system was hierarchical or priestly, and professed for its programme abolition of inheritance and an organised universal association, which it endeavoured to develop theoretically and practically, but failed in both ; and after having enlisted many eminent men in the cause, and lived brightly and vigorously in the regions of Imagination, it gave up the Ghost, and was buried without an Epitaph.

The third and last great section of Socialism looks up, with a reverence that may be called religious, to *Charles Fourier* as its Founder, born in 1772, ob. Paris, 1837. His school is known generally under the title of *Phalansterian*, from the Greek word *Phalanx*, as expressive of his firm Faith in the power of human action when associated in scientific discipline, rather than isolated and frittered in individual effort. His great work is the " Theory of " Universal Unity," and its practical development as applicable to Domestic and Agricultural Association. It is useless attempting to give any notice of

the style and mode of thought of this writer,—certainly a most extraordinary one. He was originally brought up in trade, but took such an invincible aversion to the principle on which he found it carried on, that he swore young Hannibal's oath of inextinguishable hatred to the mystery, and most certainly kept his vow, for nothing can exceed the sarcastic severity of his attacks upon retail commerce, in all its bearings, general and particular. His object in this matter is to bring the producer and consumer in closer contact, avoiding what he denounces as the unavoidable tactics of the retailer, buying as cheap and selling as dear as possible, without himself adding to the value of the stock ; hence the premium upon counterfeit goods, the competition in speculation, adulteration, &c., ending in long lists of bankrupts,—society deluged meanwhile with a flood of dishonesty, falsehood, quackery, and puffery. But to have any idea, however meagre, of the doctrines of Fourier, one must plunge deeper than most men are willing or able into transcendental philosophy. What, for instance, will our Reader say to the axiom that in Human Nature, as in Nature Universally, "*Attractions are in proportion to Destinies*," equally applicable to the passions, appetites, and powers of Man, as to the growth, colouring, and perfume of a flower, or the movements, masses, and orbits of the Planets. Our Anglo-Saxon friend will most likely say, as has been said frequently, "What, then, Fourier would authorise as *destined* all " the frightful abuses that we see daily resulting from these passions," &c. &c. But, no ! Saxon love of fair play obliges the acknowledgment that he does not say or mean a thing so easy of squash, though unscrupulous quotation of passages might make it seem certain he did. What he maintains is, that where *due organisation exists*, Attractions are then and there proportional to Destinies, as in the case, again, of the Planets, whose attractions would certainly set them all wrong, were they not first set going in the right direction and with regulated momentum. Man's passions, &c., send him all wrong, from want of due equilibrium and systematic sphere of action. Now thus far appears nothing very startling ; it is much what we all think and believe, though we may express it somewhat differently : we hold that our propensities and powers are off their balance, and we have our religious scheme of the *Fall* to explain it. and the religious scheme of *Re-establishment* to remedy it. But here we join issue with Charles Fourier, who at least seems never to admit or even to suppose the *fall* of Man ; never, in fact,—as far as we can discover,—saying or thinking anything about it one way or the other. But he does admit, and very strongly argue,—nay, absolutely assert the positive, though, perhaps, far-distant investiture of Mankind with all the conditions of due and regulated organization, which shall go to the completion of his destiny, or what he is intended for,—and then, though not till then, will his peculiar existence cease to be a seeming exception to the Universal Law of "*Attractions proportional to Destinies*," or, as we might more simply, and nearly as comprehensively, word it, "*means adapted to ends*."

## EUREKA.

But stop ! dear Reader, don't say anything yet ; the cat is not half out of the bag ! Think, guess, conjecture what comes next, such an *Eureka* as the world has not often heard,—*Charles Fourier* has found it out ! found out or discovered the ways and means of putting *us*, the *Genus Homo*, all to rights,—balancing and ballasting for stable equilibrium the hitherto rolling, rocking, to-and-fro reeling vessel of our destiny, bringing our unruly, runaway, ill-regulated propensities into order, tranquillity, and legitimate enjoyment of *all* they can ask or seek, and all without check, hindrance, or restraint,—only the use of one, the kindest, gentlest, sweetest impulse, called *Attraction*, as we see it in the bee attracted to the flower, the child to its mother's breast, or our circling moon to its Mistress—Earth. No longer restraint and necessity, the spur of hunger and cold to goad man on to servile, painful, and insufficient toil ; but work for work's sake, as hunting for hunting's sake,—the right work to the right man, limited and varied for the maximum of enjoyment and production for the welfare of each and all,—enjoyment in body, mind, and estate, in elegance, luxury, and refinement, hitherto scarcely dreamt of in King's houses,—with such a *minimum* of all these guaranteed to the least and poorest, as a Noble of our Land would not now disdain.

What think we of this for *Eureka* in these degenerate days ! And, pray, how is it all to be done ? Ay, there's the rub ! Never mind, say we, *how*, if it can be done at all—“ *Rem, quocunque modo Rem.*” If you wish to know anything of the how and why, you must consult Fourier for yourself, for we should have no chance in the attempt, even were we not at the end of our Paper. But no, you will not,—you laugh at the crack-brained enthusiast and fanatic, and can employ your time better out of Bethlehem. And yet it is no unprofitable or unavailing time spent in the study even of the wayward and erring path of Genius. That Fourier had a genius of the highest order burning within him, none we think can doubt who are qualified to judge ; there are at this day in France alone, men counted by tens of thousands,—scholars, soldiers, and statesmen at their head,—who look to the works of Fourier as little less than inspirations of the Divine Afflatus ; and we ourselves have seen a map of the Kingdom (or rather Commonwealth) studded nearly as thick with pins as the back of a porcupine with quills, each pin marking a station of *Phalansterian* agency and correspondence in connection with the Capital. The writings that issue daily and weekly from the press, invoking the name of Fourier, are by some of the ablest pens in Europe, and circulate throughout the neighbouring Nations, all eager, restless, and convulsed,—telling of changes present and to come that are to lead they and we know not whither. One thing we know, or at least believe, that no great moving power, physical or moral, is sent or permitted upon this Earth save for eventual Good, though it may work for a

time desolation and destruction in the hurricane or the earthquake. "The Powers that be are of God."

The principles of the Phalansterian school, however wildly hopeless or presumptuous they may appear when put forward as practically feasible, form in theory a bright Utopia that may pass, at least, as a frame or a picture of no low or vulgar Master. But, let it be understood, its disciples think it far other than a dream—their demand is definite and distinct to the present Government of the country, to yield them, for practical experiment, a square league of ground whereon to build their *Phalanstère*, or palace for sixteen hundred inhabitants, there to organise domestic and agricultural Association, according to the *serial* law discovered, or thought to be discovered, by their founder. Nothing can exceed the beauty, order, splendour, and success of these arrangements *upon paper*, and could they but succeed as well in the real working, and become, as they necessarily would do, the model of imitation through the 40,000 *Communes* of France, we should have Astræa on Earth again, or, as they in more solemn language fear not to express it, we should have our petition granted, "*Fiat Voluntas, Veniat Regnum.*" The Will done on Earth as it is in Heaven.—A splendid dream. Would it were proved not all a dream!

The Phalansterian school, with which we linger in love of ideal beauty, is distinguished from Communism in its peaceful character of general conciliation, making no war upon vested interests, recognising the full rights of *Capital* in triune conjunction with *Talent* and *Industry*. Hence, at the present moment, war "to the knife" between the two sections of Communism and Phalansterianism, as represented respectively by the distinguished leaders, *Proudhon* and *Considérant*, the former being the author of the well-known and loudly bruited epigram of alarm—" *La Propriété c'est le Vol.*" Here again, as before, let us maintain the name and fame of our Race for "fair play." The nature of M. Proudhon is, they say, to revel in opposition, and defy it with phlegmatic endurance equal to all proof, otherwise he might have differently expressed his thought, though, perhaps, without much softening it in the opinion of the Assembly. Still it is but right to explain, that his war is not against Property or Capital in itself, but against the *interest* of Capital; that Capital, if it live idle, is to live only on itself—"eating its own head off," as we say of an idle horse in a stable. *Apròpos* to this, M. Proudhon and his friends have placed Society in rather an awkward position in reference to the Fathers of the Church, the early Councils (and even higher still), by publishing a work of verified citations from *Lactantius*, *Gregory*, *Chrysostom*, *Ambrose*, *Jerome*, *Thomas Aquinas*, *St. Bernard*, &c., &c., with Bossuet into the bargain, all saying what he says, and in even stronger terms. They go so far as to press Moses and King David into their ranks. What can be said that shall be compatible equally with due respect to our own interests and their authority, one does not quite see, except that their maxims, like many others, were not meant for our day, founded apparently upon some literal interpretation of such

figurative precepts as those we find at the Fountain Head: "From him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away;" and, "If ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye?"—spiritual language, of which the respectable part of our community might well say "the letter killeth," much like that of the Levitical code, as applicable to the important class of Pawnbrokers and others, "Thou shalt not give thy poor Brother thy money upon usury. I am the Lord thy God."

#### CHEWING THE CUD.

But, in reference to these questions generally, it would be well to meet them in a kinder and more expansive temper than has been yet our wont, to acknowledge that there may exist a wide difference of opinion without involving falsehood or dishonesty on either side, that even if deliberate evil be our opponent, our best principle and best chance is to overcome it with good. The appeal to what we hold as Sacred Authority by the whole body of Socialists may be fair or unfair, well meant or ill meant; but we shall never silence it by ferocity of tone and the loud cry of Blasphemy! When they speak ill let us bear witness of the ill; and if the absurdity be gross and glaring, convict it coolly and shame it into silence. There are myriads of thinking minds throughout Europe, watching with fear and hope the portentous working of this new machinery of *Social* versus *Political* Economy, whose only hope of a happy issue is Faith in the ultimate prevailing Power of Truth; the frightful clash of class against class throughout the Civilised World seems but too imminent, and can only be warded by the wisdom of Man under the blessing of God. There is no wisdom without command of Temper, and the language of the Journals representing our own real or supposed class interests is fiercer and less fair than that of our opponents. The success of *Political Economy* as a Science has not been such as to justify haughtiness of tone. We have theorised indefinitely upon Constitutions, Balance of Power, and Principles of Trade, till half our people are in a condition next door to destitution, and we have no proposal but to get rid of them, did we but know how; yet the land is not cultivated in any proportion to its capability, and there is a notorious squandering of the resources we possess.

Now comes Socialism, with its budget of good and evil—good that is imperfect and undeveloped, which we must make the best of. The great principle of *combination* in aid of practical amelioration, to be first tried experimentally on a small scale in pursuance of alleged scientific laws, is worthy at least of respectful admission or opposition. Let any man in London, by way of example, visit a family in a garret some cold or wet evening, and find them, as he may by tens of thousands, without fire and almost without furniture or food, and then cast his eye down a score of areas in the next street, where kitchen fires that would roast an ox are blazing to no purpose but the



sweating of the cook, the dinner being dished; and then ask himself whether some principles of combination might not be desirable to bring the shivering bodies of his own people in closer vicinity with such superfluous caloric. So, also, of the rest; not only fires with none to warm by them, but chairs with none to sit on them, beds with none to lie in them, and so forth to the end of the chapter. "Yes! Such combination would be desirable, no doubt, but how are you to do it? Bring all the ragged nasty people to defile and encumber our comfortable houses? Take away all the elegancies and refinements of life for the sake of poor people, whom we pity, but who are otherwise nothing to us, and very likely no better than they should be?" No! We would not propose, nor even listen to anything like this, unless it were in the way of a professional discourse out of a book on a Sunday morning; but if any means were talked of that could better the condition of others without injuring our own, why then we would see about it. Now, this is what the great body of Socialists are professing to do, professing to hold means for improving alike the condition of all, and asking for an experimental trial of what we should call in England a "Model Parish." Let them talk, and if they get the chance, let them try, and no harm in wishing them luck; if they fail, we shall hear less of their crotchets; but let us avoid exasperating fierce and hungry men by abuse, and ridicule, and false accusation, like that about Marriage, from some odd notion of Plato's, attributed absurdly to the Socialists, or against Fourier's theory of the *Passions*, taking Passion in the vulgar sense instead of the scientific, which has been done by the press generally. And why cry scorn and blasphemy upon their banquets, where they toast, in good or bad taste, the principles of Fraternity they think they find in the Christian Gospel. Let them read and quote the Bible, and if, which it were no charity to suppose, they begin by meaning ill, they may end by doing well. We are not all of the opinion of Mrs. Adams, that it is Blasphemy to quote Scripture out of Church. If we denounce their Banquets as ridiculous profanation of Publicans and Sinners, it is no difficult matter to find a fierce retort for the hypocrisy of Scribes and Pharisees; even our Episcopal feasts would show a weak front to the text which prescribes the invitation of the poor, the halt, and the blind, rather than our own friends, who might do as much for us in return.

The moral to be derived from the survey of these varied and apparently dangerous movements of European Society is not cheerless. We may well believe that each Nation is playing the appointed part, for which it is best qualified, that we are all working together for the common good though unconscious of the combination. To England is given the glorious modern Mission of practical improvement in the ways and means of human life, with enduring strength of body and matchless energy of Will, to dive into the Earth for fire and metal, to link the Nations of the World by iron miracles, to further travel and traffic round the globe—trying, testing, proving all things feasible, and holding on to what is good—to France, it would seem, the stormy province

of experimental action in the region of Political and Social Science—apt for her work, restless, curious and fearless, trying and testing every theory in turn, and as yet approving and holding fast to none—a lesson for herself and others in every trial and every failure. She has at last accomplished her career of *Political* changes, meaning thereby paper constitutions and charters, and declarations of right, and has found they contain *not* the thing she needs. Her Universal Suffrage and Equality before the law can go no further, the theory of elective government is completely realized, and, if considered as the end instead of the means, seems worth marvellous little, truly “much cry and little wool,” and the conclusion is recognised. The Political Economists hang their heads and shrug their shoulders; Legitimists, Orleanists, Imperialists deal only in recrimination and mutual confession of incapacity.—“*Mon Dieu, Monsieur, “ que voulez-vous que nous fassions ?—c’est du Chaos tout pur.”*”

Nothing but negation, turn where we will—the *ins* roaring for Order and Stability, and the *outs* for Liberty and Progress, none among them knowing how to secure either. Within sixty years a dozen swells of the same great surge called Revolution—monarchy four times overturned with scarcely a hand or heart to rally round the throne! The soil is too loose and broken for such a lofty tree again to stand without roots to hold it, for when once torn up they grow no more. People talk of the fall of February as a surprise and an accident, but it was the fall of a house without foundation, built upon sand, and inevitable. All the experience of the King and the wisdom of *Guizot*, and cleverness of *Thiers* could not prop it up, with eighteen years of engineering and all the resources of the land. *Actum est de solio.*

“ Not all the King’s horses nor all the King’s men  
“ Can set Humpty Dumpty up again.”

Now comes, in France, the turn of other men and other means—men professing to a *positive* creed, and the world looks on in awakening astonishment; for the career of good or evil is theirs for a time. We, from our Island Home, look on too, from safer ground, but have our profit or loss in the game; we have our battle to fight and work to do, and notes to take. Let us fight with our old pith, and work with our old will, and our flag may brave the battle and the breeze in all the coming storms that lour in the horizon—political, social, and religious. But we must clear for action: Law must buckle on to Justice, Trade to Honesty, and Theology to Religion; we must pitch overboard whole bales of falsehood, quackery, and cant, and then stand fast with God and our Right “*Pro Rege, Lege, et Grege,*” for the THRONE, the LAW, and the PEOPLE!

*M.*

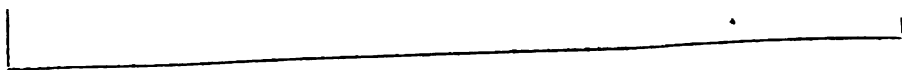
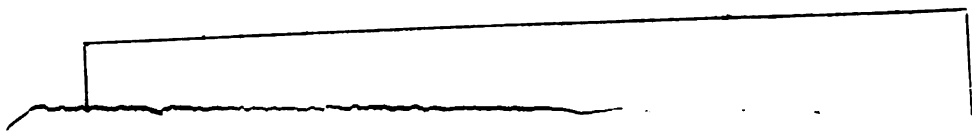
(To be Continued.)





A Scene in St. Giles's.

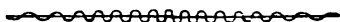
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# The Rookeries of London.



"God made the Country, and Man made the Town."



## SECTION I.

**R**OOKERIES! What!—the Chapter of a Treatise which ranges from flower-gardens to forest planting,—something on the picturesque, yet not according to Le Nôtre, Capability Brown, or Repton of dilapidating memory? Rookeries! Gentle Reader, what are they? You have, perhaps, lived in some back settlement in a village, among the fens,—the borders of the Bristol Channel, if you will,—Lincolnshire, Romney Marsh, a place deserted by all but farmers, their labourers, and the solitary curate,—men *adscripti glebæ*,—men whom you are disappointed not to find web-footed, and you think of rook-shooting in merry May,—the farmer's preserves, which he guards so jealously. Or you get sentimental, and are in love with the Novelist's opening:—"It was a sultry evening, not a breath of wind to stir the trees, the silence only broken by the cawing of the rooks, as the youthful brood tried to flit, upon trembling and uncertain wing, from one lofty elm to another,"—and you begin to have visions of the long-drawn avenue, that prototype of the Gothic cathedral, its branches arching over your head, and the Elizabethan mansion, with its dark red brick, its turrets, its gables, its bay windows, with their latticed panes,—its tall and fantastic chimneys, its lace-work copings. You think of that noisy and not very beautiful aviary of untuneful birds which old custom, whose very dust we dare not but venerate, still loves to keep up. It accords somewhat, perhaps, with the sombre, thoughtful, massive character of the nation,—the discordant note, and the funereal plumage, and the dark and shadowy elms in which the birds build, the church near at hand,—all bespeak a people thoughtful and reserved. How different the light château, and the sparkling fountain, the untrimmed lawn, the hedgeless fields, the merry groves, the Lombardy poplars, planted parallelogram fashion, and the gay terraces, parterres, and statues of our neighbours over the water. But, though the subject is inviting, we will not deceive thee, gentle reader, our hearts are elsewhere. What! nothing, then,

from White's "Selborne," or Bewick, Stanley, Wilson, or Jesse, or the hundred-and-one books which teach Englishmen how many of God's gifts lie undiscovered around them ;—nothing about the scenes which Railways are sweeping away, such as Howitt, or Charles Lamb, or Washington Irving, would have loved to describe.

But, says the man of science by our side, perhaps the writer is going to propose some theory to account for the falling sickness which the rooks in Doctors' Commons are said to be affected with, on which a grave gentleman, who has tenanted a first floor there almost since St. Paul's was built, has composed a learned treatise, little knowing that a well-skilled bowman (what does Homer call them ?) lurked in the garret, the deadly foe of those ancient heritors ; and the bolts twanged not like Apollo's, and though in the neighbourhood of priests, not for a priest's sake, and the worthy senior put down to cruel Fate or phenomena, which, strange as they were, he would assign, the mischief of an urchin parchment-spoiler.

Verily, gentle reader, we will make a clean breast, and didst thou but travel far in our company, it would not need. We have so long dwelt among bricks and mortar, that we scarcely recollect the native colour of a rook, nor the distinction, set forth of yore so pompously, between him and his cousins,—the crow, the carrion crow, the Cornish chough, and the raven. By the bye, what say the Germans, those great enemies of comfortably-established theories, to this distinction ?—is it a myth ?—whence comes it ?—who is its Father ?

Nor, in truth, treasuring a wholesome and self-correcting memory of the dignity of our calling, dare we linger with thee on this ground. True, thoughts of Rookeries recal, if not old Saxon times, yet times when we Anglo-Saxons were one people, ere the First and Second Charles had driven out the stern Republicanism destined to bear such fruit in the next century ; ere the traveller's gig broke down in a Cheshire village, and a night's lodging at the hospitable home of a stranger gave him a bride, and that bride gave the world George Washington,—ere, in a word, the Anglo-Saxon name, language, and strong old manly spirit had become common to vast nations in both hemispheres. Nay, we believe Queen Bessie's age and mansions, the very painting of the pleasaunce, and the starched ruffs of the gallant company, and their formal tire, are yet household gods in many a home far from the fatherland ; they have a charm, even, for our Transatlantic brethren, and they learn thus to love the olden time, and the Old Country.

Neither, most metaphysical reader, will we break a lance with thee, and trace in lofty terms the distinction between words univocal, equivocal, and analogous, unfolding the vast mystery by which one word fits two heads, like a hat, which the master has cast off, deigning to accommodate itself to the bumps and sinuosities of the man's pericranium.

And yet we may not smile ; we have heavy thoughts at heart,—seeking,



albeit, to forget them awhile, we have tried to force a laugh, just to cheer us on to the work, knowing that in sober truth the chariot-wheels must drive heavily ere we have done.

We speak not of some scene which, like Charlton House, calls up our country's homes, their very sombre tints glad to us in childhood's memory\* ; but we speak of human beings not houseless,—and yet, if the climate were warm and dry, and the skies less cloudy, it were better to breathe the pure air of heaven, than the thick, steaming, fetid atmosphere which feeds masses in our towns and cities,—which, robbing the bond servant of his health and strength, and but too often of his life, robs him while living of his birthright in the air God gives him, and the light which comes from Heaven,—which aids the ravages of the fever it has produced,—which quickens the seeds of consumption, and yet deprives the patient of all that can alleviate disease,—which takes from the strong man his heart to think and to do,—scenes where childhood's innocence is but a name, and the soothing autumn of old age is in many cases but the winter of discontent.

We speak of human masses pent up, crowded, thrust together, huddled close, crammed into courts and alleys, where, as by a fatal attraction, opposite houses grow together at the top, seem to nod against one another, conspiring to shut out the little air which would pierce through for the relief of those beneath. We speak of stories piled on stories in the older part of our towns,—not each floor, but each room tenanted by a family,—in some cases the dormitory of several occupants thrown together in the chance scramble for the night's lodging, each swelling the gains of some middleman whose heart is seared by the recollection of his own poverty, and who learns to grind as he was once ground by others ; for this is one of the most fearful consequences of the system, to trust to the hands of the most ignorant and most injured a power which even the best and wisest can scarcely wield as he should,—but of this we will speak anon,—the middleman and the broker are persons whom we must sketch at length when we have proceeded further.

Rookeries they are, if rooks build high and lie thick together, young and old in one nest, and colonies are wedged up, not so much because of connection between families as by common wants and a common nature, and yet with their fierce discord and occasional combats. The tenants of these Rookeries, like the birds from whom they take their names, have much in common,—want, recklessness its offspring, pariahs, so to speak, of the body social, a distinct caste, yet not bound together otherwise than by common wants,—with their jealousies, discords, and antipathies, as if it were not too true of them, as of others—a man's foes may be they of his own household.

Yet, whence come these Rookeries? Were they prison colonies, safety-valves,—so many Alsatias necessary for the wants, tolerated as the least of

\* Sir Thomas Wilson's residence, near Woolwich.

two evils, by the authorities of all towns of above a certain population? Allowed to fester, so they did not infect,—upon sufferance, because they had their use,—poisoned wells, yet girdled round by certain barriers which confined the pestilence within a given circle? Were they formed by some greedy speculator, or needy adventurer? Are they modelled after a common type, or indeed modelled at all? Have they grown out of the wants, or were they shaped by the policy of the age? Are they peculiar to London—to England—to Europe? Are they the sinks into which, as Tacitus says of Rome, everything bad and vicious flows? Is vice alone the bond of union among the inmates?—or, as says the proverb, is it necessity which makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows, in haunts like these? Do these Rookeries obey some general law which assigns to a given number of people a certain pariah class which, in its proportion to the other divisions, shall not vary, so that you cannot diminish them, or give them better dwellings, or fix the cubic feet of air each man shall inhale, the area he shall occupy, the amount of light which may safely be placed at his disposal, with something like a reference to what God intended for all his creatures, and of which they who would rob their fellows must do so at their peril?

## SECTION II.

Now, gentle reader, I first thought of giving thee some statistics on these points, of sitting down to a sort of *per* and *contra*; but then I recollected that the most perfect collection of reports ever placed within the reach of the political economist—the Poor-Law Annual Reports—are now being sold for waste paper. I had a vision of thee shutting the book in despair, as though I would send thee to school again. We will at least defer this till we are better acquainted; but we may ask how these Rookeries grew to their present size, or degenerated, if you will, to their present abuse?

The subject is not without its interest. This vast Babel, or Babylon,—as Cobbett called it, the Great Wen,—whence came it? what changes has it seen?—rather, more strictly,—from what beginnings did these Rookeries grow to their present size?

Do you mean to tell us, the reader asks, that the poor are worse lodged now than they have ever been, or only comparatively worse; because it occurs at once to us that there were plagues, periodical pestilences, making vast inroads, carrying off, perhaps, 10,000 men at a time, so that the Great Plague of 1665, which is supposed to have killed about 80,000 people, was only the last of a series; so that the disorder, the sweating sickness, was fatal to thousands, and returned, as West Indians tell us the yellow fever does, at intervals,—not fixed, indeed, but yet not varying much in their length? From

this it is argued that London must be more healthy than it was, for such things are almost unknown among us. The cholera, in 1832, only swept away 6,000 out of a population of nearly 2,000,000. The last ravaging disorder of which we know, the gaol fever, has long left us. Small pox, that scourge of our countrymen an hundred years since, is much mitigated, seldom fatal, promptly dealt with, easily warded off, and yielding readily to the remedies applied. Men gladly infer—it is a sort of opiate to our consciences—that there is less physical suffering among the poor than formerly,—less both absolutely and relatively. We think this is an error.

Let us look back, then, and see how men were lodged of old, and at the same time,—for it strictly falls in with our subject,—let us glean what information we can respecting those plague-spots which still remain, which under the name of Rookeries are so unenviably notorious.

We will not suppose, gentle reader, that you need to be informed that a great city may present many objects of interest,—may be, if you will, on the whole, architecturally grand, and yet this very grandeur be but the screen of its deformity. Witness in Paris, for instance, the centre of modern civilisation, the back streets in the very neighbourhood of the Louvre and the Palais Royal, with their shelving pavements, the gutter in the middle, their narrow streets, no place for foot-passengers, the lamps depending from ropes, and making you think you still hear the cry,—“ Away with him to the Lantern ! ” Look at the neighbourhood of the Pantheon or the Luxembourg. Thus, during the Plantaganet dynasty, we are feasted with accounts of the shows and processions, the houses decorated with banners, the conduits running with wine, the gorgeous masques, the figures of angelic beings who greeted the sovereign, and we infer from these stories not merely the riches of the people, but the splendour of the city in which they dwelt.

Yet, till within two hundred and fifty years from the present time, the houses were for the most part built of wood, the nobility and the sovereign alone seem to have used a more durable material ; the streets were narrow, the houses—with their pent houses or projecting first story—overhanging the causeway,—each story, in fact, projecting further into the street than that below it,—the roads were neglected, abounded with ruts or holes, were generally narrow and unsafe.

On this subject we may refer to the great antiquary, Stowe, who himself lived in the reign of Elizabeth. He says :—“ The houses in the cities and “ towns were built, each story jetting forth over the former story, so that when “ the streets were not very wide the people at the top of opposite houses “ might not only talk and converse with each other, but even shake hands “ together ! ” The proclamations hitherto published, says an old writer, to prevent buildings on new foundations having proved ineffectual, another proclamation was made this year to enforce the said Acts ; but this not being

regarded, the matter was taken into consideration by the Star Chamber, and about the year 1606, many persons were censured for not regulating their buildings according to the royal edict. To prevent decay of wood, it was enjoined : " That all persons should build the fronts of their houses either with " stone or brick."

Building with brick only came into common use in the early part of the reign of Charles the First, and was, in fact, introduced by the Earl of Arundel, who found that the custom prevailed in Italy, where he had been staying for some time. An inventory of the furniture of Skipton Castle, the famous mansion of the Earls of Cumberland is still extant ; this was made in the year 1572. Yet, in this great castle there were not more than seven or eight beds, nor had any of the chambers chairs, glasses, or carpets. Strutt also tells us, speaking of that age, that the taste for elegance among our ancestors was very different from the present, and " however extravagant in their apparel, banquets " and train of attendants yet follow them to their houses, and their furniture is " plain and homely." Carpets are articles of comparatively recent date ; the palace of Henry the Eighth was strewed with rushes, rather than carpeted. The floors of the houses generally were thus covered ; in many cases the straw was suffered to remain a long time ; bones and the refuse meat were plentifully scattered about, and became embedded in the straw, and the general want of cleanliness which prevailed, and the insufficient supply of water, coupled with the narrow and badly-ventilated streets, produced the frequent plagues of which we hear so much. We do not say there were no Rookeries then, but rather that they were common,—the distinction between the dwellings of rich and poor not so obvious. The lower part of Holborn was paved in the reign of Henry the Sixth (1417), and in 1542, in the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, Stowe tells us that High Holborn street, leading from the Bars towards St. Giles's, was very full of pits and sloughs, and perilous and noisome to all who repaired and passed that way, as well on foot as on horseback. Stowe also tells us, that in the third year of Henry the Seventh, the citizens caused their streets to be new paved, because the King and Queen were to make their public entry through the city ; neither were there any lamps put up on dark nights, and the steeple of Bow Church, being furnished with arches and lanterns, it was meant that these should be glazed, and the lights in them placed nightly in the winter, whereby travellers to the city might not miss their way.

Many edicts were passed, from the time of Henry the Eighth to the Commonwealth, which forbade the erection of more houses in the suburbs of London, or at least encumbered the permission to build with so many conditions, that it became inoperative. London increased, it is true, yet not in consequence of the encouragement, but rather in spite of the resistance of the authorities. But we need not be told that such prohibitions multiplied buildings within narrow spaces, and whilst it made ground dear, so it confined a dense

population within narrow limits. In these early times water was also scarce; the inhabitants were obliged to fetch their water from conduits, which were erected in various parts of the city, or else to purchase it of water-carriers. Several attempts were made at different times to supply the city with water, but the expense and labour frightened those in power, and the effort was abandoned.

Most of us have heard of the New River, and those who know the classic neighbourhood of Sadler's Wells may recollect the public-house with a picture of Sir Hugh Middleton for its sign—a grave and reverend senior in the rich dress of the age of James the First, bearded and bedizened as became a citizen of the ancient times,—chain of office and laced ruff bespeaking civic dignity, when it was wont to be valued by the best that the city bred. Few, perhaps, know that London is more indebted to this good old man than to any of its benefactors. He it was who in 1608 began the good work, and in five years that immense canal called the New River was completed, and London ever since supplied with water. Rushes exchanged for carpets, wood for brick, the spare conduit for the ample reservoir; who shall deny the efforts made for our sanatory well-being?

But we ask, has the improvement in the condition of the poor kept pace with that of the middle and higher classes? There are no houses, none even in Rookeries, without chimnies, though three hundred years ago they were comparatively scarce; but then fire-wood was cheap, and so were cattle, and the diet of the labouring man consequently better than at present. It was the boast of Sir John Fortescue, speaking of these times, that the English lived far more upon animal diet than their rivals the French, and to this cause he ascribes their strength and courage.

The people generally suffered through bad drainage, wretched roads, unhealthy houses, and want of water. The rich were victims as well as the poor; for we are told that the accession of James the First was quickly followed by a destructive plague, the spreading of which was highly accelerated doubtless by the narrowness of the streets and the crowded state of the houses; yet every extension of the suburbs seems to have been resisted by successive administrations.

These anomalies have been in a degree removed; improvement has swept on with mighty strides; pity that there should still remain the monuments of this olden time in the Rookeries of London,—that the close alley, the undrained court, the narrow window, the unpaved foot-path, the distant pump, the typhus or the Irish fever should still remind us of what London was once to all, what it still is to the poor. The opulent and the great, we are told, hastened from the town when the plague was announced, satisfied that its ravages would soon be felt amongst them; the poor, with an accuracy which startles, can now tell the spot which fever, when it comes, will occupy,—a fetid odour has long

warned them that fuel will not be wanting, that neglect has spared materials for disease, and if we wonder that of old enactments should enclose, as within a prison wall, the space already occupied by buildings, in these days the poor man dare not carry away the dust-heap which offends the nose and disgusts the eye, lest he should be punished for breaking the parish contract with him who is pledged, but is slow, to remove it.

### SECTION III.

We pride ourselves upon our superiority to foreigners ; we conceive that London is better lighted, paved, drained, and supplied with water than any city in the world. It is interesting and strictly bearing upon our present subject to inquire, how and by what steps such improvements were effected. Our ancestors certainly endeavoured to root out colonies of evil-disposed persons, or at least to destroy their haunts. Strype, in 1723, describes Whetstone Park, at the back of Holborn, as being noted for its once infamous and vicious inhabitants, which some years since, he says, were forced away. On this ground, which from lying waste, was frequently the scene of low dissipation, houses were first erected by Mr. Whetstone, a vestryman of St. Giles's, and from him it obtained the name of Whetstone Park. Strange comment this of the quaint historian. That this benevolent or speculating vestryman should have destroyed this haunt of vice, and erected houses which we may suppose were intended as an antidote to the evils described, and yet that not two years since a most fatal epidemic broke out in this very place, which puzzled all the doctors. The place is now inhabited by some of the lowest characters in London: and we may almost believe old Stowe, when he tells us that so narrow were some of the streets in ancient London, that people could shake hands across them ; for this, if anywhere, might be done in the street called Little Turnstile, which is just at the back of Whetstone Park.

The following anecdote will show that much remains to be done for the habitations of the poor: "When Charles the Second was restored, the early attention of the Legislature was directed to the lighting and cleansing of the streets, repairing the highways and sewers of the capital, the salutary effects of which were gradually communicated to St. Giles's ; and the novel exhibition was seen of candles, or lights in lanterns, these were directed by the Act to be hung out by every householder, from the time of its becoming dark till nine every evening, from Michaelmas to Lady-day."

We smile at the contrast between our gas-lit streets and those dim beacons of the night—but are our courts and alleys in all cases as well cared for as were the streets of our ancestors even in the time of Charles the Second ?

We are changed. The rich have room, have air, have houses endeared

to them by every comfort civilisation can minister ; the poor still remain sad heralds of the past, alone bearing the iniquities and inheriting the curse of their fathers ; with them time has stopped, if it have not gone back ; worse fed, are they better housed than their fathers ! worse paid, do they breathe a purer air ? Regent Street attracts the eye—Rookeries still remain. Westminster, at once the seat of a palace and a plague-spot ;—senators declaim where sewers poison ;—theology holds her councils where thieves learn their trade ; and Europe's grandest hall is flanked by England's foulest graveyard !

We are much interested to inquire from what beginnings the London Rookeries sprang. Various causes combined to produce them. Many of them were, from the first, intended for the occupation of the poor. In the Parish of St. Pancras you have streets of the class rookery which cannot be fifty years old, small houses are now building which will soon become rookeries. Agar's Town, in that immense parish, contains a squalid population, originally a band of settlers who seem, as they would say in America, to have squatted there, and now it is almost impossible to remove them. In other districts, rows of small houses are constantly erected, the ground around them is not drained, and they are as so many dépôts for the investment of money by rapacious speculators. The new Building Act perhaps may have mitigated some of the evils arising from these sources, though it has not destroyed them. A large class of the genus rookery are very ancient houses, deserted by those to whose ancestors they once belonged. The tide of fashion—the rage for novelty—the changes of the times have also changed the character of the population who now tenant those buildings. Thus in the dingiest streets of the Metropolis are found houses the rooms of which are lofty, the walls panelled, the ceilings beautifully ornamented (although the gilding which encrusted the ornaments is worn off), the chimney-pieces models even now for the sculptor. In many rooms there still remains the grotesque carving for which a former age was so celebrated. You have the heavy balustrades, the wide staircase with its massive rails, or, as we now call them, bannisters ; you have the strong doorway with its carvings, the large unwieldy door, and these features of the olden time in keeping with the quaint and dust-stained engravings which seem to have descended as heirlooms from one poor family to another. The names of these courts reminding you of decayed glory—Villiers, Dorset, Buckingham, Norfolk—telling of the stately edifices which once stood where now you breathe the impure atmosphere of a thickly peopled court. A street now remarkable only for its narrowness and dirt is called Garden, because once there was a Garden there ; some term of chivalry distinguishes another ; some article of dress now in disuse a third ; some alley without a pump bears the pompous name of Fountain Court. The houses themselves are in keeping externally with what we have described

of the interior ; the dark red brick, the pillars with their capitals and quaint figures, speaking of art called forth by wealth, and taxed to produce novelty, to stamp on the building in which he lived the rank of the owner.

Such are the general features of London Rookeries. We may, however, be interested in inquiring how any particular nest of these buildings grew to its present size, or became appropriated to its present use. Men generally connect St. Giles's and Seven Dials with squalid misery and a degraded population ; most people suppose that extreme poverty and abject distress is confined to this spot, and that pauperism in other parishes is but comparative. In this view, to omit mention of the Minories, Saffron Hill, and other notorious plague spots, we may safely assert that but few parishes in London are without these haunts of destitution ; the most aristocratic parishes, as they are termed, have their share ; the largest and handsomest streets have a back-ground of wretchedness—are too often but so many screens for misery, which would shock the mind, and make men avert their gaze, could they but see it as it is.

#### SECTION IV.

But it is good to have something definite to fix on in an inquiry like this. We will then begin with the Parish of St. Giles's.

In an ancient plan of London drawn by Aggas, and republished by Vertue in 1748, we have the following information :—" The part of the north-west suburbs of the city of London, since called St. Giles's in the Fields, was, about the time of the Norman Conquest, an unbuilt tract of country, and but thinly scattered with habitations. The parish derived its name from the Hospital dedicated to the Saint, built on the site of the present Church by Matilda, Queen of Henry I., before which time there had only been a small Church or Oratory on the spot. It is described in old records as abounding in gardens and dwellings in the flourishing times of the Hospital, but declined in population after the suppression of that establishment, and remained but an inconsiderable village till the end of the reign of Elizabeth, after which it was rapidly built on and became distinguished for the number and rank of its inhabitants."

Mr. Dobie has brought together, in his very interesting " History of the Parishes of St. Giles's and St. George's, Bloomsbury," published in 1834, many particulars respecting the state of this parish.

We hear as early as the reign of Henry I. of the Hospital of St. Giles's, established for the reception of those afflicted with leprosy, a disorder then prevalent. We next learn that the gallows first set up in Smithfield was



removed, in the reign of Henry V., to St. Giles's, that place being then on the outskirts of London. The famous Lord Cobham\*, the great patron of the Lollards, and indeed one of the foremost of them, was executed here, after much barbarous treatment, in the year 1418. It is Stowe, we think, who mentions the gallows standing at "St. Gyles in Felde."

When the Hospital was suppressed, this parish, called of old "the verie pleasant village of St. Giles's," was built over, and a cluster of houses erected there.

In the reign of Elizabeth mention is made of thick forests extending from the village of St. Giles's westward towards Tybourne. There was also the great black forest of Mary-la-Bonne, into which the Queen used to send the Muscovite Ambassador to hunt the wild boar.

Stowe, in an account which he gives of the Lord Mayor visiting the conduits at Tybourn, tells us, that "on this occasion, before dinner, they hunted the hare and killed her, and thence went to dine at the head of the conduit. There was a good number entertained with good cheer by the Chamberlain, and after dinner they went to hunting the fox. There was a great cry for a mile, and at length the hounds killed him at the end of St. Giles's; great hallooing at his death and blowing of horns."

The Hospital, of which such frequent mention occurs, had been suppressed in 1547, but a considerable portion of the wall which surrounded it remained in 1595; after which it was nearly demolished, and residences were built on the east and west ends towards the year 1600. Holborn, as early as 1595, had extended so far westward as nearly to join St. Giles's Street, which itself also was increasing rapidly. "On the High Street, Holborn," says Stowe, "have ye many faire houses builded, and lodgings for gentlemen, inns for travellers, and such like, up almost, for it lacketh little, to St. Giles's-in-the-Fields." Mr. Dobie tells us, that in Aggas's plan a considerable space of fields and gardens extended from St. Giles's Hospital wall to Chancery Lane eastward, with scarce a house intervening, if we except a few scattered buildings opposite to what is now Red Lion Street, and again some few at the north end of the present Drury Lane, now Broad Street. From thence southward till we come to the north end of the Strand, two or three houses in Covent Garden, Drury House at the bottom of Drury Lane, and a few scattered dwellings towards the south-east, alone indicate that this portion of London was inhabited. Cattle were seen grazing where Great Queen Street now is, and the few houses in the neighbourhood were surrounded by fields.

In the reign of James I., Drury Lane, which had been previously a road

\* It is scarcely necessary to remind the Reader that Lord Cobham was closely connected with the Hussites, or followers of John Huss, of Bohemia, who was so cruelly put to death in spite of a safe conduct from the Emperor.

to the Strand, was built on, and in 1628 the whole number of houses rated amounted to 897, and more than twenty courts and alleys are mentioned by name. Soon after this, mention is made of the erection of fifty-six houses, which it is supposed were inhabited by people of rank and wealth. Thus, more than two hundred years since, a nucleus for Rookeries was formed in these very courts and alleys; they must have been built as dwellings of the poor, and we are not surprised to find that the larger houses in the vicinity were gradually deserted by their inhabitants as the tide swept westward, whilst at the same time we cease to wonder at the size, internal decorations, and external ornaments of many of the houses now tenanted by the very refuse of the population.

In the reign of Charles II. part of Great Queen Street in this parish was completed, and contained many mansions of the nobility. Mr. Dobie tells us that the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the father of what are termed the English Free Thinkers, resided here, and died in 1648. This is the nobleman of whom Walton speaks in his "Life of Herbert," telling us, together with many other particulars, that he was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his book "De Veritate," and by his "History of the Reign of Henry VIII.," and by several other tracts. Although Lodge says of him, "Of that anomaly of character, by the abundance and variety of which foreigners tell us our country is distinguished, we meet with none more striking than Lord Herbert. Wise and unsteady, prudent and careless, a philosopher with ungovernable and ridiculous prejudices, a good-humoured man who even sought occasions to shed the blood of his fellow-creatures, a deist with superstition too gross for the most secluded cloister." We are curious to inquire where such a man lived, and there is reason to believe that he resided at the south side, near Wild, or Wylde, Street, and died there in 1648. There is yet standing a very fine old dark red brick house, the front well ornamented with carving, and, though it has been somewhat defaced, still giving us a fair sample of the residence of an opulent man two hundred years since, which is believed to have been the residence of this eccentric individual. Inigo Jones was the architect of this and fourteen others, built in the reign of James I.; some fine specimens of his style still remain in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The Dukes of Lancaster and Newcastle for some time occupied houses in this square, and there are several very large mansions yet standing, though now divided into chambers, some of them with handsome stone fronts, the interior as well as the exterior of which are well worth inspection, being very spacious, lofty, and well carved, with large halls. The back of this mansion of Lord Cherbury is surrounded by some of the lowest houses in the parish of St. Giles, and Great Queen Street still seems to preserve some share of its ancient importance, whilst the surrounding neighbourhood has gone fast to decay.

In the reign of Charles II., the place afterwards called Seven Dials was erected, in expectation that it would soon become the abode of the gay and wealthy. Soho Square and Covent, or Convent, Garden, were then the residence of the aristocracy. Thus, in the "Spectator," Steele, the writer of the second Paper, tells us that "Sir Roger de Coverly, a baronet of good fortune and "ancient family, lived in Soho Square," which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Seven Dials. Thus, Monmouth Street, a famous Rookery where cellars are tenanted by the poor, and which is noted for second-hand apparel, was so called from the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., who was executed after his failure at Sedgmoor, in the reign of James II. He had a spacious mansion in Soho Square, once, we are told, called Monmouth Square, not far from this street, which was named in compliment to him.

In the sixth year of the reign of Queen Ann the whole parish of St. Giles, except the neighbourhood of Bedford Square and what is now called Bloomsbury, was covered with houses; the south-east side of Tottenham Court Road (the very spot where *the* Rookery lately pulled down stood), the seven streets diverging from the Seven Dials, the east side of Drury Lane to Princes Street, thence to Wild Street, must be attributed to this period; some had been in existence previous to, none may be assigned to a later date than, Queen Anne's reign. In the days of the Commonwealth an attempt was made to promote the better observance of the Sabbath, and victuallers were interdicted from opening their houses on Sunday. Seven Dials, even then the resort of questionable characters, became the rendezvous of what a quaint writer calls "oppressed tipplers." There is also in existence a roll of the names of those who were fined for these excesses under the statutes framed by the Protector's Government. Many were the publicans who endeavoured to evade, and found it to their interest to dare, the penalties of the law. Of this mention is made in an ancient play, which represents those times and the customs which prevailed. The famous Evelyn, the Author of the "Sylva," says, in 1694, "I went to see the building near St. Giles's, where Seven Dials make a "star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area, said to be by "Mr. Neale (the introducer of the late lotteries), in imitation of Venice, now "set up here for himself twice and once for the State." The Doric pillar was afterwards surmounted by a clock having seven dials, and hence the name by which this neighbourhood is known. About this time the suburbs of the Metropolis were much increased through the settlement of about 14,000 French Protestants, who fled from France when Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes. Many hundreds of these refugees fixed their abode in the neighbourhood of Long Acre, the Seven Dials, and Soho. The district thus named, we learn from Brayley and others, was formerly known by the name of the Cock and Pie Fields, and noted for the assemblages of idle and dissolute persons.

At length, in the reign of William III., Mr. Neale took the ground and completely metamorphosed this sink of filth and iniquity. On the side of Wylde Street, or, as it used to be called, Welde Street, once resided the respectable family of the Welds of Lulworth Castle. Bainbridge and Buckeridge Streets were built prior to 1672, and derive their names from their owners, who were men of wealth in the time of Charles II., as Dyott Street does its title from Mr. Dyott, a man of consideration in the same reign. It was inhabited, till within these few years, by Philip Dyott, Esq., his descendant. On the spot occupied by these very streets—in fact, formed out of these very streets—was the famous Rookery, pulled down to form a continuation of Oxford Street. It appears that this was from a comparatively early period the resort of the Irish, and the place they first colonised. It has long been remarkable for poverty and vice.

Until a recent period St. Giles's and St. George's, Bloomsbury, were one parish, and we may conceive what an alteration has taken place, and how many houses, once inhabited by the rich and noble, are now the dwellings of the poor, when Strype, speaking of Great Russell Street, in 1720, calls it a "very spacious and handsome street, inhabited by the nobility and gentry, especially on the north side,—as having gardens behind the houses, and the prospect of pleasant fields up to Hampstead and Highgate, inasmuch as this place is esteemed the most healthful in London. In its passage it saluteth Southampton House, Montague House, and Thanet House, all these the seats of noblemen. But for stateliness of building and curious gardens Montague House hath the pre-eminence, as indeed of all houses within the cities of London and Westminster." Thanet House, the residence of the Earls of that name, was situated opposite the notorious Dyott Street, and was subsequently divided into two spacious houses. In this street stood that Montague House of magnificent proportions which was purchased by Government to receive Sir Hans Sloane's Collection, and which afterwards became the British Museum; the gardens, which were laid out in the French style, are still remembered by some of those now living; and in them were several *jets d'eau*, as well as those formal parterres so peculiar to the last century, and within fifty years of this time the noble residence of the Duke of Bedford, in Bloomsbury Square, was taken down, the materials sold, and Russell Square and the neighbouring streets erected where before were the gardens attached to the mansion.

The subject of dwellings for the labouring poor does not seem, until within the last few years, to have occupied the public mind; men who were content themselves to live in narrow, badly drained streets, in houses which seemed almost to touch those opposite,—who thought it no injustice to confine felons in jails where fever was their constant companion, where even in the very courts

both judge and jury became the victims of infection,—could scarce be very solicitous about the lodgings of the poor. Yet there must for many centuries have been districts thickly inhabited by the refuse of the people—pauper colonies, if you will—not so large, perhaps, or so general as at present, but yet wanting in few of their evils. Highwaymen about the middle of the last century infested the metropolis; men were robbed in the very streets; whilst the suburbs were notoriously beset with them, even in the day-time. The trade must have been a thriving one, and candidates for its honours and emoluments not few. We read in Smollett of gaming-houses frequented by these worthies. Hogarth has a print of one of them. There must then have been retreats for such jail-birds, where they could bury themselves and lie snug till the hue and cry was over. Drunkenness has been ever, we fear, a national vice with us, and the existence of poor-laws from the time of Elizabeth would teach us that over-population is not the only source of want or the only check to employment. All these things presuppose poor, and rookeries the dwellings of the poor. In Smollett's novels we read of one of his heroes whose rescue from the hands of the soldiers was attempted by "two Tatterdermalions from the "purlicues of St. Giles's, and between them both there was but one shirt and a "pair of breeches." Allowing for exaggeration in this sketch of 1740, we have the place and the class which we are at present describing.

Ere we carry on the historical picture a few remarks cannot be out of place. There were plague spots then, and a population dangerous alike to the State and themselves. Because with the exception of the Gordon riots, forty years later, no popular commotion took place, it is argued that the danger of such a class is exaggerated; that life and property are still secure, though these remain; that by speaking of such haunts as these you cannot alarm selfishness, though there is a strong argument addressed to the conscience of the Legislature. We are not quite so certain that even the first assertion is true. St. Antoine, the St. Giles of Paris, contributed her hordes in the revolution of 1789. The Bastille was reared amidst her precincts, and was the first victim of revolutionary fury. We say not that these divisions of the body social originate popular disturbances, but they are the fuel on which agitation feeds, ready to take fire the moment the flame is kindled by the great party feuds. A hundred years ago the distinction between rich and poor was not so visible, the middle class so large and so wealthy. Now a gulf yawns, is daily growing wider, and we may fear that at no distant time the legend of old Rome may be here brought to pass, the chasm opening only to close because filled up by the best and choicest the country breeds. You have put the weapons into these men's hands,—have taught them, educated them, given them a free press, free to licentiousness, the parent of sedition. They meet, discuss, harangue, plot, combine, wait their time. England's domestic difficulties, her foreign embroil-

ments, a crisis in her councils, a split in her parties, will alike evoke ready instruments to do by violence what should have been done by a paternal Government.

But let us resume the thread of our narrative. How did this centre of wretchedness and poverty grow to what we now see it? It is now well nigh a penal settlement, a pauper metropolis in itself. When did it become a recognised refuse quarter? how increase to its present proportions?

St. Giles's, we are told, in Charles Knight's interesting account of London, "was in the time of the Commonwealth for the natives and naturalised of Alsatia, and the Sanctuary, what the hills in the South of Scotland were for the hill-folk among the Presbyterians, a central point, where they could meet, and from the elevation of which they could timeously descry the approach of danger, and in whose channelled sides were rare dens for skulking, doubling, and throwing out their pursuers. Favoured by natural position, the blackguardism of St. Giles's was only increased by harsh treatment,—it was pounded into tougher consistency. In the year 1740, and for some time after, it was the resort of the celebrated Thurot, who commanded a French squadron, which committed some depredations on the coast of Ireland and the Hebrides, in 1760." This man seems to have been an apt specimen of the half-smuggling, half-gambling, living-by-their-wits population, who made St. Giles's their rendezvous at this time. A club, we find, from the same account, was held in Seven Dials, and consisted wholly of foreigners, chiefly of Frenchmen. From first to last, then, St. Giles and that district appears to have been the resort of the lowest characters.

The scene of some of Hogarth's most celebrated prints lies in St. Giles's: thus his picture of "Gin Lane," has for its back ground the Church of St. George's, Bloomsbury,—the date is 1751. When, says Hogarth, these two prints were designed and engraved, the dreadful consequences of gin-drinking appeared in every street in Gin Lane, every circumstance of its horrid effects is brought to view *in terrorem*,—not a house in tolerable condition but the Pawnbrokers, and the Gin Shop, the Coffin Makers in the distance. St. Giles's then was not in any degree behind what it is at the present day, if we may take this and other prints as fair types of its appearance, for the present Church often forms the background, or is introduced in the distance into his paintings; the houses seem as mouldy and dilapidated, more so even than they are at present.

#### SECTION V.

But here we must pause, trusting in a future paper to continue our subject to show what Rookeries now are, and how they may be remedied. But the

sketch we have given will describe in what way the most celebrated Rookery has grown to its present size and condition—a condition not likely to be improved until the subject of dwellings for the poorer classes really engages the attention of our Rulers.

One remark we cannot forbear. The finest squares of the metropolis are comparatively of modern date,—Grosvenor, Hanover, and St. James's, not two hundred years old,—barely, perhaps one hundred and fifty; yet the haunts of poverty have been in many instances what they are for more than two hundred years. These squares have been supplanted by new colonies of aristocratic buildings, whose sites are supposed to be better, more airy, laid out on a more commodious plan than were those which were wont to be in vogue. The citizen spends his first surplus on a country-house, though for the greater part of the day he toils in London, his family have the benefit of pure air, country scenery, and a detached abode. Whole streets—once residences—are now warehouses, counting-houses, and places solely for business. Why, but because they are supposed to be too close for dwellings; and though the houses are often lofty and spacious, with large courts in front—though they lodged our ancestors—though they are handsomely built,—the very retail tradesman hurries from their neighbourhood to the country house, or the cockney villa. Time is lost in going and returning, though Time, in commercial phrase, be money; the underlings in City establishments are left without the wholesome control of the master during the greater part of the twenty-four hours; property is jeopardied; opportunities of correspondence lost, because it is confessedly worth the while of the principal to buy a portion of health at the cost of a portion of emolument, with risk and with certain loss.

Rookeries still survive by their very isolation, by their retention of past anomalies,—possessing still the errors, and handing down the discomforts of our ancestors,—sad memorials of the past. Meanwhile, when rebellion recruits her forces she is fed by the denizens of these retreats. It is on record that during the combats in Paris last year and on the famous 10th of April here multitudes of strange figures issued from these lurking-places, distinguished by their appearance from the rest even of the poor population. They bide their time; the agitator calls, and “they will come when he doth call.” St. Antoine, riddled by bullets, still is. Shall we neglect our duty because St. Giles's, unscathed by war, crumbles peacefully beneath the hand of Time?

But let us not be ungrateful!—the caricaturist may sketch the grotesque amidst their haunts,—the antiquarian call up by the aid of their antique decorations the features of a by-gone age,—the Legislature may banish to these dens the unconvicted criminal till his time comes, without the expense of transportation,—the medical student study some strange type of disease amidst the remaining lazar-houses of St. Giles. Happy age, which is spared the

task of providing for the teeming multitudes which are yearly added to its population. Happy country, which denies its well-bred citizens the sight of countenances which might shock their delicacy, and of habits which might infect the rising scions of a higher caste,—which girdles vice within a barrier none need pass, and confines destitution to dens few can investigate,—meanwhile, with but a slight change, the words of the poet are verified in these neglected colonies :—

“ *Ætas parentum peior avis tulit*  
*Nos nequiores, mox daturos*  
*Progeniem vitiosiore.*”

¶.

(*To be Continued.*)





# Verses,

By

John Evelyn,

Author of "Sylva," &c.

Born October 31, 1620. Died February 27, 1705-6.

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## Elegy on Mrs. Godolphin.

I.

Dear Soul! who art to Heaven fled,  
Hast all the virtues with thee thither led;  
We here see them, nor thee no more:  
Thou to that bright and glorious place  
Art run, hast won the race:

    A crown of rays,  
And never-fading rays,  
Such as on Heaven's Parnassus grows,  
Deck thine angelic brows:  
A robe of righteousness around thee cast,  
Bathed in celestial bliss, thou there dost taste  
    Pleasures at God's right hand,  
    Pleasures that ever last;  
And greater than we here can understand,  
But are far such as serve Him best laid up in store.

33.

How long, Lord ! ah ! how long !

Wait we below ?

Our leaden feet stick in the clay ;  
We thro' the body's dungeon see no day ;  
Sorrow on sorrow throng ;  
Friendships, the soul of life, and friends depart  
To other worlds, and new relations know.

333.

Ah Thou, who art  
The starry arch above,

(Essential Love !)

Reach forth Thy glorious hand,  
Or lend me wings for flight :  
Set me upon that holy land :

O bring me to the happy shore,

Where no dark night

Obscures the day, where all is light :

A city there not made with hands,  
Within that blissful region stands,

Where we in every street

Our dearest friends again shall meet,  
And friendships more refined and sweet,  
And never lose them more.



## Ode upon Content.

3.

Tell me no more of future joys;  
The mind the present only joys;  
Those untouched treasures of the great  
Afford, like painted fires, no heat.—  
Who thus thinks to augment his store  
By using of it not, is poor.  
He that enjoyeth what he has, tho' small,  
Whilst he has little, yet possesses all.

33.

Who has procured the fruit of pain,  
Possession renders poor again.—  
No prize the undying Want suffices;  
For passion still our bliss disguises,  
Nor do the sweets which we acquire  
Equal the pains of our Desire.  
Thus Avarice itself does still controul,  
By vexing first the Body, then the Soul.

333.

Nature to her such motion lends  
As to the proper object tends :  
But man alone, whom passion blinds,  
No centre to his circle finds ;  
Thus, whilst he 's still another wooing,  
Contributes to his own undoing.—  
Who then is with his little much satisfied  
Has the whole universe epitomized !

334.

Blest then were we whilst fields did give  
Only conveniences to live—  
Desires within ourselves confined,  
Such as that age of gold designed—  
Nor by to-morrow's thoughts were led  
Before the present day 's half dead :  
For this by HAPPINESS is truly meant  
Not to have all things, but TO BE CONTENT !

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# Christendom.



" O England! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
What might'st thou do, that Honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural !"



**M**EN, Women, Children—see them throng by in restless variety. Tottering Age, busy Prime, fresh Infancy! See the vacant gazing, the self-wrapped caring abstraction, the greedy, hankering, clutching anxiety, the feeble self-complacent strut! Listen to the boisterous ungentle laugh, watch the cold unloving smile—strange reply to that yearning look of wistful tenderness! Hunger and Surfeit, Penury, Superfluity, Weariness, Wastefulness, Sleekness and Wretchedness, Labour and Laziness—such are the strange contrasts of Life's picture, daily, hourly changed, varied, reproduced, and openly exhibited on the crowded canvass of a great city's thoroughfares.

Do they tell of Happiness, those careworn faces? Are they words of Love, of Friendliness, of Kindness—those impatient mutterings or louder imprecations? Is it the peace of a quiet conscience—that self-satisfied *Uncare*? The kindly greetings, are they between those who need encouragement and friendship, and those who have it in their power to befriend—or are they the selfish expressions of conventional civility? The old men—are they whispering to themselves a *nunc dimittis* while their tottering steps still haunt the scenes they are so soon to leave? Are their wistful looks straining forward after the "Old Man's Home?" The young, and strong, and healthy, are they doing bravely and cheerfully the work given them to do? Each in their vocation serving? The women, are they veiled in modesty, minding their own duties; or if not claimed by family responsibilities, are they visiting the sick, clothing the naked, weeping with them that weep, rejoicing with them that do rejoice—lovely in all the beauty of perfected creation—lovelier still in the nobler charms of devoted unselfishness? The children, with all their budding hopes, and fears, and curiosities, are they learning in the mimic relations of boyhood the

Goodness and the Greatness that must bear them safely through the changes and chances of Life's campaign? One and all—are these the pilgrims between life and death, bearing on every outward token of countenance, language, gesture, the stamp of their destiny, the signals of their vocation?

Look again! for by externals only we must judge, there is One who reads the heart. Look again!—Aye, look, till for very weariness the eyes fail to see, the ears to hear.—It is the same picture ever, stamped with the undeniable stamp of truthful Reality. Let fond Theory believe it otherwise. Let dear recollections belie the present appearance. Let happier self-experience whisper of better things *at home*. The *fact* is there before us—no wilful distortion of envious misrepresentation, no jaundiced colouring of morbid dissatisfaction. Read, mark, learn, and sadly and with sorrow acknowledge, that now in the middle of the nineteenth century since peace and goodwill have been proclaimed on earth to man—even now in Christian England, men, women, children live not, love not, hope not, fear not, work not, die not—in Faith, or Hope, or Charity!

The streets, the roads, the places of concourse daily, hourly, pour forth their living glaring testimony that men are striving for meat that perishes, for treasures on earth—that they are openly and without disguise serving Mammon—aye, serving and loving him with all their heart, and all their mind, and all their strength—that their thoughts are deep set on the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life—that self-indulgence, self-aggrandisement, self-enrichment, are the moving springs that set in motion, constant and active, all these living hands, and eyes, and lips, and brains. Honour, money, pleasure, on the one hand; starving hunger, shivering nakedness, pinching wretchedness, on the other. These of themselves will account for the bustle the glitter, the unceasing activity of the restless mass.

Not to condemn (for who are we that we should judge others), not to rebuke, nor even to exhort (for there are times and places to speak and also to be silent); not as censors do we draw attention to the fact that seems so palpable of the unchristian appearances of our external social activities. It is from facts acknowledged and flagrant that we would try to deduce principles worthy of good men's reading and wise men's thoughts!

We are not sorry to believe, that on the whole our social condition, compared with former years and bygone generations, is both reformed and improved; that the aggregate comfort, wealth, and perhaps morality of England is greater than it has ever been. But what if this brighter view of prosperity serves only to cast into deeper shadow the sadness and wickedness, the evil and misery which are so far from being extirpated amongst us? Shall we hug ourselves in imbecile contentment, saying that all is well, because times gone by were perhaps worse than our own? Thank God, so did not our fathers. They struggled manfully against the evils that pressed sorest on their consciences

and experience—and we are enjoying the fruits of their devotion. Theirs it was to pull down the accumulated hindrances of error, falsehood, and selfishness—ours it is to go on and do likewise; whatever they have bequeathed to us of good, let us cherish it dearly; whatever they have not removed of evil, we will away with it, that our own sons may enjoy greater blessings than ourselves. This we must all allow, that evil there still exists amongst us—evil of the deadliest kind, sufficient at times to stagger our most sanguine hopes, and dash to the ground the expectations of confiding Faith.

How then shall we proceed? Accepting, as notwithstanding our innumerable differences, all who speak the tongue of England surely may—accepting the simpler statements of the Christian Scriptures as the types of that Good to which we are one and all pressing forward, as also of that Evil from which we have one and all to fly—is not our *practical* creed not very different from the following? We believe that man is *capable* of happiness, though we see and know that he is *prone* to misery; we believe that such Happiness as alone can satisfy his wants, must be found not only in the supply of his bodily cravings, in food for the hungry, raiment for the naked,—not yet only in the satisfaction of his mental capacities, in information for the ignorant, or hoarded learning for the intelligent, nor even in the abundant supply of knowledge and wisdom for that higher development of his spiritual nature which unites him by no unreal communion with the world above,—not in the fulness of body, soul, or spirit is man's happiness to be found—at least upon this not-self-supported globe,—not in their fulness, but in their action and development. We believe that work must be supplied, and employment found for every part and faculty of man's complicated nature—if we would make him the happy being he so instinctively strives to become, though grievously failing in his attempts. No thinking Englishmen dream of universal enjoyment, but they do not despair of universal happiness; and they of all the nations of the globe have learnt by sweet no less than by bitter experience, than by Labour, and Action, and Energy is that Happiness alone to be achieved.

And now we are drawing to the point we wish to inculcate upon our readers. We would have them look first around them, and if they have honest hearts and kind feelings, we know that they must be sad and sorry when they see the misery by which even the abundant prosperity of England is darkened and alloyed. We know that to most, if not to all, the ceaseless moaning of public misery is but an echo of more distinct complainings in their own homes and families. The gild of richest wealth, the gloss of purest refinement, the profusest stores of learning and wisdom may hide or disguise, but cannot obliterate the wounds of disappointment or furrowings of care. No need to learn from Holy Writings that man is cursed, that he is born to sorrow, that his hopes and lovings are all vanity and vexation of spirit. The blythest of us will assume a graver look, and forget the wonted smile when thinking soberly and seriously of life such as it really is, acted around us by hundreds and thousands whom

we see, and hear, and *know*. A sad thing is it to turn our eyes from the infant in its cradle to the old man tottering on his staff, and to muse on the changes and chances that await all in their journey from Life's beginning to its end ; the cares and the pleasures—the anxieties and the hopes—the friends and foes—the wealth and want—the laughing spirits and the aching heart that all must more or less experience, as they launch from the smiling shores of innocence and childhood, and amidst the tossings of the troubled sea of life, now hoping and now desponding, clinging to one, shrinking from another, many overwhelmed by the first billow, some when prospering most struck down by an unexpected blow,—they all come at last—not to the haven where they would be—not to the home of Happiness and Love, Peace and Abundance, to which, doubtless, before disappointment blighted and care chilled, in the bold presumption of youthful hope they had fondly looked forward—but to the dark and inevitable end of all, old or young, rich or poor,—the Grave.

A sad thing it is to see and know and feel so much unhappiness and misery. And where the consolation to be told that so it has ever been ? that because man is a fallen depraved creature therefore man must suffer ? Is there not that within us that ever revolts against the doctrine of—inevitable—incurable ? We believe not, we cannot, will not, dare not do so (else what resource but madness or blasphemous rebellion) ; we believe not that man is cursed to hopeless misery, we believe not that it has been so appointed that there are no remedies for the world's sufferings, no cure for its aching heart ? Least of all, will we leave untried the means at our own disposal for relieving after generations, however cureless and hopeless the Present may be for ourselves. We will reason and use wise counsel about the cause and the means ; but we will neither reason nor counsel, nor dispute, nor despond about the End,—but if we have any hope, any courage, any Love, any Faith, we will resolve that the End, aye and an End speedily to be realised, shall be Peace upon the whole Earth, and Goodwill for every Man.

Nor call it wild enthusiasm or foolish doting so to wish, so to resolve. It is true that this instinctive craving after Happiness may never yet have been realised on earth, but it is no less true that the recorded experience of each succeeding age has borne testimony to the possibility of its attainment. Not individuals only, but families, neighbourhoods, nations, races have tasted and seen that there are good things even in this world within the reach of man's attainment. True there has ever been a cloud mingling in the clearest prospect, a worm in the bud of the most blooming hopes, an aching heart beneath the cheeriest brow. Why ? Even because the happiness tasted by one has been denied to another, because it has never been universal, because God has made it a law of man's existence that he shall not live, much less enjoy, *alone* ; that happiness, unless shared by all, shall be no happiness. One man is blessed with all things that heart can wish,—means, occupation, hopes not hopeless wishes not ever ungratified,—but happy he is not, because these means, adequate



to his own satisfaction, are insufficient to promote the happiness of those he sees around him—those he loves, and with whom (because he too is flesh and blood) he must needs sympathise. And so things find their level, and the world is righteously governed. Let individuals strive to culminate their happiness, and heap it high and dry above the tossing billows of surrounding wretchedness,—the tide will rise, the winds and waves will beat, and great shall be the fall! Let one class in a nation or community arrogate to itself all the advantages, privileges, benefits of the whole land or society, their very exclusiveness will be the bane of their enjoyment, and sooner or later the sure inducement of their misery and ruin. Let one nation among those that must needs mix in constant intercourse in the markets or highways of the world, seek exclusively its own benefit, and grasp its own advancement at the cost of others' rights, or even *necessities*, and, if there be any truth-telling in the pages of History, suffering and shame will inevitably result—and that nation will have marred its own happiness.

Happiness, short of universal, must needs be imperfect. As in a family, so in a parish, so in a nation, so in the world; if one member suffer, all, more or less, sooner or later, must suffer also. What else is the heaven for which so many men have panted, struggled, died, but a kingdom or an existence in which there are none but those who participate in the universal blessedness? Are then these heavenly types to have no complete representation on earth? Is it an idle repetition to ask that such a kingdom may come, and that it may be on earth as in heaven?

Evil of course there is inherent in our temporal earthly condition, which it is not given to man to remove. Disease, bereavement, death,—these are evils which may and must limit enjoyment, but yet being universally incident, are not to be looked upon as causes of Unhappiness. The very virtues which ennoble man must be elicited by suffering and sorrow—but they are no *evils*; the universal experience of saddened and therefore wiser man has pronounced them blessings. We contentedly leave to the perfections of another existence the exemption from all pain and all sorrow. The visitations of God are no evil, and good men submit with cheerful confidence under their dispensation. But the visitations of man—the evil he is daily doing, the good he leaves undone, the misery of others whom in the pursuit of his own selfish interests he tramples on or neglects, the tyranny whether of few or many, the dissociation of those whom God has made one by every tie of mutual dependence and assistance,—the house to house and field to field, the strong arm but unkind heart, the greedy getting but niggard giving, the bigot binding or coward loosing,—these and their sure effects are evils of man's producing—and man may and must remove them.

How then shall we set about the task? What shall be our rule of guidance, what our weapons of attack? Where shall we choose our leaders and champions? What symbols shall be inscribed upon our banners? Is the way

to do good so clear and straightforward, that we have but to arise and walk? Is there no selection to be made? no preference to be given? Alas, there is no disguising the sad reality: strifes, divisions, and dissensions have distorted into a labyrinth of perplexity the course of Duty and Right. On every side self-confident leaders are recruiting their bands of blind and pertinacious followers. The watchwords of party, the shibboleths of division, are loudly sounded. Well may we pause before enlisting under the one or the other standard, before taking our stand on the right hand or the left. To espouse the cause of this or that sect, what is it but to become entrammelled with the views and dogmas of human partiality? To think, and speak, and act independently of party jargon, is it not to draw down the united assault of all with whom we refuse to associate?

And yet coward imbecility were it to fear offending what we cannot approve; to shrink from uttering the thoughts of the heart, lest they should inflame resentment or provoke opposition. Only we will endeavour not rashly to assert, or wantonly deny. While nor fear nor favour may silence, enmity or dislike must envenom no discussion. Ever remembering the end—the evil to be removed, the good to be promoted, the peace to be asserted and affirmed. The means to that end may surely be examined and discussed, without provoking a reproof or wounding a sacred sentiment.

We have pointed to the evil flagrantly existing in undeniable Actuality; we have contrasted the universal Happiness, which we refuse to think unattainable; we have alluded to the difficulties that assail and embarrass any attempt to do good or lead to better things—difficulties arising from the many and urgent partisanships into which men's minds are deeply grooved,—it remains that we analyse briefly, but as clearly as may be, the leading organisations of thought and action which are in operation amongst us, and are aiming, successfully or not, to remove the evil and promote the good of man—physical, intellectual, and moral.

To take men as we find them, to exclude as far as may be all preconceived arrangement or classification, to argue from words daily spoken, actions now performing—this may not be the truest philosophical method of ascertaining the various objects and purports, as well as ways and means, for which and by which men are working and thinking,—but it may be more suitable to our present scope, and perhaps not less effective than a more rigid analysis in obtaining and directing general attention to the one great object, which still rises high above the highest effort and aim of even the worthiest partisanship. Again and again be it remembered, that such object is not the exaltation of one or other system or code, whether of doctrine or legislature, but simply the removal of evil and misery, the promotion of the Happiness of man—well knowing that thereby we are in the surest manner advancing even a higher object, the glory of the Creator.

Without noticing all the floating views and schemes that are tossing on

the surface of popular writing and talking, but searching deeper for the settled currents of thought which, with whatever casual diversions, are yet carrying men on surely and silently along their Life-course, there seem to be three directions into which the thoughts and sympathies of earnest men are steadily flowing. That the great mass of men are not earnest, that they are engrossed with the passing cares or pleasures of their own narrow selfishness, unprincipled, acting only from impulse or antipathy, or at best from expediency—to acknowledge this, what is it but to confess that the truest principles, the surest guides of conduct, have yet to be developed, or at least more loudly taught, more universally inculcated? And yet earnest and good men there are,—men who in the quiet of their own homes look on life with thoughtful eyes and tender hearts,—to whom the dearer associates around their own fireside are no mere idols of selfish attachment, but are links to bind them in truest sympathy with the remoter world—with kinsmen, friends, neighbours, countrymen. There are those on whom the prosperities and comforts of life have no hardening influence, whom the necessities of self-protection and self-support do not alienate from the interests of others. And it is in the Homes, in the settled life of men of all grades, that we would study the true indications of our time; not in the ephemeral publications of men who *think* in order that they may write, not that they may live; not in the public asseverations of men who have dressed themselves with current words and hackneyed phrases, to parade withal; not in the murmuring discontents of the disappointed, the briefless, and unbeneficed. One needs a Home in order to be wise,—there must be an anchor somewhere, lest the never-resting soul be tossed into folly, or buffeted to despair.

What, then, are the principles by which such men are actuated, and according to which they advise or direct others? Are they not in the main as follows?

1. There are those who, acknowledging the evils that surround them, and wishing for their removal, look for a remedy in the freer development and more active energy of what we may call the *natural* processes of human self-improvement. Whether leaning to the side of restraint or liberty, of conservatism or reform, it is on human principles, on the deductions of man's reason, the influences of human feelings, habits, laws, and customs, that they rely for the check of evil and advancement of good.

2. Again, there are others, who having been taught by instructors, or having learned by truer self-experience, that human principles of themselves, without higher guidance,—human reason, without the illumination of more perfect wisdom, more clear intelligence,—are unavailing to procure the true happiness of man; that the wisest institutions and most equal laws, even were man able to devise and frame them, are insufficient to curb the wayward passions, stimulate the sluggish industry, check the griping selfishness of beings prone

to evil ; there are those who having so been taught, are apt to look with distrust and apprehension, or at least with cold negligence, on the operations of human politics. And having learnt that there has been a revelation of higher Wisdom bestowed upon man,—prospects opened to him of a Hereafter, before which this world's interests sink into insignificance,—precepts of holiest purport, calling upon him to separate himself from the ways of his natural unbelieving state,—sources of spiritual enjoyment, fountains of unseen refreshments, to which access may freely be had without the intervention of human agency,—to such men the means of man's improvement, and the removal of the evils which afflict him, have seemed to lie chiefly if not solely in the inculcation of these Divine principles, the publication of these better hopes, the preaching of the Good Tidings.

3. Lastly, there are those who likewise shrinking from the unsanctified weapons of human framing, and not unmindful of the mighty influence of a Divine revelation, are yet taught or disposed to look for its efficacy in the organised system of a Divinely-appointed church, and regular Institutions.

Forgetting party names and ungentle obloquies, the unhappy fact is not to be forgotten, that men whose thoughts run in these several channels are strongly alienated one from the other, that they not only look on their own principles with growing attachment, but also regard those of another class with an ever-increasing fear, dislike, or contempt. So that party feeling, even in a higher and nobler sense than mere personal partisanship—so far as it represents thoughts, and ideas, and principles, and not mere wishes and dislikes—yet runs with a tide so much stronger than the natural springs of love and unanimity, as to turn backwards into separate and devious channels those thoughts, and words, and deeds of good and wise men, which, if united, should flow and overflow to the enrichment of all. The evil is that men forget their common object, and turn what is only a *means* into an *end*. To one, Reason and Law become dearer than the general Happiness they are destined to promote ; another will contentedly see misery, and wretchedness, and vice abound and prevail, while fighting with devoted zeal for the supremacy of the Holy Writings, and that which he believes to be their true interpretation,—forgetting that the Scriptures and their revelation are Lights to lighten the dark path of life,—guides to lead on a wandering and bewildered world,—comforters to cheer the fainting and dispirited,—*means* to an end, but only means ; the end is yet unattained,—and every year that bears its unimproved testimony of sin and sorrow, is a solemn protest against that indolence, or delusion, or prejudice that cries Peace where there is no peace, and is more busy with fighting for its own narrow field, than anxious to spread and promote by *whatever means* the Good which none more than themselves acknowledge to be universal and unlimited.

And again, by others the same true End of all human motives and actions

is lost sight of in their blinded devotion to that *means*, which all must acknowledge to be a mighty instrument, and few will deny to have been, in one form or other, of Divine appointment—the *Church*.

To what fears and jealousies, what divisions and strifes do these narrow views lead! That can be no true wisdom or perfect system of social legislation which shrinks from adopting those deeper, stronger motives for choosing the good and shunning the evil which Religion is alone able to elicit. It must be a warped and cramped representation of the simple Gospel of Christ that would limit our sympathies and intimacies to the elect few who are ever repeating the same words, and monotonising the varied treasures of a merciful revelation. Nor can that be the true church, which for the sake of abstract doctrines or doubtful institutions would exclude from its pale one—nay, hundreds and thousands—of those whom the Founder of the Church came not to judge, and exclude, and repel; but to seek and to save.

To think and write on these subjects leads to graver language and a more solemn tone than perhaps is warranted or suitable. And yet, what idle folly to speak and write merely with conventional allusiveness on topics which must go *home* to the inmost thought of every man, whatever his faith or unbelief! It will be said that to make any attempt upon the fixed and settled thoughts of better and wiser men, is a Quixotic and self-presuming adventure—that its due and proper reward will be the displeasure of all, the approval of none. We shall be told that the world has not now to go to school, and to be indoctrinated in the right principles for its guidance and improvement; nor will it be acknowledged by those who think themselves to be influenced by the immediate direction of the Highest instructor, that the evils that surround them could have been removed or mitigated had they tempered their zeal with wisdom, or been content to exercise it according to the regulated channels of appointment or custom. Least of all will those who have satisfied themselves that they are by every instituted rite and ceremonial grafted into a body of supernatural institution and preservation, believe that any enlargement of prescribed boundaries and unloosing of long-sanctioned ties and regulations, any accommodation to facts and circumstances, can be desirable, even should they not be considered sacrilegious infringements.

So it will be said—but not by those who are really candid, not by those who are indeed *well-wishers* to their fellow men—they cannot but acknowledge that there is need of a closer union, and therefore of a wider and less exclusive meeting-ground than that upon which men now co-operate. They have seen that Reason and Wisdom, and Law and Social Institutions, are not of themselves sufficient to secure the happiness which yet they greatly tend to promote. They have recognised by actual experience that the maxims, hopes, and warnings of Revelation have also been unable to realise universally, or to perpetuate the Peace and Purity of which, nevertheless, they are the true and approved sources.

Nor has it escaped their observation, that the Church or Divine Society is not practically that Saving Ark which it aims to become, that the soldiers and servants whom it professes to educate for the service of a Divine Master, do in sad reality spend their earthly time and talents in the service of his avowed enemies—and therefore all good men and true are prepared to look forward to a more consistent and effective array than has yet been presented to the formidable foes that surround the path and attack the happiness of miserable man.

Union is strength—dangerous and traitorous leaders are they who appeal to men's fears, and ignorances, and prejudices, in order to separate and scatter. A more welcome and hopeful course may be pursued. Without compromising any principles, or straining the tenderest conscience, it surely is possible to draw closer those natural bonds of union which circumstances and a wise Disposer have already prepared for our adoption and improvement.

Whatever human elements of association and social improvement, whatever natural sympathies and attractions exist among us and become an inheritance for us when born into this world—family, neighbourhood, nation, language, these seem to be the framework which we must needs accept and recognise as the most effectual organisation for the development of man's Happiness. For let our training and education be as artificial as it may,—let our sympathies be diverted, our affections cramped, our hopes extended to other objects than those Nature has provided—still we are unable to extirpate the truer longings and closer bindings of father and brother, neighbour and countrymen. Man is bound to man by nearer ties than abstract opinions or forced institutions—and therefore we are fain to acknowledge that the common soil and people of England is a truer rallying-point even than the holier but more abstract alliance of Christendom. We do not, indeed, deny that it might and may be our duty to relinquish the natural tie, and bind ourselves exclusively with spiritual bonds—that the relationships of this life may be all evil, and must therefore be resigned for the better communion of an unearthly compact. And yet how much happier the thought that it is possible, nay that it is the existing privilege of Englishmen, to unite in every relationship of life as Christian men, that their allegiance to their Queen and duty to their Country does not clash with higher responsibilities—that the statesman, the judge, the magistrate, the clergyman, may be each, in their vocations, serving their country, and yet in the highest sense doing the business of their most sacred and holiest calling; in a word, that the interests, and employments, and relations of Church and State, of man natural and spiritual, created and redeemed, are so blended and harmonised, that to neglect the one is to fail in duty to the other,—to follow simply and earnestly the dictates of conscience and the impulse of our noblest nature, is to serve with undivided faithfulness our Country and our God.

We have insensibly leaped to the conclusion at which we had been aiming to arrive by a more cautious advance—the conclusion that the separation which so many men of different parties are labouring to effect between Church and State, between England and Christendom, is the evil above all others to be dreaded and avoided; that the great want of our age is the closer intimacy and more perfect interpenetration of Society and Christianity; that men are not to be divided into sects and parties by the dogmatic divisions of opinions or arbitrary institutions; but that being united by the close and effectual bonds of relationship, kindred, society, and language, they are to be bound yet closer by the nearer and dearer ties of common Hope and harmonious Faith; that the highest object of our aspirations should be to see the Church of England and the Nation of England one and identical, the Church merging itself into the more natural and therefore powerful form of the State, the State assuming the wisdom and purer spirit of the Church. We long for the time when Englishmen, by right of their birth into a Christian Nation, shall not only be baptised, but shall experience the regeneration, the new and better condition of those who, in every hour and all the actions of their life, are surrounded and influenced by none but Christian men and the purest customs, laws, and manners,—when the Holy communion of Christ's inestimable benefits shall be participated in, not by here and there a small portion of the vast mass, but by the united people of a Happy Land.

And for the Church universal, what more blessed aspirations can be breathed for her welfare than that in this busy, striving, unresting England, she may not have only a few adherents, and they divided into sects and divisions; but a perfect and living realisation of that body into whose image it is her Destiny to transform every nation under heaven, even until “as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.”

Such views and aspirations as these are not new; but in this unbelieving age they are supposed to be sufficiently met and silenced by the cold remarks—Utopian, Impracticable! Men's faith is less than the grain of mustard-seed—and there the mountain of a world's sin and misery stands ever unmoved! Cunningly, meanwhile, is many a cry raised of false alarm, many a skirmish fought with puppet foes, to hide the little real progress with which the coward combatants are urging their one appointed struggle. What is one to think of the controversies which have so often distracted, and are still fiercely agitating Christendom, but that they are juggler's foils craftily supplanting those keener weapons, Truth and Love, which might pierce the heart? Too well have such devices succeeded; too truly have they impressed on lookers-on the conviction that Religion may be a pastime, but that it is not a Business. Or, to judge more charitably, looking to the men (not a few) who have indeed been in earnest—to those who are now, at this day, working and striving for good—is not the conviction forced upon us, that the objects which they propose

to themselves, or at least the methods by which they work, are more or less distorted, not simple, not congruous with the actual facts and persons which compose this world?

The century in which we live has already witnessed in England two remarkable revivals (as they are called) of Religion. The one beginning at Cambridge, reclaimed from long lethargy and neglect the living story of God's mercy and men's redemption. Churches, chapels, and open streets rung with the old tidings new told. Thousands began to feel, with grateful wonderment of soul, that Christianity was no dead letter or barren form. From the Bible, alone and simply, the blessed intelligence was drawn, and the casket which contained so priceless a treasure was valued accordingly. Efforts were made, of the noblest vigour, to carry throughout our own and into all other lands the tidings which had been so long silent. Talk of the old Crusaders! When was ever excitement to be compared with that which Exeter Hall and its thousand tributaries have over and again witnessed during the present generation? Into one place, however (except by that external influence with which such pure sentiments could not fail to impress whatever was not absolutely excluded from their contact)—into one place the teaching and principles of the Evangelical party, as such, did not reach—and that place was the Nation of England, its laws and institutions, its dealings and customs. The teachers of that school looked upon men (with a loving and faithful eye it is true), but merely as individuals; not as members of a large collective body, who were influencing and influenced by others, not only when praying, or singing, or listening together, but in every action of their daily lives, in buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage. If we look to legislation as the index of their effects upon this body politic, we cannot see those great improvements which so vehement an assertion of Christian principles might have led us to anticipate. It is not to them, as a party, that we owe many of the social improvements of our time; and because they so excluded the questions of daily life from their spiritual contemplations, and while seeking to save individuals, left the mass to go on un-Christianised, it was, before long, found that, with all the good they had effected, they were yet unable to satisfy the wants and yearnings of a people beginning to be aware of its deficiencies and necessities.

Men felt that Bibles, and preaching, and singing, were not doing all that was wanted. Life present, with its ever new cares and temptations, exhausted the resources or soon grew deaf to the reiterated cry of the never-varying preacher. A new generation was springing up, who, though they had, from their youth, listened to their mothers' Gospel-teaching, and knelt morning and evening round their fathers' family altar, were yet thrown, at the same time, into that wider range of society which their parents' principles had not leavened. At public schools and universities, in business and commerce.



they found other motives at work, other influences active; they found that though Christianity was the rule on Sunday, it was not by any means so on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. And so they were disappointed, dissatisfied, and perhaps too rashly determined for themselves that their good fathers and mothers were very narrow-minded, and that their religion, if not altogether cant, was a very untrue representation of that for which their own wants and experience induced them to look. They turned to other leaders, for other leaders were soon to be found.

Dissatisfied, as well they might be, with the existing state of society, and animated perhaps with an unreasonable, and therefore uncharitable, aversion to the religious party then uppermost, the new apostles propounded doctrines of the most opposite character to those with which England and Protestant Christendom had been loudly ringing. They boldly promised their followers something deeper—truer—more real. The very promise enlisted many a disciple; for true it is, man is ever craving, and has not yet been satisfied,—least of all in his aspirations after the True and Real.

The fulfilment of their promise is before us—to accept or decline. We are offered that which indeed we sorely needed, and which others, with all their excellent preaching, had failed to create—a living organised CHURCH,—a church of divine institution, apostolical appointment, and regular transmission,—sacraments, priests, fasts, and festivals. Such is the offer that has been made, and by many accepted and zealously tried. Are the results satisfactory? Has this revival of the old church solved in any degree the evils, and miseries, and perplexities of our time? Has the teaching of the Oxford school penetrated more into the Nation than did that of its Cambridge predecessor? Honestly, but not without regret, we are obliged to read a negative answer; and while we see the real evils of the day, the selfishness, alienation of classes, bitterness of religious animosity still continuing, and showing no evidence of being even touched by the vaunted remedy, we are induced to reflect whether the bias given to the religious feelings and thoughts of our time may not have been misdirected,—whether this so-called Church, for which so many noble spirits are earnestly and conscientiously labouring, be not a false idol beguiling men's thoughts and energies from a truer and more hopeful object.

These are not the pages, and certainly ours is not the wish, to enter into controversy on one hand or the other. Seeking the better way, that in which all men, seeing its superiority, may ultimately consent to walk in harmony, we cannot think that either of the two great movements of our century have *proved* the perfect truth of their principles. Their very antagonism to each other (expressed by many with such un-Christian violence)—is it not a presumption against both? The evil that still cries aloud for remedy—is it not the voice of an overruling Monitor, ever urging us to press on from falsehood to truth, from imperfection to perfection, from delusion to reality?

Only let us not be slow to acknowledge from one or the other the great and essential services they have both done to the cause of Christianity, and the benefit of Man. Let us thank them for the solemn and earnest protest they have equally borne against the deadly lethargy which had been so long the reproach and bane of England. Let us never again lay aside the BOOK and its Gospel which they rescued from neglect, nor let us desert the CHURCH, of which, in whatever form we may hope to see it developed, we owe it to them that we have not entirely forgotten the existence. Nor while we are thus upon our acknowledgments, be those forgotten to whom we have already alluded as looking to the processes of human reason and regulation, as the only true means for the improvement of their country. To them we are largely indebted for those principles and appliances of political and social economy which reduce within the limits of man's deliberation and direction all the complicated movements and interests of a gigantic and tangled society.

Meanwhile, though not unmindful of the labours and benefits of one and all the systems of our day, we are yet disposed to follow the guidance of reason and reflection in that direction towards which our natural sympathies and affections are surely leading us,—to dear old England, her Homes and Parishes, her Christian Queen and Constitution. We look not only to preachers or to priests, or to political economists, to guide us in the right way, but also to our natural leaders—our *noblemen* and *gentlemen*, judges and magistrates—the chieftains of our Christian Commonwealth. Theirs it is, in their several vocations, to labour and strive *pro ecclesiâ Dei*—for the congregation of Christ's flock. Then shall the Gospel of Faith become a Reality, when all the operations of life are conducted according to its principles; then shall the Church be no longer an abstract Idea, or a barren Institution, but an actual living working Body; then shall England be indeed leading the nations of the world, leading them to their glorious destiny,—to the Faith, the Hope, the Love of CHRISTENDOM!

L.



## Anglo-Saxon Chieftains!

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Chiefs! who shall live in story  
The Champions of our Race,  
Whose greatness is our glory,  
Whose weakness our disgrace,—  
Chiefs who, from birth or station,  
Or intellect—God's gift,—  
Can rouse an abject nation,  
A nobler standard lift,—  
Can order without passion,  
Rebuke without offence,  
And win in gentle fashion  
A People's Confidence;  
To you, and not to Strangers,  
We look to guide us on,  
To brave all doubts and dangers  
Until our work be done!

Your task is great and glorious,  
Lead onwards while you can,  
In Faith and Love victorious  
Lead Man to succour Man,—  
Strive not for wrath or rivalry,  
Or aught of meaner worth,  
Proclaim a holier Chivalry,  
Goodwill and Peace on Earth.  
A thousand and four hundred—  
The long years that are fled,  
Since Angla-Saxons plundered  
By Pirate Chieftains led;  
Now Strife and Plunder ending  
They wander forth again,  
And Love with Courage blending,  
Their Chiefs are GENTLE-MEN!



# Old England,

and

## The Politics of the Day.



*"Stare super antiquas vias."*



### INTRODUCTORY.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS, like all the Teutonic race, have been distinguished by peculiar manners and political institutions. Uncivilised Heathens, they cultivated to the highest degree the virtues of valour and love of liberty. Civilised by the divine light of Christianity, they became as remarkable for love of justice and humanity. In war they were governed by the example as much as by the authority of their princes, and in peace civil union was maintained by the independent authority of the aristocracy and the people in their several districts. In their character, manners, and local administrations, were laid the true foundations of a limited monarchy, an easy and popular government, and the consequent loyalty and independence as well of the nobility as of the people. It is unnecessary to refer to Tacitus, and other authors, to establish these ancient, and we hope still-surviving, attributes of the English people.

It is important, however, in an inquiry into the political or social condition of a nation at any particular moment, to begin with the original elements of character, which, like the principles of all philosophy, are simple, few, essential. Historical details and illustrations are also unnecessary, when these elements are recognised, as they now appear to be, in a remarkable manner in the various elaborate investigations of the history and antiquities, manners and institutions of our forefathers. They are like important axioms, postulates, and definitions, to which we may refer, not speculatively only, but practically, in any inquiry into the social relations of their descendants. They are important,

not only for determining character, but for ascertaining how far changes in the laws and institutions are congruous or incongruous to the habits, will, and inbred propensities of the nation.

It has often been said that the boy is the man of future life. With equal truth it may be observed of the different families of mankind, and that in proportion to the strength of the attributes of each family, that the chief characteristics are permanent in their infancy, youth, manhood, and mature age. We may admit that the ultimate causes of this sameness are mysterious, but the fact is undoubted. It is manifest in the most feeble and effeminate of the human race, and whether we trace this continuous identity to physical organisation,—to laws, manners, or customs,—or more readily to a common language, the criteria are distinct and clear. We may subdivide to an absurd degree, but if we trace out the fact where the outlines are the most prominent, it is too evident to be disputed. If we take as an example the Anglo-Saxon family, there are some plain facts which manifest the over-ruling predominance of breed. We advert to these particulars, not merely as curious circumstances, but as a useful touchstone to our pride and patriotism.

When the Romans conquered the ancient Britons, the aboriginal people retained their manners, habitations, and language. But when the Saxons were the conquerors, they became so entirely the masters and possessors of the land that the ancient inhabitants were either banished to the mountains, or perished by the sword. So complete was the conquest, that scarcely a vestige of the native language was mixed with the English for many generations. Nor can it be said that these different results of conquest were to be ascribed solely to the policy of one set of conquerors, and the barbarism of the other. For when the Saxons were the conquered race, overpowered by the invading Danes, as barbarous as themselves, and again by the half-civilised Normans, they still retained their language; and though the feudal system introduced great changes in the laws and tenure of property, yet the provincial and local administrations flowed on in their old forms and wonted channels. When the laws were administered in a foreign language the people still retained their own, as they have in every period of our history down to the present time. If we trace it from its primitive oral and extemporaneous state to the age of Alfred, when it assumed a written form, and from Alfred through Wicliffe and Chaucer to the reign of Elizabeth, when it put on a more classical and elegant dress; and even from Elizabeth to the present time, notwithstanding the corruptions which commerce or science, affectation or vanity, have introduced, the English language—simple, earnest, homely, expressive—is still substantially the same\*. The language of domestic life and patriotic feeling, "*the house we dwell in*," "*the land we live in*," is still the same, abounding in nouns and verbs, and sparing

\* Vide Bishop Percy's "Preface to Mallet's Northern Antiquities," and the Preface to "Johnson's Dictionary."

of enfeebling epithets. The translation of the Bible, which Englishmen love, and the Common Prayer, though in a less degree in elegant harmony with the "vulgar tongue," preserve the original form and scheme of pure English. Were we to judge of the English Character, therefore, by the vernacular speech, we might perceive mutations and additions, but we could not fairly infer any material national decay. What *dilettante* schools, and prize essays, and effeminate romance, and gorgeous descriptions may effect, it might be difficult to predict; but hitherto good expressive English, as used by the common people in business, in dialogue, by witnesses, and even by prisoners in courts of law, and paupers before courts of guardians, is not banished from among us: the Bible, the Prayer Book, and the soul of the People still preserve its Saxon genius,—simple, earnest, homely, expressive.

This may be observed not only in our own Land, but wherever our own branch of the human family has spread, as it has done in modern times, over so large a portion of the Globe. It is not confined to the Mother Country, to mountains and fastnesses, but has expanded, and is expanding itself, over the face of the Earth. Wherever the Anglo-Saxons have settled, they have carried with them energy, industry, and love of liberty, the peculiarities of the race, and have uniformly manifested them in their language, in the equal laws and free institutions which they have adopted, and in the consequent progress which they have achieved in arts, commerce, and power. If this be true of the offshoots of the original Stock, which, though frequently mingled in their migrations with other distinct families, have still preserved the predominance of their distinctive character, we might surely expect to find a patriotic pride in the Mother Nation of that collective family, in transmitting fixedly and permanently these genuine characteristics. If these indelible features are preserved, by territorial government, by local administrations, by gradations and intercommunity of offices in the descending and propagating branches, it might be expected that political and social institutions, which are at the same time the proof and pillar of character, would be zealously preserved and strengthened in the parent Stem.

Here, however, we must pause. In the changes which have been made in laws affecting property, we may trace, perhaps, in the removal of feudal fictions and tenures, an approximation to a more simple scheme of rights; but if we turn to the changes which have been made, and are daily making, in so headlong a manner in the laws affecting persons, jurisdictions, structural administrations, and indigenous offices, the sinews and strength of society—changes which are so alien that they cannot be grafted into the ancient code, but must have a new style and title of social Law—we may, perhaps, discover symptoms of effeminacy, apostacy, and decay, which may suggest the importance of a truthful diagnosis of social evils, which are a scandal to the World, and too often a disgust as well as a disgrace to ourselves. There may be found such departures from wisdom and experience—such violations of national instinct—

such temptations and influences to immorality—and such discouragements to virtue, public and personal, that unless we truly and earnestly repent of our errors, and retrace our steps, national character and domestic union may suffer some mortal damage.

The storms and tempests of the past year, vulgarised as they have been by the tricks and antics of political poltroons, have, nevertheless, made their voice to be heard. Their sound has been echoed and re-echoed through all the realms of Western Christendom. In our own country the wisest and the best must have been surprised by them. They must have taught them the necessity of reconsidering many modern inventions of internal government, which in England, as in other countries, have insulted the spirit of the People. This surprise or self-suspicion on the part of official personages, is like a gleam of light and hope breaking forth behind a cloudy sky. It may be the first step to self-knowledge—the wisdom of individuals, and to national self-knowledge—the wisdom of Commonwealths. It is evident that nations the most civilised, and statesmen the most sagacious, have found themselves deceiving and being deceived. It may now be found necessary not merely to form factions and lead parties, and at any hazard to climb the heights of political ambition, but wisely, modestly, and even piously, to consult for the character and well-being of “the whole Commons of the Realm.” Less confidence may be placed in Commissioners—in one-sided parliamentary documents—in the triumviri and decemviri which have sprung out of them—in little empirical remedies which have irritated, rather than healed, the maladies which they affect to treat. A class of Statesmen may arise who, thinking less of their parties, and even of themselves, may watch over the national life, regarding its pulsations, whether healthful or feeble, as the symptoms of life and death. Speaking politically, and not only religiously, the internal (not international) convulsions which have afflicted the most civilised, and humbled the most ambitious, may have been blessings in disguise, if the wise and good in every country of Christendom will learn to rely less on the arts of government, and more on nature, and men, and facts, the true foundations on which all good government must rest.

But it will be said these are great subjects; and if an individual presumes to discuss principles and premises, he must not expect, in an age of ideas, perceptions, impressions, and excitements, to obtain a hearing. The objection is forcible and appalling. We admit it to the fullest extent to which it can possibly be pleaded. In the present state of things modesty silences zeal, and puts to shame individual efforts.

If legislative wisdom, parliamentary discussion, judicial knowledge, administrative experience, police vigilance, an enthusiastic passion for education, individual and associated philanthropy, the power of the Executive, the wealth of the State, all applied to social evils, have in so many particulars failed with discomfiture, well may unofficial and retired observers shrink from the task and



from the presumption of attempting to grapple with them, or even to contemplate them, with a view to elicit truth or suggest remedies. Still, private observation has the privilege of exemption from practical failure, and in retirement questions of this kind may be viewed with a calmness and freshness of thought which is impossible in the hurry and tide of public life.

We have recently witnessed some remarkable instances in which private individuals have *studied* these questions—have examined them in retirement—have so entirely possessed themselves of the real condition and feelings of the criminal, the unfortunate and the miserable, that when as private writers handling public questions, they have delineated accurately as well as vividly scenes of poverty, degradation, and crime, they have evoked a sympathy, and roused convulsions which have shaken the whole frame-work and fabric of society\*. These delineations may have been as artful as they have been substantially authentic. In many cases they may have been coloured and exaggerated, but they must have been founded on realities. The evils may have been traced to proximate and not to ultimate causes—to individuals and institutions, rather than to the nature of man and the structural defects of society itself. Remedies may have been proposed in a wicked spirit, which were as mischievous as they were impracticable; but the result has proved that these writers, many of them private individuals, perceived the extent and intensity of these social maladies more accurately than the most sagacious and experienced men of the time. If on such questions private and earnest observation has been efficacious for evil, we may hope that it may in some degree be so for good. Delineation without artifice, exaggeration, or passion, may not avail with the unthinking, but it may have some healthful influence at a moment when wise men and fools, good men and rogues, are alike awake to the importance of those evils to which civil commotion, famine and pestilence, sword and bloodshed, have given a notable character. The degree to which these evils have been accumulated, and to which we fear they are still progressing, as well as the failure of remedies, numberless and conflicting, which have been employed to meet them, may be some apology for any attempt, however feeble, first to understand and then to grapple with them.

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

No popular subjects have received more attention from Statesmen and Philanthropists than those which relate to discipline and coercion. Our code of Laws, formerly severe, has been so modified that it would be difficult to show

\* Dans l'œuvre de progrès, que sont considérés l'un après l'autre les meilleurs ouvriers ? Et néanmoins, l'ouvrage s'avance, la besogne du genre humain va s'accomplissant d'une manière irrésistible, et chaque homme qui étudie travaille, même en se trompant, à l'œuvre de la vérité.—L. BLANC.

that it is now less lenient than those of other countries. Severe sentences are passed, not with rigid austerity, but with mild benevolence; and executed not with a rough, but with a soft and gentle hand. Humane reluctance was never more manifest than in the judges, juries, and executioners of the law in the present day. If another Draco were to appear among us, he need be under no apprehension of being smothered to death by the veneration of his fellow-citizens.

There has been no want of care, ingenuity, or expense in the structure, order, and discipline of Prisons—no want of apparent solicitude for the reformation of criminals, or the prevention of crime, or the certainty of punishment. Compassion, and philanthropy, aided by political skill, seem to have arrived at their *ne plus ultra* upon these subjects; yet crimes have increased, punishments fail to deter, criminals repeat their transgressions and chastisements with an assiduity which baffles our wisdom, manifested as it has been in penitentiaries, refuges, and secondary punishment of every kind down to fourteen days' imprisonment and under. We have an immense mass of information collected and printed *usque ad nauseam* upon these subjects—the Committees of the House of Commons, and their Reports—the Commissioners of the Crown, and their Reports—the Inspectors of Prisons, and their Reports—the Commissioners of the Poor Laws, their Lieutenant-Colonels, and their Reports—the Privy Council Educational Inspectors, and their Reports—the Committees of Mayors and Corporations—the Consultations of Justices in Quarter Sessions—the organisation and appalling progression of the Police—are proofs enough and indisputable of the value we put upon obedience to the Laws, and of our industry, if not of our justice and skill, in endeavouring to proportion punishments to crime and aid to misfortune down to the minutest particles of littleness and refinement.

If, turning from Commissioners, Inspectors, and Accountants, and their Reports, we fix our attention on Diagrams and Dietaries, Prisons, Workhouses, and Farming Premises for Children, the picture is certainly not more charming or satisfactory. Architectural designs for correcting vice and relieving want, the embodying philanthropic and politic cogitations in geometrical delineations of lines and angles, is another class of modern inventions, for the regulation of morals by discipline and coercion. But Mr. Carlyle would say, "This paltry speculation is at bottom, if we will count it well, not yet two centuries old in this world." In its present shape it is not half a century old. In our own immediate day it has made rapid strides, and seems to be running on to a frightful enormity; Heaven grant that it may be to dotage and decay! For is it Wisdom? Has practical success attended its operations? Who is satisfied with the results? Does the Board of Health applaud it? Do Coroners' Juries commend it in their verdicts? Does the press on this subject, the honourable and faithful exponent of the instincts of the people, affirm it? Do

the Poor, the Widow, and the Fatherless, bless it? Do the good love it? Do the guilty attest its efficacy? No; no. Notwithstanding architectural and contracting ingenuity, expensive and corrupting as it has been, the silent system, the separate system, Refuges for criminals of all ages, Philanthropic Institutions for juvenile offenders in particular, Magdalenes, Penitentiaries, National Schools, British Schools, Infant Schools, and Ragged Schools, the Hulks, transportation, the apprenticeship system, the enforcement of one system of secondary punishments, and its speedy abandonment for the very opposite system—in fact, notwithstanding systems more numerous than the planets, multiplied as they have been in the corresponding æra, still Criminals and Paupers surround us precociously and unmanageably. The Secretary of State for the Home Department is puzzled to make the supply of architectural arrangements and enlargements equal to the demand. The Secretary of the Colonies has his hands full, and is offering the *élite* (as they are called) of Prisons, Workhouses, and Ragged Schools among the different Colonists, who, notwithstanding official oburgation and coaxing, seem to have too much English blood in their veins to accept these *Elèves* of modern wisdom even as a gift.

These subjects will not be pursued further in this place. They will be examined in detail hereafter. They are briefly noticed here as some excuse for any attempt to analyse these amalgamations of humanity and as an indication of the object in view. We trust we shall prove that we state them with no evil design, with no unreflecting motive, and, least of all, with any intention to frustrate the virtuous efforts of the good in abating the vice or misery of our fellow-creatures. Our object is to turn them into right channels. We are aware that in making this open attack we are the volunteers of a forlorn hope, that the breach has been imperfectly made, and that there is hazard of failure to the storming party; but we volunteer our services with motives which we are not ashamed of, and with such a conviction of the weakness of the strongholds, that we anticipate neither defeat nor disgrace in an attempt to remove, or at least to lighten, these ponderous unsocial machineries which have too often been the proximate causes of many evils, and the aggravation of many more.

Before we venture to make this hazardous assault, we may be permitted to endeavour to make the breach more practicable, by undermining opinions and weakening convictions on which these social ramparts have been built and fortified. It is evident that they have been constructed on the opinion that crime and pauperism as they exist in modern Europe, and especially in England at the present time, are distinct phenomena which can be judged of and treated only by their present apparent form and magnitude; that questions relating to them cannot be solved by any historical or natural analogy, or by any reference to their causes, but wholly and solely by the immediate circumstances and features of the case; that rulers, as well as lawyers, can only proportion, in cases of crime, chastisement to transgression,—in cases of destitution, the minimum of the means of

existence to the destitute; that punishment must be relied upon as the restraint of crime, and that the certainty and the fear of punishment are the only means of prevention, and that governors must rely upon fear and shame, and discipline and coercion as the real arts of governing mankind.

#### REWARDS AND PRIVILEGES.

Let us be permitted to make other suppositions in this case with respect to what are denominated social evils, their appearance, their reality, and their effects. Let us suppose that crimes and punishments and pauperism have been viewed under forms and representations too isolated; that many questions relating to them may and must be solved by a more comprehensive view of political society, the scope of which (the sentiment is that of a Heathen, but worthy of a Christian), the scope of which "is not simply "to live, nor the duty so much to provide for the life as for the means "of living well\*." Let us suppose that Rulers, or the body Politic collectively, may proportion rewards to duty (of course, we speak of duty not in a personal, but social and political sense), as well as punishments to crime; in other words (the rule is not only Christian, but politic), that Rulers cannot effectually be a terror to evil-doers, unless at the same time, in some proportion or degree, they are a Praise to them that do well in the Commonwealth,—that ignominy may in many cases have been applied where honour would more avail, and that without honour, even in the humblest ranks, ignominy is not shameful. Let us suppose that greater care of the healthy parts of society would not only be the means of preserving those parts in health, but of absorbing and destroying the morbid humours of the distempered parts, and so of preventing the spread of infection through the Body. Let us suppose that Governments may manifest their value of duty and obedience in civil as well as in military life, by honour, promotion, and reward, as well as by punishment and discipline; and that the great body of the people may learn by their hopes as well as by their fears, by their sense of honour as well as by their sense of shame, to set a value upon the law, and render their willing service in its administration. And, finally, let us suppose (the most popular hypothesis) that this modified system may be less expensive,—and perhaps these ramparts and fortifications may be reduced—the forlorn hope of attacking them may be less forlorn, and the prospect of diminishing by peaceful and legitimate means the criminality, and the pauperism, and the democracy of the age may become somewhat more hopeful and encouraging.

These declarations must, we are aware, be fortified by practical details to save them from the charge of enthusiasm, and these in the subsequent pages

\* Aristotle.

we propose to give in a form, which we trust may be found not inconsistent with good sense, the institutions of the country, or the manners and customs of the people. We profess not to preach an Elysium on earth, and to do away with punishments, even severe, while we advocate fewer punishments: it will be a sufficient reward if we can initiate any system of retrogression in a case where advance seems only to add evil to evil, and confusion to confusion. From what we have already said we shall not be suspected of having formed low and unworthy opinions of our fellow-countrymen, or of the importance of nourishing their affection to the law and institutions of the Land, the great antidote not only to sedition and revolution, but to crime and ill conduct.

But again, before we make our attack upon the ramparts, we must skirmish away the enemies that are hovering around the walls and hang upon our flanks. Political and social romance has so pre-occupied the ground, and we fear taken so much possession of the public taste with respect to these questions, that an argument however straightforward, and earnest, and congenial to our own taste, may fail to attract attention, unless it can be made to appear in the fashionable and delicate apparel of fancy, rather than in the plain robes of sober sense. However reluctantly, we will sacrifice simplicity not to popularity, but to earnestness. To gain the wayward and the prejudiced, we will view the past and the present (we will say nothing of the future) through dreams and romantic visions, which we will endeavour to represent on the mirror of fiction, in order to reflect them on the mirror of truth. Truth is, we fear, so rarely the object of direct and intentional pursuit, that in order to bring it home, we must not grudge any measure of patience which it may be necessary to exercise toward curiosity and love of novelty, which, after all, are more pardonable habits than misanthropic indifference.

## THE GIANTS.

THOUGH Lilliputians, Pigmies, and Dwarfs, once so famous, are now seldom heard of, the real as well as the imaginary world is still peopled with Giants and Fairies, all ready enough to assail any poor adventurer who dares in any way to impugn the wisdom of the nineteenth century. Giants and Fairies, these are the gods (*καρχηδονοι δαίμονες*), who garrison our ramparts and will defend the soil we wish to recover from their usurpation. We have said enough to awaken their fears and arouse their indignation. We must meet their attacks as best we may. There is one race of these ugly beings already upon us, more troublesome, if not more formidable, than Despair or Apollyon—the race of Political Interrogators, armed with a quiver full of interrogatives, Who? What? How? When? Where? “Who are you, inconsiderate adventurers (we hear “their gruff voices exclaiming), who dare to impugn our wisdom or our

“ acquired influence? What do you propose? How do you advise the Wiser than you to act? When and where do you make your experiment, in town or country, city or village, England or Ireland? We forbid you, by a thousand interrogatives, to proceed in your mad attempt; but stand and answer, or we will send you to prison for fourteen days, hard labour and solitary confinement.”

As our own Report might be liable to suspicion of partiality, we insert an extract from the Official Report of the proceedings of the *Court of Giants*, premising that in this Court the Presidents conduct the business something in the manner of the French Judges, or the Chairmen of the Committees of the House of Commons. They interrogate, put their own questions in their own way, hear witnesses on one side, sum up the evidence, and give their own verdict.

### GIANTS' COURT.—*March 3, 1849.*

#### *Examination of JOHN ENGLISH and others.*

*Interrogator.*—Have you, inconsiderate adventurers, weighed well the theory of population, the foundation of political science?

*Respondent.*—We have regarded it with some attention and interest, for that theory is the prime element in which Society moves in its orbit, under a law as essential to the world of human beings as the law of gravitation to the world of matter, a law which an intelligent Philanthropist would no more neglect than a Physical Philosopher the problem of the three bodies, or the lemmas on which it rests.

*Int.*—It is something to admit the principle, but how do you propose to apply it?

*Res.*—We do not apply it at all; it applies itself; and all we have to do is, to consult for ourselves, families, and countrymen according to it.

*Int.*—There is some sense in that; but numbers, and increments, and the doubling of the population, and the geometrical ratio, how do you propose to get over these matters?

*Res.*—If we stop to get over them they will probably get the better of us; and we think it is true wisdom to teach men, or to let them learn, as easily they may, the physical and other limitations under which we exist and multiply upon earth.

*Int.*—But is population or are human institutions the cause of human misery?

*Res.*—Man's eventful history to the present hour will not justify the idea of human perfectibility. These are questions which have agitated the World, and especially modern Europe; but it is not certain that either are the

necessary sources of human misery. Under the control of another principle, the principle of population may be an incitement to virtue and happiness, the necessities which it creates being the motive to work and effort, the source of both. As to institutions, when connected with individual virtue, they are the greatest checks to vice and misery.

*Int.*—But what say you to the increased and increasing prolongation of human life?

*Res.*—It is not a material difficulty, and it may be left till there shall appear some probability of Condorcet's absurd idea of indefinite prolongation being realised. In the mean-time we refer you to the Registrar-General and the Insurance Companies.

*Int.*—But the enormous increase of vice and misery, criminals, paupers, overflowing prisons, workhouses, Tooting establishments, 1400 innocents three in a bed, sleeping and dying—do not these social evils, staring you in the face and striking you with horror, forbid you to discuss such subjects?

*Res.*—We view such things with inexpressible grief and pain; but we see your drift. You would enlarge and perpetuate these breeding-places of vice and misery. We stoutly assert that there are and must be many other and better means of meeting these evils than this way of degeneration of degenerate and miserable mortals, as if it were the degeneration of unclean animals. You Giants and Poor-Law Commissioners will sanction and perpetuate them if you can. Extension of Workhouses and Prisons you more zealously affect than extension of Churches. You would spend millions to extend unnaturalism, and not a farthing to spread faith, hope, and charity. Nothing seems to daunt you in your Giant monomania, to call it by the most favourable name. Eminent and responsible Physicians on scientific grounds declare that, under no possible circumstance of climate, clothing, or diet, however favourable, can such a system be justifiable. Coroners' juries return verdicts of manslaughter, and, from moral considerations and a conviction of the inhumanity of such gross expedients, founded as they are on the grossest notions of human nature and human existence, declare them national nuisances. In face of such facts the Poor Law Commissioners propose immediately, not a disunion of unions or a subdivision of enormous parishes, but (*mirabile*, or rather, *horribile dictu*) a union of unions and a consolidation of the largest parishes into *Districts* for the selfsame purpose of feeding, sleeping, and schooling these congregated innocents and orphans\*. Such population interrogatories all Englishmen will answer with a cry of shame on the Giants. But to close this subject, many good men are too inattentive to this inscrutable law—necessary, irresistible. The gross use of it made by vulgar and mercenary minds is, however, much worse than ignorance or misconception respecting it can be.

\* See evidence before the Coroner, and the Transactions and Correspondence of Poor Law Commissioners.

*Int.*—But Capital and Labour, rich and poor, National education, National emigration, National Poor Rate, National Road Rate, and such social questions, what say you ?

*Res.*—Your name is Legion, and your offspring the same. These are Giant questions, the policy of tyrants. With no respect for your order or your wisdom, we assure you that we prefer all things of human to anything of Giant proportion. These questions will be answered in detail. Here it may be truly observed that the Road Rate, and the National Poor Rate are your monsters. Giants were formerly the Lords of wastes, and rocks, and wilds; but the brutal folk have taken possession of towns and cities, and now threaten peaceful villages with their foraging incursions. But as to Capital and Labour. You have done all in your power to support the Giants of the Mammon Race; but notwithstanding your bullying about Capital and Population, you have not been able to accomplish all your wicked projects. Take the gross amount of Capital and Population, or the increments in respective periods, as the *sole* measure of the material comfort of the people (we admit it only for argument sake), and we need not be frightened out of our senses or our liberties by your interrogatory. Within the last twenty years Population has rapidly increased, but taxation has decreased, as affecting the working classes, and there are indisputable proofs that the relative increments of Capital have outrun the increments of Population. How long this blessing may be vouchsafed, we dare not predict. But at present you have disclosed no rational causes for the increase of crime and misery, nor are we to be deterred by such interrogatories from an investigation into other aggravating or qualifying causes; and even if Capital has its relation to the rich through their gains, it has also its relation to the poor through their Labour.

*Int.*—But you must not proceed till you have answered questions as to the Statistics of Pauperism and Crime. What say you ?

*Res.*—Statistics are very important in their place, and for what they are good for. We have examined them again and again for a long period, and they will be referred to when reason requires. You know, however, that they are ignorantly and mischievously employed by your accomplices, and sometimes so deceitfully arranged that a Secretary of a Mendicity Society would be shocked at the juggles which are practised, by those who ought to be above such frauds, for vanity and selfishness. Our confidence in them, which was once strong, is very much shaken; and these budgets, which have lost their character, we shall employ as little as may be. And so, Giant and Gaunt Interrogators, we leave you; and believing your head and heart to be too small for your Giant frame, or any frame that bears the semblance of humanity, we shall fraternise with our fellow-mortals, beings of ordinary size and ordinary feelings.

Here the Giants consulted together, and we could hear their gruff voices



exclaim, "An impertinent dangerous fellow! Tread-mill, Pentonville, Milbank civil side, Milbank military side.—Hulks.—Send him out of the country." At last one of the old Giants with an under voice, "Hush! Mr. Bull is asleep, and if we make much noise about this English, he will wake himself up, and send to his foreman at the Queen's Bench, who is a regular English-man, and will make havoc of us Giants, as he did of the Parliamentary Giants in the case of the Sheriffs of London. We shall soon have a *habeas* or a *mandamus*, and be cut up root and branch. We had better warn English and dismiss the case." English warned and dismissed accordingly.

This report of a skirmish with the Giants may encourage others to resistance in time. But Statesmen must look to it. This Giant system of chargeability will not answer. Respect for Government is not what it formerly was. Some rude shocks of this kind have weakened affection. When the people of England clearly find out, that they are to pay local taxation for general purposes, are to be trusted with chargeability, but not with responsibility, they may rise and shake off this yoke of the Giants with more than giant strength,—

"With as much ease as Samson his green withes."

The Giants are disagreeable enough when imaginary beings. They are rebels against Heaven, and such enemies to the human race that fable has consigned them to chains of darkness. Whether from the superstitious associations which mythological fiction early inspired, or from the story of Blue Beard, or from the conviction which experience has wrought, there certainly is brutality and unfeelingness in our idea of a Giant. Though the modern race seem not to be endowed with the same gigantic form, the same skull and pericardium with the ancient Titans, they are yet tyrants on a smaller scale. They sweep away institutions and associations around which time and ages, manners and customs, character and religion have entwined the strongest feelings of the people. They have such gross ideas of human existence, and measure everything by such an unnatural scale, that when not actuated by malice, by the force of phrenological impulse, they make havoc of the delicate frame-works in which ordinary mortals must exist. They have no idea of units, parts, and particulars. When they interfere in the politics and government of human beings, they calculate by thousands, tens of thousands, and millions; they walk about in seven-league boots, they conglomerate villages into unions, towns into cities, cities and unions into districts, districts into provinces, provinces into kingdoms, kingdoms into empires, destroying all the order and beauty of society, as their prototypes did the order of Nature—

"Conati imponere Pelio Ossam."

The fate of the ancient Titans is well known. They piled mountains upon mountains, and mountains in just judgment were piled upon them, and it is

not impossible that the social mountains which the modern Giants are heaping up, may some day roll down upon them and consign them to their eternal destiny.

### THE FAIRIES.

THERE is not the same instinctive antipathy to Fairies, though it is well known, on popular authority which has been generally credited, that these cunning creatures can be very mischievous when they put their foot into the quern, or the churn, or the common business of life. But generally they do not convey an idea of ill-nature or want of good feeling. Robin Goodfellow and Peas-Blossom inspire no sensations of abhorrence, and many would feel it a painful act of duty to banish all these interesting creatures from the country. It could not be done without a sigh and a recommendation to mercy. Their very diminutiveness, so unlike the other class of demi-gods, inspires a feeling of delicacy which, however, may sometimes deceive us. Mr. Locke thought that by the idea one has of Fairies we cannot know that things answering to such ideas exist. In our boyhood at least we were firm believers in Fairies, and we do not know that that credulity ever did us any harm. We never on a fine summer evening, in a sequestered spot, passed a bank of blue-bells, hair-bells, cowslips, or fox-gloves (though we always thought fox-glove Fairies rather dangerous and something like toads) without a firm belief that these were tenements and colonies of these invisible beings. We never saw a knot of these wild flowers saved in some nook from the browsing cattle around them without a feeling of pleasure such as a benevolent person would receive in seeing a little company of innocent orphans of two years old and upward saved from the trappings and the browsings of the giants and the contractors.

And now when we have ceased to be boys, in spite of Mr. Locke, who, perhaps, never knew what it was to be a boy, we cannot help thinking that there are little diminutive beings unnaturally small, as well as great ones unnaturally large, who have been introduced by modern statesmen, or who have introduced themselves (cunning creatures) into the business of life, who are in fact political Fairies, to whom common life is as much an imagination as a political Fairy formerly was to a Squire, a Yeoman, a Guardian, or any other parish officer. They may be very interesting creatures in fields and woods, rocks and caves, and other receptacles of natural curiosities; but transform them, as in some foreign countries the experiment has been made, into Postmasters-General or foreign Ambassadors, or Secretaries of State, or, as has been done among ourselves, into Commissioners, Inspectors, and such like, into the administration of practical business,—and they are like imaginary beings. They may have taste and something like poetry, sense, and even some

good sense, but they want that common sense which is indigenous and the result of daily experience in things and persons immediately around, a sense which intuitively, and with the precision which habit alone can give, accommodates itself to time and place and circumstance. When a thing is effected by common sense it is usually done finally, and without annoyance or disturbance, and generally the common sense of others affected by such acts fully assents to them.

The Fairies, however, are a sort of aërial beings who flit about the country, viewing things externally and superficially, and directing things which they never managed and never had in their hands before. They have their maps and diagrams, Cocker and printed forms, and questions and answers, and political machineries ready prepared to their hands, but they want insight and experience and that sort of common sense which personal interest gives, which cannot fairly be called selfish, but which is natural and recognised as just by all who live together in daily intercourse.

“ To know  
“ That which before us lies in daily life  
Is the prime Wisdom,”—

without which those who interfere are sure to leave behind them tangled skeins and elve-locks, of which we have read many accounts, not only in Fairy tales, but in the tales of the Times. Practical life must be made of sterner stuff than *Savanism*. Cecil's objection to Bacon, a real giant of those days, but who had also some strange Fairy propensities, was not fanciful or prejudiced. Cecil was infinitely inferior to Bacon as a Philosopher, but as a Practical Man, a Statesman, and a Minister he was infinitely his superior. His objection to Bacon was a proof of his discernment, that “he was a man wholly “ given to philosophical inquiries, and therefore more likely to distract the “ Queen's affairs, than serve her carefully and with proper judgment,”—as the event indeed proved. *Savanism* and common sense are too often divorced, and there is no pretence whatever for putting a philosopher over a farmer or even a peasant in the common business of life, in which the farmer or the peasant may be a wiser man.

### HOBGOBLIN COURT.

The Public is at this time unusually interested in the subject of Local Taxation, and the Laws of Settlement and Removal. One side of these questions has been most copiously and prominently brought before the Public. It seems but fair play that the other side should also be fairly heard and considered. As this evidence and the pleadings of Sir John English and a Deputation of Landowners, Farmers, and Peasants, taken before Sir Robin Goodfellow, in

the Hobgoblin Court, may conduce to place this matter in a more intelligible point of view, we have much pleasure in laying before the Public an Extract from a Report of our own Correspondent.

It must be observed that the Proceedings in this Court are similar to those in the Giants' Court, except that the Judge has the good feeling to give all parties a fair opportunity of pleading. It must also be observed that Mr. English, since the chivalrous affair with the Giants, has received from our gracious Queen the ribbon of the Noble Order of the Bath; and Robin Goodfellow, on the recommendation of the Secretary of State, the honour of Knight Bachelor.

“ HOBGOBLIN COURT.

“ Before Sir ROBIN GOODFELLOW, Knt.

*The Court.* “ Sir John English and Gentlemen,—We find by our Paper that you have determined to argue in this Court the National Rate and the Road Rate Question. We have lately inquired into the Laws of Settlement and Removal, and knowing the difficulties and the pleasure of coming to a satisfactory settlement, we shall be happy to give to your argument the most attentive hearing. It may be candid to tell you, that if your pleadings are founded on principles rather than expedients, it may be necessary to refer one case to the Court of Queen's Bench and the other to the Pope.

“ You will therefore, Sir John, see the expediency of considering the two points as much apart as possible, and by taking the one case first you may dispose of it, and then either defer the second point for another hearing, or take it immediately after the first.”

Sir John expressed his obligation to the Court, and thus commenced his pleadings:—

“ Sir Robin Goodfellow,—We are no Lawyers, and though we know this is often said of those who are, yet we approach this great National question of a National Rate with great diffidence, and regret that it has not fallen into the hands of one of our best Lawyers, convinced as we are that the merits of it depend upon the original principles of English Constitutional Law. It is a great defect in the education of Gentlemen, and particularly of M. P.s, of the other professions, of Magistrates, subordinate Magistrates, Jurors, and Constables, that a certain knowledge of the principles of the English Common Law is not a necessary part of it. In the Universities now there is a Little go and a Great go, not only for a knowledge of language, abstract science, and civil law, but for all the learning of the Egyptians; and it is remarkable that there is no go at all for the knowledge of the principles of the Common Law of our country. We cannot but think that if a *duodecim tabulæ* could be drawn out by some eminent Lawyer of the Queen's Bench (we would trust no other, not even the numerous Lord

Chancellors), and be introduced as a text-book into all schools, and, perhaps, into all Churches when the canonical table of degrees shall be civilly excommunicated from them, that it might have a beneficial effect in preventing crime by spreading a more general knowledge of the principles and use of the Law.

“ Like a great many others we ourselves left school and college without a particle of that knowledge. The interests of society and the leisure of retirement have occasionally turned our thoughts not to modern bungling statutes, but to the originals and elements of Law, especially English Law as connected with English character in the humblest walks of life. An occasional interview with Littleton, Coke, Hale, Blackstone, or Hooker, makes the study of the common English character, whether exhibited in the Overseer, or Churchwarden (for Christianity is a part and parcel of the Law of every Englishman), in the Juror, the Constable, or the Peasant, doubly interesting. These great men not only knew but loved the Law, and are the best guides not only to the knowledge but to the admiration of its principles. They taught the Law and patriotism at the same time. They guide us ‘in tracing out the originals and, ‘as it were, the elements of Law;’ they fix Law on the principles of human nature,—on ‘the organisation of mankind.’ They trace it up to God, and fix the civil and political duties of mankind upon the same foundation as the moral and the Christian.

“ It is the fashion of the Parliamentary system, the effeminate tyranny of the present time, to consider these great authorities and the Common Law itself as Gothic and obsolete. Any one who should trace ‘originals to their fountains,’ the character, rights, and duties of Englishmen to the institutions and the codes of our Saxon ancestors would be smiled at by the grandiloquent orators of the day as an obsolete antiquarian relic. Your Honour will, therefore, readily believe that it was neither with surprise nor dismay that we heard your observation, that this subject, if discussed on its principles, might be reserved for the Court of Queen’s Bench, which we certainly should prefer to the Vatican.

“ These preliminary remarks are intended as some apology for discussing the question before the Court on its principles, before we advert to its probable consequences or to the ravings which are afloat respecting it, and which would almost lead us to fear that Englishmen had lost their senses. The Enthusiasts, who are foremost in thrusting forward this social nostrum, seem altogether to overlook or misconceive the nature of a Rate. They seem to attach to it only the idea of a tax, and of a certain amount more or less levied by such an impost. Whereas there are very important attributes and limitations inherent in a Rate, which are not proper to a tax. Those who remember the American war, or have contemplated its history, will recollect that the interference of the Mother Country with internal taxation was the prime and ultimate cause of the disaffection of the Colonists, and of their final separation from the Crown

of England. It was Parliamentary Law and Parliamentary tyranny which originated that disaffection. To the last the Americans were attached to the Crown and to their English brethren. Disaffection did not begin with the Traders and Merchants against the regulations of commerce, though they were sufficiently arbitrary, but with Landowners, Farmers, and Peasants, on account of the tyrannical impositions of Parliament with respect to internal and local taxation. Here your Honour will see a true and valuable type of the feelings of Englishmen (for Americans were Englishmen), and a valuable lesson of wisdom to Parliament, to Statesmen, and to us all in the present day.

“A Rate differs essentially from a fiscal impost. Customs, excise, or general tallages, varied by Parliament in their details and proportions are exacted without reference to locality or the distribution of Proprietors, their personal or social interests. They are levied by the supreme Government, without any necessary reference to the divisions of the Country, though they may or may not be made use of in their collection, and without requiring necessarily the consent or co-operation of the various degrees, orders, or corporations into which the political society may be distributed. Whereas a Rate is a kind of taxation with peculiar limitations to parts and particulars. It must be in every parish for every inhabitant. It has reference to jurisdictions, to particular objects, and to the indigenous authorities which are, as it were, the spontaneous growth of the soil. It is imposed by the parish itself for the special interests of the locality. It must be collected and administered by the officers of the local corporation for the sole interests of the place. For general revenue a person may be taxed for property wherever it lies, or wherever he may dwell, but the duties and liabilities involved in a Rate have immediate reference to locality and habitation. By a Rate, Englishmen can only be taxed, or rather tax themselves, for the land or the stock immediately within the precincts of the locality, and only as possessors or occupiers of such property, whatever they may possess or occupy elsewhere. In fact, it is local taxation limited by territory and jurisdiction. It is true that this original English and legal sense of a Rate has been shaken, perverted, and corrupted by the Parliamentary Union system of Modern times, but never without manifest and accumulating mischiefs, never with the approbation of the best lawyers who have sat in the Queen's Bench of England. They always connected local taxation with local jurisdiction. They never would allow these principles to be separated. If the taxation was for the parish, it must be by parochial division and jurisdiction; if for the hundred, by the authorities of the hundred; if for the county, by the jurisdiction of the county. The best lawyers (Lord Mansfield, Lord Kenyon, Mr. Justice Willes, Ashurst, and Buller, in whose time more questions of this kind were decided than in any corresponding period), always put whatever impediments they legally could in the way of any process which would confound jurisdiction.

On legal and public principles they always protected the smallest, as the most sacred in this point of view. In the case of *King against Leigh*, 3 Term, Rep. 748, Lord Kenyon observed, 'In small divisions the officers are more attentive to their duty, and in the part of the country with which I am acquainted the poor are better provided for in small districts, and therefore as the usage in this case corresponds with our ideas of the policy, and as we are warranted in the adjudged cases on this point, we think it highly proper that the division of the parish, which has subsisted so long, should continue.'

"Buller, J. said, 'I entirely agree with my Lord Chief Justice that the greater care is taken of the poor in small than in large districts; I even go further, for though it should appear that a parish had enjoyed the benefit of the 43rd Eliz., yet, if they could not now maintain their own poor jointly, we would permit them to divide themselves, provided there be such legal divisions in the parish as are capable of supporting their own poor separately.'

"This opinion is maintained not only in special decisions, but in the elementary treatises of all good lawyers. 'When the shires,' says Blackstone, 'the hundreds, and the tithings were kept in the same admirable order that they were disposed in by the great Alfred, there were no persons idle, consequently none but the impotent that needed relief, and the statute of the 43rd Eliz. seems entirely founded on the same principle; but when this excellent scheme was neglected and departed from, we cannot but observe with concern what miserable shifts and lame expedients have from time to time been adopted in order to patch up the flaws occasioned by this neglect.'"

Here the Court appeared to be a little disconcerted, and turned over some papers which looked like Red Tape Reports, so common in public offices, and especially in the Home Office, and then addressed the Deputation.

*The Court.*—"Sir John, you are now about to enter upon a part of the subject which requires a knowledge of details, and of what is going on. We have no wish to interrupt you in your important argument, which we foresee will force this subject before the Judges. But we would suggest whether, if you have not seen the Reports of the Meetings in London, in Norwich, Leeds, and elsewhere, as well as in Ireland, you would see it expedient to adjourn the proceedings to a future day?"

Sir John proceeded. "It is our good fortune, Sir Robin, to argue these questions before your Honour, who has had opportunities of knowing the floating opinions on this subject, and we beg to assure your Honour that though we have not been privileged to see the Reports which have been made to the Home Secretary, we have examined the other papers to which you refer, particularly the '*London National Equitable*,' we think it is called, and the '*Norwich National Equitable Rate Association*.' (Here the Court coughed, and looked with a maiden blush on what appeared to be a Red-tape Report.) Though we were not bred to the Law, we have sometimes found it an advantage

to us that we were many of us at school with a master who was fond of trying his boys with odd and crabbed pieces of Latin and Greek, and we used to say that he was sometimes trying to make us construe through a brick wall. The subject before us has a very crabbed appearance, and looks very like a brick wall. It is not a pleasant thing to construe through a brick wall,—but it has its advantages, and among them that it enables you to find out that many walls are not solid brick, but built and daubed with untempered mortar, which need no siege operations of sapping and mining, but are shaky and easily demolished with an English oak stick.

“ We will not trouble the Court with the trivial points which often attract the attention of the Pumilos and Dandiprats, but rather take those on which the Giants and the Fairies dwell with the greatest confidence. The Chairman of the London Equitable is the Chairman of the Norwich Equitable Rate Association, and also Chairman of a Court of Guardians. This gentleman's argument was partly *statistical*, partly *politico-economical*, and partly *vituperative* of the Landowners and Farmers of the Country. It will not be necessary to give the figures of the statistics, but if your Honour will examine them you will perceive that the reasoning is in direct opposition to the statistics, as the statistics are to the conclusions. If the object is to show that the cities and large towns are, through the general operation of the Poor Law, or by the Removal Act especially, more burthened than country parishes, it appears by the statistics, that the Poor Rate of seven of the most populous manufacturing counties of England was 1*s.* 6*d.* in the pound, while the Poor Rate of seven agricultural counties selected by the Chairman amounted to 2*s.* 9*d.*, the statistics evidently upsetting the assertion. In the same manner another gentleman, the Coryphæus of this debate, arguing on the grievance of a six-and-eightpenny-rate, naturally supposes an objector would say, ‘ You have made your own case ‘ peculiar.’ How does he proceed to remove the objection? Very fairly, by asserting that other populous places are affected in a similar manner. Liverpool and Manchester, which every one knows have suffered peculiarly of late by languor of trade and *influx of strangers*, are very naturally selected. How does the statistical proof sustain the argument? Why, while the Poor Rate in Norwich is 6*s.* 8*d.* in the pound; in Liverpool, burthened peculiarly with strangers, the Poor Rate is 1*s.* 8½*d.*; and in Manchester 1*s.* 7¼*d.*,—proving clearly that Norwich is somehow or other peculiarly bewitched with some Nor-witch gangrene. Statistics are queer things to play with, especially when gentlemen can make 25,000 parishes in England and Wales. That might, on the proposed new principle, be an adequate number, but they are parishes of the future and exist not yet; but probably these numbers were inaccurately given. This case of Liverpool and Manchester is, however, a fair argument in proof of the equality of the Rate at the present moment; for while the Poor Rate of the most populous counties of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Middlesex



is 1s. 6d. in the pound, the Rate for the whole kingdom is 1s. 6½d., evidently proving that Norwich is a peculiar case.

“Leaving the statistical we come to the politico-economical argument. The Chairman of the London and Norwich *Equitable* begins his reasoning with this fundamental maxim: ‘The Labour of the people is the property of the Country ‘at large.’ A truly giant workhouse doctrine; if a true one, of somewhat more extensive application than this gentleman imagines. We sometimes hear it said by certain politicians, that the property of the Church is the property of the Country, and now ‘the Labour of the people is the property of the Country;’ but surely these moralists, these friends of the Poor and enemies of the Church, would not have the application of this doctrine stop here. The fees of Lawyers, and the fees of Doctors, and the profits of tradesmen, merchants, manufacturers, and bankers must be the property of the Country. We had always thought that in England the man who lawfully inherited, or honestly gained, or industriously earned whatever he had was the true Proprietor; and we must still think, Sir Robin, that in England, and in every country not enslaved, that the labourer, and no one else, ought to be the Proprietor of his Labour, as the Queen of her Crown, the Noble of his domain, the Clergyman of his tythe, the Doctor and the Lawyer of their fees, the manufacturer, the tradesman, and the banker of their gains. Truly this workhouse creed ought to be an extensive one—‘the Labour of the people is the property of the ‘Country.’ And here comes an important question—Who is the Country, this Proprietor of ‘the Labour of the People?’ Why, the Poor Law Commissioners and the Giants, the Chairman and Committee of the National *Equitable* Rate Association. But the Country is divided into parts, and if we reduce the Country to Provinces, Cities, Unions, and Parishes, the proposition of this Gentlemen will stand thus: ‘The Labour of the Union is the property of the ‘Chairman and Board of Guardians of the Union, and the Labour of the people ‘of Norwich is the property of the Chairman and Court of Guardians.’ This creed seems to pervade the soul of almost all these Debaters. They seem scarcely to have any idea of a Labourer but in the shape of a Pauper, nor of his labour but as of a sack of corn, a bale of cotton, or a stone of oakum. This doctrine is too much carried into practice. The weaver puts up his work under the direction of the Guardian Manufacturers or of the Relieving Officer, at the expense of the Guardians, not of the Manufacturers. The National Rate, even a Partnership Rate, would be very convenient for the Manufacturers—the Guardians of it—but not very convenient to the Nation; not particularly agreeable to the Labourer to have his labour sold for him for the sake of the Guardians,—not for himself, his wife, and children. It has been publicly asserted that this practice is extensively pursued, as the Rate manifestly shows. It does not prevail in Liverpool or Manchester, as the Rate testifies. The Gentleman who introduced the discussion implied this practice: ‘The Father

' of a Gentleman he had in his mind often boasted, that he never allowed his ' men to go to the Court, but his Son said he could not make that boast.' It was publicly asked if the practice was continued, and no one denied it. One Gentleman admitted that it was an unpleasant thing to take a Workman out of the Workhouse; and yet, on the Giant principle, the Guardians propose to take more of the labour into their own hands, and to work their own property in a new Workhouse, which is to contain 1500 instead of 300 souls.

" The politico-economical principle cannot be carried further, but it appears in another shape. We may take the doctrine as laid down by two other Lawyers:—' The relief should be on the part of the Nation; not expended ' by the hand of charity, but to lift the poor man out of the state of poverty. ' If the energies of the Nation were directed to the relief of the Nation itself, ' they would have a different face of things, and he hoped they would see it in ' a neighbouring Country.' It does not appear whether this neighbouring Country is France or Ireland, but either will do as an illustration. The other Gentleman said, ' To make the matter more familiar, they asked to make that ' great Country a large Benefit Club for the aid of the Poor.' So that a National Rate would be perfect Communism. Quotations might be made, *ipsissimis verbis*, from the Communist orators of France. It is the magnificent idea of M. Louis Blanc, copiously expounded (at least one side of it) by these orators, and tersely expressed by the Frenchman, thus, '*L'état est le Banquier des Pauvres.*' Here is the true maxim of Communism, of the *ateliers nationaux*, of fraternity, as the doctrine we before noticed was of equality, or the art of reducing to a level; so that, with Liberty in England and a National Rate, we should have the glorious emblems—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

" But the vituperative argument must not be omitted—City against Country—the demagogue antagonism of the present day. This had been carried to so great a length that the Mayor, in opening the business, expressed his hope ' that all allusion to the Country Gentlemen and their proceedings ' would be dropped.' It was constantly asserted that the Country Gentlemen and Farmers created the six-and-eightpenny Rate; yet the Gentleman, who was foremost in zeal, not in vituperation (for he avoided everything of the kind), says, that he had examined the Books, and that, on his ' word of honour,' if the Act were repealed it would be a saving of from £.3000 to £.5000 a-year. The calculations exhibited did not reach £.8000, and, without doubting the convictions or the honour of that gentleman, we do doubt the amounts he conjectures. But admit the fact; £.3000 is but one-twelfth of £.40,000, or nearly, said to be the Rate. This one-twelfth appears to be on the decrease; and the interpretation of the Queen's Bench, always restraining very properly this sort of statute, will, it is admitted, make a very favourable alteration to a great extent. But only one side of the case is given—the *Cr.* account against the 700 Parishes of Norfolk and all England. Only the positive quantities, the

+ side of the question is taken ; but in most arithmetical accounts there are negative (—) quantities, and if the Lawyers had examined both sides of the question it would have, perhaps, appeared that the negative quantities cancelled a good part of the positive, and that this monster grievance was no grievance at all. But, it is said, there are ' 13,000 who *may* become chargeable to the ' City at any moment.' The particulars of this calculation are not given. It must, we suppose, include the Bishop and his family, the Dean and Chapter and their families; the greater part of the Clergy, Lawyers, tradesmen, citizens, and respectable labourers must have been included in this statistical guess at the horrible non-native inhabitants under a system of free trade. All these *may* become paupers, but it is not probable. But what has the Country to plead on the other side? The Revenues of the Bishop, the Dean and Chapter, the Clergy (for the citizens pay the merest fraction), the Corporation, the Charity Trustees, derive their Revenues from the Country and spend them in the City. The wealthy Bankers, the magnificent Insurance Offices, derive a large capital from the Country, employed often for the advantage of the Traders of Norwich. The Lawyers and the Doctors (for there is scarcely a Lawyer or a Doctor within ten miles of the City) derive a large portion of their incomes from the Country and spend it in the City. Not less probably than £.50,000 a-year paid in wages in the parts of the Country round the City, is received by the inhabitants of the City. The Gaol, the Hospital, and other public charities, derive their funds from the Country which are spent in the City. There are scarcely any shops of importance within some miles, and of course the supply of conveniences of the inhabitants of these localities comes from the City. The weekly markets, and the negotiations connected with them, must deposit a large sum for the benefit of the City. This is the case with other Cities and Country towns.

" Whence, then, this angry clamour of the City against the Country? Have the Country Gentlemen and Farmers injured the Doctors and Lawyers, and Insurance Offices, and Bankers, Traders and people of the City?—Suppose that all the villages within ten miles of the City had their own cottages, labourers, tradesmen, professional men, and everything requisite for the business of life within themselves; suppose that there was no harvest work, no field work, for the poor of the City, and how would all these changes in the framework of society benefit the rich or poor of the City? Certainly, the citizens could not complain, after all their violent tirades against the selfishness of the Country, if the Country-folk should hold the Royal Agricultural Society in some other Country Town, and cut the City connection with this Fairy tune—

' Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long legg'd spinners, hence.'

(The Court smiled.) " Yet, notwithstanding this miserable case, the London and Norwich Equitable Orators declared that they had half convinced

Mr. C. Buller and Sir G. Grey, that Sir R. Peel and Sir J. Graham were quite certain, and that they had been very civilly received by Mr. Baines. They seemed to have no doubt of carrying the Parliament by storm, by the argument *ad Parliamentum*, as another of the learned profession called the uproarious declamations of this Association.

“ The *argumentum ad Parliamentum* is an instructive, if not a convincing one. It runs thus: ‘ The Legislature had sanctioned the principle of free trade. ‘ Let them therefore stand upon this principle; manufactured goods, the ‘ products of agriculture, and the labour of the poor man, were all property ‘ (of the Country?). The Legislature had carried out the principle of free ‘ trade in regard to manufactures and agricultural produce, and they were ‘ bound to do the same in regard to labour, and they stood convicted of class ‘ legislation if they did not extend the principle to labour.’ We certainly never were great admirers of the refinements which were accumulated round the law of Charles II.; but if you are to have a relief by a Poor Law, there must be some legal rule, otherwise the whole face of the country will be overspread with a vagrancy, which, under such circumstances, could not be punishable. It is remarkable how this rule has varied in different periods of our history, from birth to inhabitancy, and from inhabitancy to birth. The present change seems to be one of these resiliations, when society getting weary of lying on one side changes to the other. Settlement by birth and parentage had unusual objections, perhaps, as between the County of Norfolk, containing so many parochial divisions, and the City. Settlements were made in Cities to the third and fourth generations, and it was one of the vocations of an overseer when he went to Market to pay to these hereditaries, or not uncommonly to their employers, who, of course, knew how to place it to the account of wages, the weekly allowance. That practice being stopped, the *make-up* is probably now thrown upon the Court of Guardians, and partly, perhaps, to cast a cloud over this vile practice, which the Ratepayers will probably not long endure, and partly with the hope of getting this Rate in aid of Capital (which is represented as so ill treated), from the County Rate or the Consolidated Fund, these uproarious scenes have been enacted in London and elsewhere. Settlement by birth evidently tended to the result we have mentioned, and certificates and settlements by apprenticeship, service, marriage, office, rates, rents, and property, were not mere caprices, but were enacted to mitigate the hereditary law and increase the chances of change of settlement to each individual by the circumstances of his course of life. When you removed these refinements, so profitable to the legal profession, you brought back again into full view the mischiefs of hereditary settlements. The law of settlement by dwelling and irremovability has been introduced, we suppose, not merely on the free-trade principle (though we think the legal gentlemen must see that it is a very decided move in their wished-for direction), but also to do that

without legal fictions and controversies which the refinement added to the Statute of Charles had attempted to do with them. The inconveniences, therefore, of hereditary settlement are to be put in one scale, and the inconveniences of settlements by dwelling and inhabitancy in the other. We have no great anxiety to touch either scale, and we leave others to determine which kicks the beam. If material improvements, however, in the Poor Law branch of our domestic policy are not perfectly hopeless, as we think they are not, it would seem desirable to make as few and as slight changes as possible, till amendments on principle have been fully put to the test.

“ The recent, perhaps premature, change is one of the remarkable instances of the carelessness or secret designs with which bills of great importance on these subjects have passed in Parliament. These are often so artfully framed by persons who have ulterior points to carry, that it is not easy for Members of Parliament, in the hurry of business, to perceive their tendency.

“ But, taking these circumstances into the account, the free-trade principle of making a sack of corn, a bale of cotton, and ‘ the labour of the ‘ people ’ synonymous, is not quite to our taste—benevolent, patriotic, English, and even Christian, as it is represented to be. We do not quarrel with freedom of Trade or Commerce, or even of Labour, in its proper sense when it is the property of the Labourer and not of Class and Workhouse Legislation, the worst of all Class Legislation. That the supply and demand of Labour should be free, and that no third party should interfere in the bargain, is a *dictum* of political economy and common sense. In Liverpool and Manchester, whether under the law of birth or inhabitancy, this rule appears to have been observed, as the moderate *Rate* testifies, and consequently the Poor Law is in a great measure independent of the ordinary business of life. But the rule of Norwich and the admitted practice show that the Court of Guardians, as a third party, does interfere, and the consequence is a six-and-eightpenny rate which seems to have so much horrified the Lawyers. You may have a six-and-eightpenny rate as well under the law of birth as the law of inhabitancy. It was so in the agricultural districts when the Petty Sessions played the part which the Court of Guardians have been playing in Norwich, and the consequence has been now as it was formerly (with more aggravations, of course, in a crowded city), not merely a six-and-eightpenny rate, but deep hatred between master and servant, manufacturer and weaver, between labourer and capitalist of every kind, and generally a Chartist alienation of heart in the humbler classes from all above them in the social scale. It is notorious that this alienation has been considerable in that City; the Court of Guardians has been besieged, the Workhouse stormed, the population has risen in tumult, blood has been shed and life sacrificed; and this civil confusion and the six-and-eightpenny rate is not the fault of the Legislature, but of the administration of the City, as it will be in every place where ‘ the labour of the people is the property of

'the country,' and the wages of labour are paid out of the Poor Rates. Before we discuss free trade in labour, labour must be free, without a Workhouse to contain 1500 souls."

(Here Sir John expressed his fear that he was tedious and going too much into detail, but the Court replied that the real merits of the case depended on such pleadings, and that the Court had not been fully aware of the two sides.)

"The case of this City, therefore, where this agitation, we believe, began, appears to be the strongest which could be adduced against a National Rate, or a Moiety Rate in Aid. The mischiefs which would result are manifestly illustrated and exhibited. If the Court of Guardians could have a County Rate in Aid they would probably continue their practices, and if they could have a National Rate, as Mr. C. Buller told them significantly, there would be no restraint on the expenditure. But let the *argumentum ad Parliamentum* become the *argumentum* to the citizens—let local taxation correct its own excesses by the discretion and good sense of Ratepayers and governing authorities, and the people of Norwich will find means of reducing the £40,000 a-year (we have never seen any good authority for that sum), a very large sum, in which the orators seem to glory as constituting a flagrant claim to justice or pity.

"Certainly, the Parliament has given too much ground to false expectations. The success which has attended clamour, whatever may be the merits of the case, has represented Parliament too much in the character of the unjust judge in the parable, yielding not to the voice of justice or mercy, but to uproarious importunity of associations. It was this argument which, together with free trade, this gentleman recommended to the National Rate Association, and he assured the Meeting 'that it was the opinion of men in power that if the 'people did not unite for an object, they could not accomplish it: the *selfishness* of Parliament was against them'—just as the *selfishness* of the Landowners and Farmers was against them. Both these parties may be *selfish*, and the citizens of Norwich in this matter may be *selfish*; but truth, not *selfishness*, is the object of inquiry. There are many persons who think themselves wiser than Solomon, if they resolve everything into selfishness. It is their philosophy, their tact, their knock-him-down argument on every subject. It is the end of all inquiry, if not of all strife. We think ill of the Parliamentary tide which has been rushing in on the internal government of the country, and very ill of the system of managing the poor in Norwich and other places; but there is something in Parliament besides selfishness—there is honour, patriotism, a noble self-love, or love of character, and a love of country. Human nature is not perfect, but it is capable of virtues and generosity and wisdom as well as of vices and meanness and foolery; and we believe, after all we have said of Norwich, that there is as much good sense and good feeling

there as in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions. There is (though overlaid in particular questions) as much self-love and regard to character and public spirit and benevolence as well as selfishness in that old city as elsewhere, and there is no reason to despair if the citizens will give up the idea which seems to haunt them all, that all evils are to be cured by legislation, all errors and mal-practices to be removed by revolutionary changes. If they will come to the conviction that as an individual must be wise for himself before he can be wise for others, so a city must manifest its local good policy before it can presume to alter the policy of the State, and that evils of this kind may be greatly remedied by discretion and vigour and purity in administrations, they may soon find this local sore healed, or at least reduced, by local remedies. Perhaps four or six relief-committees, instead of one, when all discrimination is impossible—perhaps the attention of the Mayor and Corporation directed particularly to these subjects; the shame and good feeling of Masters and Manufacturers; and last, not least, the pride and disgust of the Weavers and Workmen, which have been expressed so forcibly and creditably in many of the recorded public meetings,—may avail more than legislation and sweeping changes in the laws to alter entirely a system which seems, in its present degree, to be almost peculiar to this city.

“ In the local journals, which during the last year have recorded the pauperism and the anarchy of Norwich, there are mixed complaints of party tyranny, and perhaps these two things are types of the same evil,—the enfeebled powers of the local governing authorities. As you depress a Mayor, an Alderman, a Corporation in the scale of political society; as you weaken the local authorities, and turn everything over to a Parliamentary or Central power, or to a local power, independent of the official administrations of the place, you sow the seeds of tyranny on the one hand, and of anarchy on the other; and we cannot but think the observation applies to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation of Norwich, who, by modern changes, have been deprived of the patronage of nearly £.10,000 a-year—the means of preserving the dignity and strength of the governing powers, and at the same time the affections and allegiance of the people to the laws and authorities of the Place and the Country. Perhaps, if the Mayor and Corporation of London, and the wealthy Companies, had been deprived of their revenues and patronage, the 10th of April, 1848, might not have passed over quite so happily in the Metropolis.

“ We have dwelt so long, Sir Robin, on this particular case, because being made so prominent and influential in the present discussion which is interesting Parliament and Old England from one end to the other, it seemed eminently to illustrate the true and erroneous principles of internal government, and especially to throw light on the National Rate, and Rates in aid, and other similar innovations, especially with reference to cities and great towns.

“ In considering the case of Norwich, the advantages which the City derives

from the County, and the adjacent parts of the county, are manifest, particularly as these adjacent parts have not the complement of labourers and tradesmen filled up; for if that complement had been filled up, the population of the City of Norwich would not have been reduced, as is proved by 300 out of about 350 persons, under a legal Order of Removal, remaining, through the force of local attachments, in their old habitations. In a county with the population swelling into such a tide as it does in every part, every house and every room that has been built, or may be built, will be fitted up and occupied. We have here a useful lesson, not only for cities, but also for Unions, in which many are agitating the question, and without legal authority introducing the practice of Union Rates, as the cities are agitating the question of a National Rate. In point of principle the one is as erroneous, as unconstitutional, and as mischievous as the other. Moreover, if you depart from the principle of divisions and jurisdictions and chargeability and administration in Unions, you evidently cannot stop at that point; you must be carried on to a National Rate, and to a National distribution of food and raiment to a class created by such a system, little above in character or condition a slave population, existing on the principle of maintenance in kind for labour, and labour, not for wages, but for maintenance in kind,—and so on, to the old destructive Roman distribution of food without respect to labour, character, or anything else that is good. Let the yeomen of the country reflect for what trivial, doubtful, and temporary advantages they are prepared to depart from the system of their forefathers, and to desert the rock of the position in political society on which they stand. At present they occupy more than 100,000 offices and administrations in the territorial government of the country. This must, in the natural progress of society, ensure them a position of importance most important to their whole body and to society; but if they depart from the English principle of administration, and adopt a National, a Parliamentary, or a Centralizing system, they must expect to lose that position which, properly valued and used, would yield them more protection and consideration than any Protection Society, or any fiscal bonus which can be conceived practicable. They must be prepared to descend to a lower grade, and to be engulfed as a class in the abyss of insignificance which they have prepared for themselves, or allowed others to prepare for them.

“ The immediate and direct evils of putting a part of the population on the Rate of the Parish, and another part on the Rate of the Union, must be manifest to all who give the subject the least consideration. The Farmers will of course employ the parishioners first, and not employ the Union inhabitants, who will be consigned to a hopeless pauperism, and become a degraded and disaffected and probably a malicious, incendiary, criminal class. At the same time, you open a door to the old system of compromise—the system in Norwich of farming labour at half price, and so again introducing into country districts



an allowance system. Let any of these gentlemen who are given to change, put the case of any two or three parishes within their own knowledge in the following form, and they will see how little they have to gain, and how much they have to lose, and how absurd it is to suppose that permanent advantages can be derived from such proceedings.

“ Let there be two parishes, A and B. Let A contain 4000 acres, and B 2000. Let A contain a population of 800 souls, and B of 200. Now, if you judge by the population only, the parish of B appears to have an advantage, but that advantage is no injury to A ; it is at the same time an advantage to both. The parish of A has all the trade of A and B, and perhaps of C and D. The parish of B, and perhaps C and D, having no trade, no artisans, no shops, the wages of labour amounting to many thousands a year, and the expenditure of the Farmers and Landlords of the adjacent parishes amounting to many more, are all, or nearly all, spent in the central parish of A—the parish of B employing many of the inhabitants of A, and perhaps the parishes of C and D doing the same. But suppose the parishes of B, C, and D, fitting themselves out like separate ships, building cottages, planting trades, and each filling up to the full the complement of their crews, what must be the effect on the central parish of A—with small properties, settled tradesmen, cottages built, in the hands of needy owners, which are sure to be filled by somebody or other, while all the wages of labour and the other expenditure, amounting to some thousands a year, are withdrawn, with moreover the population of B, C, and D, soon pressing upon A, whereas, now, the population of A is relieved by B, C, and D? Must not much greater evils arise from such a course of events than from the existing construction of the Social System, which may have some disadvantages, but, certainly, taken in a financial point of view, has advantages which it could not possibly have, if the existing system should be reversed ?

“ The public interest, which is attached to these questions, and their national importance, at all times, must be our apology, Sir Robin, for having discussed them so much in detail, but still so imperfectly. We have said nothing of the Questions—Who is to collect a National Rate? Who is to disburse it? What new Race of Authorities, Giants or Fairies, Gaugers and Supervisors, Dandiprats and Finicals, with all their finglefangles, are to put the independent inhabitants of the country in leading strings or fetters? Englishmen are loyal to the crown and affectionate to the law. The agricultural officers have hitherto been led by a thread; perhaps they have not been led at all, but have walked in their uprightness and simplicity. But if they are required to display a new kind of loyalty, a loyalty to Parliamentary Committees and Commissions, and to surrender their position and their property to the administration of a new set of officers, sacrificing privilege and property at the same time; perhaps Englishmen, whether located on the soil of America or the soil of England, may rebel against such requirements. We may have Washingtons and

Franklins spring up among ourselves. So long, however, as local institutions take up the democratic spirit, wild democracy, in the shape in which it has desolated other countries, has no chance of success in England, or even with their territorial administration in America. Shall we not do wisely then for ourselves and for our country if we remain, as to local taxation and local government, where we are ; or rather should we not do more wisely to return to where we were ? maintaining absolutely and inviolably local taxation and local government, resisting bad principles in their very beginning, which threaten to dissolve the bonds of unity and set one class of Englishmen against another, and deprive us all of our proper character."

Here the Court and Sir John seemed to exchange some papers, and, as far as we could collect, it was arranged that the pleading should be referred to the Judges. At this time Mr. Spright reminded the Court that there were many cases in the hands of the Police, when his Honour observed, " Let them take " a walk in the Park." At which Mr. Spright looked more sprightly than ever, and observed that there were several cases of assault, one particularly of a wife who had beaten her husband. The Court observed, " Perhaps the husband will forgive her this time as she has often forgiven him, and they will settle the matter out of Court." Mr. Spright, composing himself: " Sir Robin, you are a stranger to the business of this Court and criminal jurisprudence. As to walking in the Park, you know, your Honour, that there is nothing that prevents the reformation of criminals so much as the light of the Sun ; and it is now determined by the high st authorities, that frivolous intercourse and criminal propensities can only be cured by outer darkness and entire separation. As to assaults, we shall soon be as deserted as the Palace Court if they are not attended to, and the " Green Witches " will be dismissed as a useless body of supernumeraries." His Honour merely observed that he had great confidence in the blessed Sun, in good humour, and good nature ; but that while he would chide a fault, wink at it, or not see it, he would let the villain who deserved it feel the full effect of all the law could adjudge to him.

The question of the Road Rate, as depending so much on the decision of the National Rate, was postponed to the Rogation Days 1850, after Sir John English had made the following short address in his own name and that of the Deputation :—

" Sir Robin, the other question is so much akin to the one disposed of, that we would only observe, that our suspicions have been aroused by an intimation from the Court that it may be referred to the Pope. We cannot regard this as one of your Honour's pleasantries, especially when we recollect your real name, your having traced your settlement, and having been actually removed to the County of Kent. We fear the Pope may have more to do with it than at first sight appears. Especially, Sir Robin, as it may be argued according to the canons, the special services of the Church, and the four

homilies on Rogation days, that the highways and perambulations may properly be placed under spiritual jurisdiction ; and if the maxim ' that the Bishop of ' Rome has no jurisdiction in this realm ' as to spirituals should be abrogated, it is not impossible that the Jesuits may get possession of the highways, and again erect their crosses upon them as their own territory. If with the perambulation, the jurisdiction of penance should be introduced, as the law will not prevent the exercise of the Papal authority in matters spiritual, the criminal law of the land may be absorbed in this spiritual jurisdiction, and, as your Honour has shrewdly guessed, questions of this sort may be referred to the Pope. We would, therefore, as Englishmen, contend that the Road Rate, as well as the Poor Rate and the Church Rate, had better be left in the hands of the Lollard Parish Officers of the Country. We would venture also to recommend the Yeomen and Gentlemen Farmers of the Country not to sell their position or their independence at any price. Six Millions is too small a ransom for a Nation's independence. California could not tempt the American Congress to incorporate that mine of gold into the Union till a territorial government should be established. We fear our Statesmen would have had no such scruples. Political principle must have fallen before such a temptation. Temptation is a dangerous thing. We hope the Farmers will recollect their Forefathers, think of themselves, and not forget their posterity under the force of any temptation that may try their virtue. We have confidence in this ample class ; but we have our fears that the control and expenditure of £.12,000,000 may be too strong a temptation to the Giants and the Elves who may, for aught we know, be spiritual officers of the Pope, as well as temporal of the Queen. The Roman Bishops have, very much to the credit of their discernment and good feeling, made an effort to take all the orphans of their Church out of the Workhouse. We wish the members, lay and clerical, of our Church would do the same. We only mention these suspicions, suggested by your own hint or joke of referring such matters to the Pope. At present the National Road Rate is rather a temptation to Noble Lords, Gentlemen, and others who may wish, as Railroads have made such havoc of turnpikes, to re-invest their capital in debentures secured on the Parishes of England. It is of no consequence to them that Farmers are groaning like camels in an Indian baggage train, or that tens of thousands of old peasants in the several parishes, who now spend the close of life in easy employment on the roads, and are buried with their fathers in good oaken coffins, be consigned to Workhouses, shells, and cemeteries.

" We will conclude this discussion with one of the oldest, perhaps, the most ancient maxim of political wisdom which the Nations of the Earth have heard. It is the more applicable to this subject, as it is said to have been the foundation and the model of the good and great Alfred in fixing the local administration and offices of Old England. It was the original draft of Jewish and Saxon Institutions, and as Ministers of State and the Imperial Parliament have their hands more than full, we will give them the advice of the old Country Eccle-

asiatic Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, which Moses himself, the wisest of law-givers, gratefully received from his lips, and practically carried out in the government of the tribes and families of Israel. It is so applicable and important that we will give it at length:—

‘ And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses sat to judge the people and the people stood by Moses from the morning until the evening. And when Moses’ father-in-law saw all that he did to the people, he said: What is, this thing that thou doest to the people? Why sittest thou thyself alone, and all the people standing by thee from morning unto even? And Moses said unto his father-in-law, Because the people come unto to me to inquire of God. When they have a matter they come unto me and I judge between one and another, and I do make them know the statutes of God and his laws.’

“ ‘ And Moses’ father-in-law said unto him, The thing that thou doest is not good. Thou wilt surely wear away both thou and this people that is with thee: for this thing is too heavy for thee. Thou are not able to perform it thyself alone. Harken now unto my voice. I will give thee counsel, and God shall be with thee. Be thou for the people to Godward that thou mayest bring the causes unto God. And thou shalt teach them ordinances and laws, and shalt shew them the way wherein they must walk, and the work that they must do. Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them to be rulers of thousands and rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties and rulers of tens. And let them judge the people on all occasions, and it shall be, that every great matter they shall bring unto thee, but every small matter they shall judge, so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee. If thou shalt do this thing, and God command thee so, then thou shalt be able to endure, and all this people shall go to their place in peace.’

“ ‘ So Moses hearkened to the voice of his father-in-law, and did all that he had said. And Moses chose able men out of all Israel, and made them heads over the people, rulers of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens. And they judged the people at all seasons; the hard causes they brought unto Moses, but every small matter they judged themselves.’ ”

The Court listened attentively, and having put both hands together in a devotional form, informed Sir John that the question had better be left over to see whether the whole matter should be referred to the Rabbis or the Abbés and the Pope.—The Court adjourned.

### COMMON SENSE.

Having now passed through the two Courts of Giants and Hobgoblins, in order to get rid of some of the immediate subjects of the day, and to prevent our being interrupted with them hereafter, we turn again with pleasure to real life and the Court of Common Sense.

Had the principles of English law, policy, and social life never been departed from, what mischief and confusion might have been avoided, not only in villages, but in large towns? Had these principles of administration been observed in the boroughs and large cities, by wards and subdivisions, by Aldermen and Common Councilmen, Burghers, Freemen, and subordinate officers, not merely united to form parties, make contracts and jobs, return partisans to Parliament, and receive the rewards in places and appointments,—the real bribery of modern times,—but to watch over the civil and religious welfare of the commonwealth, we should not have the helter-skelter scenes which are often enacted before Boards of Guardians, and other concentrated governing authorities. If divisions had been respected where they existed, or been created where they were manifestly needed, not by wholesale unmanageable legislation, but as occasion suggested, step by step, province by province, city by city, parish by parish, Mother Church by Mother Church, never allowing jurisdictions without divisions, nor divisions without jurisdictions, we might have found out that the positive, loved, wholesome institutions of England, some larger some smaller, are as capable of amplification as population and capital, and as capable of adaptation to ten millions as to five, to twenty as to ten, and to forty as to twenty. We might have discovered that notwithstanding changes of time and circumstance, the supreme Government, through local administrations, might be preserved in perfect harmony with the will and character of the People.

We still talk of Institutions in the language of gratitude, and with words of praise. We express our desire to transmit them, as we received them from our forefathers, inviolate to our posterity. But what is the modern meaning of the word Institutions? Do those who speak so lovingly, so respectfully of them, attach any specific ideas to them? By Institutions some seem to understand occasional and temporary associations, ephemeral commissions, religious and political formations, unconnected with the structure of society, superficial, external, in the apprehension of many the more extrinsic and dissimilar the better,—some may think Scripture Readers, others City Missions, or Street Preaching,—some Ragged Schools, Infant Schools, National or British Schools,—some Dispensaries,—some Baths, Washing Houses, and Lodging Houses,—some Soup Societies, others itinerant kitchens, some Clothing Societies, some Reading Societies, Lectures and Museums, as the panacea for social evils, and the real institutions of England. Who does not honour and delight to witness the Christian and patriotic feelings which dictate these charitable efforts to relieve the wants and sufferings,—and which do relieve the wants and sufferings,—of our fellow-creatures in large cities and towns? Who would lay an indictment against such motives and such efforts? Who would weaken or discourage them? Who would not cherish both motives and efforts, till something better is devised and applied? But is it unreasonable or unseasonable to inquire whether these accumulatory formations on the surface

of Society are not proofs of political effeminacy, and of the inadequacy of the civil and religious institutions of the cities and large towns? Whether they may not debilitate the character of the people, enervate the structural powers of the national frame, discredit laws and institutions, disaffect to government, rank, and order, and sooner or later come to be considered by the people as tricks and substitutes for more solid and natural advantages? Whether the time has not come for endeavouring to turn the energies of benevolence and policy to the conforming of Society itself, and of the organic Institutions on which the health and character of the People must depend?

A proposition is before Parliament for subdividing large cities, towns, and parishes for spiritual and ecclesiastical purposes. But why for spiritual and ecclesiastical purposes only? Why not for civil purposes? Is not the civil destitution and neglect of large cities and towns as great as the spiritual? The one may be more awful and impressive, but the other is equally visible and potent, and more universal. It is always desirable to divest religious zeal of the suspicion and the appearance of pedantry and cant. It may be so divested if this question be made, as it ought to be, and as it is, civil as well as ecclesiastical. The ecclesiastical administrations, even in the most neglected parts, are in advance of the civil, so much so that some politicians seem—falsely indeed—to think they have in the agricultural districts become too numerous. In large cities and towns the ecclesiastical are suffering great inconvenience, detriment, and discredit, from the neglect and desertion of the subordinate civil arrangements of society. An organised Police, and Charity Trustees, and Courts of Guardians, and dominant vestries might not be so necessary or so insufficient as they often are, if the civil divisions, jurisdictions, offices, and administrations were made more co-ordinate with the ecclesiastical, and more commensurate with the population.

The offices and administrations which the Giants and the Elves are usurping have been the cradle of the good sense, integrity, and nerve which are the characteristics of Englishmen. Independent office implies responsibility, and responsibility with a people accustomed to respect the word Duty (a talismanic word with Englishmen) exercises conscience. Yeomen and Gentlemen Farmers of the country fulfil the subordinate administrations without the least reward in money or (shame that it should be so) in honour, and with a great deal of personal trouble, from a sense of duty—in many cases from an hereditary sense of duty—following in the steps of their fathers and forefathers in administrative offices. They are a class of persons not insensible to honour or to respect where they deserve it. When the Court of Guardians was first instituted, there was an ambition in the principal yeomen to be appointed to that office, from an expectation that it would be accompanied with more honour and respect than the subordinate offices of the country had of late years received. But of late a considerable reluctance to undertake that office has been observed, and Clergymen have taken that office in their parishes, because respectable

farmers would not. The fact is, that the Government of Giants and Fairies is not to the taste of Englishmen, as this class of persons are sterling well-bred Christian Englishmen. The question of Provincial Government, its powers, officers, and administrations may be hereafter discussed. Among other suggestions may be offered one for the expansion of the Equestrian order in the administration of the Provinces, which the circumstances of the times, the non-municipal position of the occupiers of the soil, and the domineering spirit of the aristocracy of the cities seem to demand as just and necessary. There are some hopeful preparations for this act of justice and policy which may, we honestly believe, be of essential importance to the preservation of character and the interest of public morals. The Royal Agricultural Society of England is an Institution not to be overlooked, nor are the component parts of it to be disregarded. In the Council of that Society we see Lords-Lieutenant of Counties and the largest Landowners of England, sitting at the same Board and acting in harmony with Yeomen of the County, their Tenants. It is a hopeful sign that His Royal Highness Prince Albert has become a practical Farmer, and takes an official interest in the Royal Agricultural Society, the Royal Agricultural College, and other Institutions of this kind. His Royal Highness attended the magnificent meeting of the Agriculturalists of England at York, and will probably witness a similar civil review of the Gentlemen and Gentlemen-Farmers of England in another part of the Queen's dominions. Such a spectacle could not be witnessed in any other part of the World, and certainly in no other part of the World could it be asserted of such an assemblage (except in an approximate degree in America), that the greater part of this substantial and intelligent body of men were fulfilling, almost without a penny from the Exchequer, the subordinate offices and administrations in the territorial divisions of the Realm. The speech of the American Minister on that occasion was the speech of an Englishman. He recognised in a moment the perfection of the scene before him. Such scenes will not be without their effect on the mind and the convictions of His Royal Highness, who must be well aware that the Yeomen of England are as loyal as they are intelligent. If the maxim "*C'est des hommes que depend en definitive le succès des institutions*" be a true one, here are the men in whom confidence is to be placed, and who ought to be honoured in that confidence, and, in their proportion and degree, brought more constitutionally, through the Lords-Lieutenant of Counties, into connection with the Crown, the fountain of honour. By such a proceeding the Crown and the Aristocracy would receive a support which might not be unreasonable\*.

Happily at the present moment our great care in England is not for Society itself, but for its improvement or well-being. Evils afflict and shame us, but they do not at this particular juncture overwhelm us. We are privileged to

\* As the Yeomen should be connected with the Lords-Lieutenant in some proportion for certain administrative objects, so the Peasants in certain proportion with the Yeomen.

learn the consequences of folly through the calamities of others. The States of Europe are consulting for the life of Society itself, no longer babbling about liberty, suffrage, or happiness, or the best means of existence,—but for existence. In such a crisis it is instructive to observe, what are the parts of the social system to which not only the wisest and the best, but all who are not bad men, are looking for the vital sparks of national life and restoration. Before these Revolutions, the cities and towns, the scientific universities and schools, the clubs and associations, the savans and political writers, the political leaders, the prime minister, and the judicial and executive authorities under his power were considered the principal elements of political society, and all the rest mere detail and of perfectly secondary consideration. The Landowner, the Farmer, and the Peasant, the industrious and the peaceful, religion and the clergy, the teachers of peace and industry, were of little or no account with the politician. At Paris, at Berlin, the provinces and their inhabitants were regarded merely as the instruments of supplying the revenue, recruits for the army, and the material provisions of life. As political elements of power they were nothing, or comparatively nothing. But the change in this respect is remarkable and instructive. To whom do the Princes of Prussia, Austria, and the other States of Germany turn, not only for hope and consolation, but for help and life? To the Landowners, the Peasants, and the Clergy, to the territorial inhabitants, and to the armies, not because they are armies, but because they are formed and recruited chiefly from these classes, and have more or less the instincts which are cherished in agricultural life. In France territorial institutions and inhabitants had less apparent political influence than in the other countries of Europe. Though M. Benjamin Constant some thirty or forty years ago wrote a book which contributed not unbeneficially at the time to settle the negative creed, that no State, Christian or heathen, could exist without Religion, Religion being a part of humanity, yet Christianity, as an active instrument of political life, was not only not generally admitted, but generally slighted and discountenanced. But what is the case in their affliction at this moment? It is no matter of surprise that M. Guizot should, like one who had knelt at her footstool, speak and write openly, frankly, piously, and patriotically of genuine Christianity, and avow it to be the one thing above all others needful for France. It is no matter of surprise that such a man should speak as he does of Landowners and Peasants, the peaceful and amiable agricultural population of the departments; but it is a matter of surprise and pleasure that he should express his opinions (the result not of speculation, but bitter experience) so explicitly as to the necessity of departmental government and administration by the territorial inhabitants of those departments, founding that opinion upon the conviction that it is the wisest and most effectual means of controlling and absorbing the restless democratic republican spirit of France:—

“ La centralisation ne suffit plus aujourd'hui aux besoins dominants, aux



“ périls pressants de notre société. Ce n'est pas au centre seul, c'est partout  
 “ qu'est aujourd'hui la lutte. Partout attaquées il faut que la propriété, la  
 “ famille, toutes les bases de la société soient partout fortement défendues. Et  
 “ c'est trop peu pour les défendre que des fonctionnaires et des ordres venus  
 “ du centre, même soutenus par des soldats. Il faut que partout les proprié-  
 “ taires, les chefs de famille, les gardiens naturels de la société soient mis en  
 “ devoir et en mesure de soutenir sa cause en faisant ses affaires, qu'ils aient  
 “ leur part, une part effective d'action et de responsabilité, dans le munie-  
 “ ment de ses intérêts locaux comme de ses intérêts généraux, dans son administration  
 “ comme dans son gouvernement. Partout le pouvoir central doit tenir le dra-  
 “ peau de l'ordre social; nulle part il ne peut à lui seul en porter tout le  
 “ fardeau.” GUIZOT.—*La Démocratie*.

But the late eventful year has taught this lesson and tale more emphatically. Not only M. Guizot, but those who opposed his opinions and his policy\*, the best, and all who are not the worst, have come round to the same conviction as to Religion and the agricultural population. The hopes of France are fixed not on the President, or the Assembly, the Ministry, or the Central Government, or the clubs, or the savans; but on the departments, the landed proprietors, the peasants, the army as composed of these elements, and the secular clergy of the country. These neglected elements of political society are now confessed and relied upon to be the only effectual means, under Providence, of restoring Society itself from the very gates of death.

The past has been called a year of earthquakes. These convulsions in the material world are the outbreaks of pent-up elements, which bursting through the superficial crust, cast forth their desolating fire on the surrounding plains, destroying the inhabitants or filling the hearts of the survivors with terror and despair. Before these convulsions take place it is said that the atmosphere is affected in such a peculiar manner, that the people of the adjacent districts experience an overawing presentiment of the disaster which may overwhelm them.

Political convulsions, the outbreaks of heated and angry passions, have desolated with volcanic fury, the capital cities of Western Christendom. Many of their inhabitants have perished in the flames of civil discord, while many are still sitting in tremor and dismay around the smouldering ruins. Sympathy, even if we had incurred no personal danger, would lead us to visit these scenes, to examine the volcanic lava, and, above all, to ascertain the feelings and the condition of the survivors. If we ourselves had felt the earth and its foundations heave and throb beneath our feet, and the overawing presentiment of peril, curiosity as well as sympathy would ensure our heartfelt interest in the events.

The importance attached to these convulsions, is evinced by the earnest discussion in every quarter of questions properly political, but which this earth-shaking year has rent from the book of politics, and stamped with the

\* M. Thiers, in a manner most explicit.

title of social,—would that we could add the everlasting epithet of Christian. These events have made us think and feel as we never thought and felt before respecting the distempers of Society in our own country. They have left upon the minds of the pious and patriotic an impatient apprehension of evils which lurk within or stalk without us. The tone and repetitions of the diurnal press—the remedial associations which are springing up with an energy that is remarkable—suggestions and schemes which are crossing each other in every direction, and which are pronounced with an emphasis which only great occasions can excite—would lead to the conclusion that evils have penetrated society, perhaps the foundations, which require immediate and honest investigation. Those who have observed the ideas, sympathies, and representations which are afloat (exaggerated often and false), must admit that discussions, oral and written, could not be so rife on questions affecting the life and character of the people, if life and character were not involved in them. If these are perilous times, all seem to own that here lies the peril. If misery is to be relieved, and vice corrected, the strongholds of misery and vice are before our eyes, fully laid open to our view. The Cottage, the Workhouse, and the Prison,—the Labourer, the Criminal, and the Pauper—(and we will add the Demagogue, for he is a type of the same malady, a being of the same category)—these are the figures grouped together in the gloomy picture.

Questions of this sort have been the baubles and playthings of Statesmen, they are now the thorns in their pillows. France and the kingdoms of Europe staggering to and fro like drunken men; Ireland desolated with want and famine; and England with her spreading leprosy, are facts and influences quite sufficient to raise these questions from the lowest to the highest rank in the scale of discussion. Men are coming to the conclusion that national policy cannot be confined to finance, military establishments, police, party feuds, and the various arts of government; but that its highest functions must be brought to bear on the distribution and character of the people, from which alone tranquillity and national dignity can flow.

There are many things in England of which we are ashamed, and there are indications of penance, confession, and satisfaction of works. It may be the duty of Government and of us all to encourage this compunction, but it is a higher office to manage it with discretion. There will be strong feelings (who knows but stronger events), and there will be social fanaticism. There will be strong fears, and we must expect social superstitions, which will not listen to the voice of reason; and the danger may be that fanaticism and superstition, uncontrolled by wise counsels, may produce even greater evils than those which are the occasion and the subjects of them.



## Presentiments.

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Dark boding shadows, auguries of ill,  
Unwelcome visitants, though duly bidden ;  
Drear Omens, conjured by my own sad will,  
Grief's ministers most real when darkliest hidden ;  
Words cannot name the images ye bear,  
And feeble Language leaves your voice unspoken ;  
And sober Reason calls you things of air,  
Night's truthless Phantoms, by clear Daylight broken !

Yet not unreal the burden ye have pressed,  
Dull weighing on the sad heart inly groaning,  
When the pent pangs of anguish unconfessed  
To silent Night entrust their stifled moaning—  
When painful memories kindle fresh remorse  
For shame and sorrow past—not self-forgiven ;  
When Hope despairs, and Faith hath scarce the force  
To pierce the gloom and keep her hold of Heaven.

Ah, fools ! that search the mysteries of Man,  
Body, soul, spirit, fearfully combining ;—  
Only when trusting to a Wiser plan  
Joy is not sin and sorrow not repining.  
Hence, dark Presentiments ! no more I 'll heed  
Your subtle Bodings of the uncertain Morrow ;  
Let Good or Ill betide—Help comes with need ;  
Sufficient to the day its own appointed sorrow !

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## English Brothers.



Sons of England!—time and place  
Cannot separate for ever  
Faith and Language, Genius, Race,—  
These unite—and who shall sever?

Though the Past have wrongs to tell,  
Kinsmen parted, Friendships broken;  
“Forgive, forget”—the English spell  
Truly heals when freely spoken.

Think we not on Strife gone by,  
Hushed be War's unkindly story,  
Peace and Kindness will supply  
Worthier venture, nobler glory!



Only not to sordid gain  
Be the angrier strife perverted;  
Greedy getting parts again  
Every bond that Peace asserted.

Oh, for Chivalry in Love!  
Oh, for Hearts that care for others!  
Oh, for Harmony to prove  
England's Sons are English Brothers!



# Tales of Anglo-Saxon Times.



No. 1.

THE WIDOW'S SON.—A TALE OF THE TIME OF VORTIGERN.



THE Saxon invasion of Britain in the fifth century was a link in the chain of that terrific revolution which overturned the Roman Empire in the West. The great "migration of nations," as that mighty movement westward of the people from the Amoor to the Rhine has been aptly called, gave new masters and raised new thrones in every province previously subjected to the Roman sway. The vast torrent of irruption which began under the Wall of China, spread itself throughout all the breadth of the Old Continent, from the shores of the Pacific Ocean to those of the Atlantic. The Huns of Central Asia pressed upon the Parthians, the Turks, and the Alani; the Alani and Vandals on the Goths; and the Goths, in their turn, on the Gauls, the Romans, and the Greeks. Wave after wave of the fierce tide of conquest rolled over the mountain barriers of Western Europe—the Alps, the Apennines, and the Pyrenees—shaking to its base the tottering and worn-out fabric of Roman rule, and establishing on its ruins sovereignties that were themselves to be swept away by the next billow of this tumultuous ocean of human life. In the middle of the fifth century burst forth the fiercest storm of all. Attila, "the scourge of God," whose dominions at once stretched from the Volga to the Loire, carried fire and sword twice into the heart of the Greek empire; and in the interval between these invasions turned his arms against the North, where, from the meagre and imperfect records of contemporary historians, we gather that he conquered the nations on both sides of the Baltic sea, or "Gulf of the Goth-Dane." And though the lore of lettered men has told us that the

Saxons first came into our land at the direct invitation of the Britons, the modern light of History has gone far to dissipate this delusion, and to prove that the expeditions and emigration of the Saxons from their original country were more the consequences of hostile invasion and necessity than they were an expatriation from choice\*. For it is remarkable that the very period of Attila's probable conquests in Northern Germany (A.D. 447 to 450), corresponds exactly with the period at which the Saxons were first impelled into Britain in large bodies. Little doubt can exist that the Franks were driven across the Rhine, to found a sovereignty in Gaul, by the encroachments of Attila on their German seats; and as little need exist that the same pressure from behind forced the first Anglo-Saxons to abandon their native homes, and seek a refuge and abode in the more happy Isle of the West. They had, indeed, to fight hard for a settlement here, but if might be right, they deserved it for their valour and perseverance. They had, indeed, long infested the coasts of Britain, for the same spirit of emulation and enterprise that urges their more polished descendants to cover the seas of all the globe with their mercantile or warlike navies, urged *them*, in the rudeness of their age and religion, to glory in coast-warfare and plunder. But, on a broad scale, from the first arrival of Hengist to the advent of Cerdic, the war of the Saxons in Britain was one not so much of piracy as of self-preservation—such an emigration as in a more peaceable, but not less necessitous manner, we have lately witnessed hundreds of thousands of their sons from these realms compelled to undergo. Let us not, therefore, blush for our ancestry, as one of mere assassins and robbers! Let us, rather, be proud that we belong to the great Teutonic stock, which has yielded to none of the races of mankind in the noblest and most improveable qualities of human nature—is at the present day inferior to none other in civilisation and the arts of life—and which, if we may regard the present aspect of events as an omen of the future, appears destined to people and rule the East as well as the West.



Amongst the youths who sailed with Hengist to the aid of Vortigern against the Picts and Scots, was one Osric, the son of a poor widow, inhabiting a lone hut in the marshy and sterile wilderness which forms most part of the modern duchy of Oldenburg. The ungrateful soil they tilled yielded to Osric and his mother little beyond the bare necessities of life; and, in the thinly-peopled tract in which they lived—remote, too, from any great route of traffic—they could seldom obtain additional comforts in exchange for

\* Nennius says that the Saxons were "*exilio pulsa*"—driven into exile. Suffridus, also, affirms that an old Frisian law directed such emigrations to take place occasionally; and he makes Hengist and Horsa to command one of the bands "sacred to dire famine." (Note in Turner's "Anglo-Saxons," p. 151.) In such desperate circumstances, Hengist, Horsa, and their followers, may still have been invited or hired by Vortigern to assist him in war—a transaction which the fragmentary laments of the Welsh bards clearly hint to have taken place, though whether the invitation were given *before* or *after* their landing on the British shores may still be open to dispute.

the few products of their domestic labour, or the scanty surplus of the fruits of the earth that might be left to them in a good year. Struggling on thus, for the sake of a monotonous existence, from day to day, they were yet as happy, —perhaps happier, — than those with more wants, and greater means of gratifying them; but their bliss was certainly that of ignorance, for they had seldom seen the tokens of a more civilised world than that they knew. Occasionally, indeed, some fine silk fabrics, or porcelain, or gold and silver goods, bright arms, and other articles of foreign workmanship, might meet their gaze, brought from the mart of some Roman Colony on the Rhine, or, as they were told, from the “rich country far beyond the sea,”—brought often, in fact, by the Saxon pirates as a part of their British booty, and laid out for sale, just as in our times the adventurous smuggler unwraps before the admiring eyes of a hamlet population the rich silks, jewellery, and other contraband goods of France. At such times, also, a Greek vase, a curious picture, a statue, or a roll of written parchment, undecypherable by Saxon critics, and formerly among the treasures of the plundered villa of some Roman official, would frequently be exhibited; and, as in the nineteenth century, the value of such curiosities would often be considered greater the less their use or meaning was known. But the poverty of Osric and his mother was ever too great to allow them to indulge in possessing, or the hope to possess, such treasures; and they turned, sometimes with a sigh, from the gaudy glittering show, to rake up the embers on the hearth of their dark hut. Yet that hearth soon gave out again a cheering blaze, and content again spread her balmy wings over those who were all in all to each other.

Osric, now nineteen or twenty years of age, was what in our day would be considered the model of an able farm-servant. Tall, well-knit, and athletic, with limbs astute and strengthened by exposure to the elements, and hands hardened with field labour, a ruddy cheek and embrowned forehead, around which his flaxen hair clustered in short curls, he seemed the very personification of health. It will not be expected that I should describe him as possessing the proud and chivalric bearing that betokens, and is indeed almost confined to, the hereditary nobility of a nation, whether rude or polished, nor had he the expression and eagle eye which give assurance of superior intellect and sensitiveness; but a steady energy of purpose, indomitable perseverance, and fixed honesty were imprinted in his countenance—qualities among the most sterling legacies bequeathed to the English yeomen by their Saxon ancestors. A high spirit of independence and scorn of obligation, though not to his ears dignified by the high-sounding designations for a love of freedom and a hatred of servility used by the Romans, burned as warmly in Osric's breast as in theirs. But the brightest lustre of his untutored mind was his filial affection,—the dearest wish of his heart was to increase the comforts and happiness of her who had

nourished him from her bosom, and had reared his feeble infancy into a vigorous manhood.

The news that Hengist and Horsa, the sons of the neighbouring powerful chieftain Witgesils, were about to adventure to Britain, with whomsoever among their countrymen chose to join them, spread rapidly far and wide, and attracted to the expedition not only the young and daring, who threw down the ploughshare for the sword, in the hope of the robber's booty, but those also impelled by despair and failure of the means of subsistence. Of this class was Osric. The last harvest had been bad, and the Huns and Vandals had burst over the neighbouring country, devastating all in their career, and cutting off every hope of a further supply of food from the unhappy Frieslanders. The little store of grain that Osric and his mother had been able to lay up for the winter, was obviously only enough for one of them, and the dreary sense of their situation burst in all its force upon Osric, as after a fatiguing day's labour he cast by his axe and seated himself despondingly on the trunk of a tree he had just felled for fuel. The wind moaned among the dark pines that shut out the light of the sun from the weary husbandman beneath their branches, and the heavy dulness of nature without him was an apt type of the gloom that reigned within. "What shall we do?" thought he, "either my mother must want, or I must go without food, and so be unable to work; or else we must both pinch and eke out what we have. No! no! it is better that I should go away! I must leave her alone at last!" He could sit quietly no longer; he rose hastily, brushed a tear from his eye, and walked homeward. But ere he had reached his home he had determined to join Hengist, and seek his fortune on a foreign shore. "And farewell, mother," he said, "when I come back, we shall be rich, we shall be happy!" The Widow's heart was struck with desolation. "Oh! who," she said, weeping, and falling on his neck, "who will now be my companion and consolation? Who will sow the corn, and reap it?—who will care for the poor Widow?"—"Do not fear, dear mother! Kenrick and Ethwald, when they sow their own fields will sow yours too, and Edith will be your companion; and I will pray to Odin and to Thor, and to the Goddess of Increase, to bless your store. But fear not, mother, fear not; for I will not be gone long. And, when I come again, I shall be rich, and we will have no more sorrow. We shall meet again,—be sure we shall!" And so saying, he departed.



The ships of Hengist bounded gallantly over the deep, and anchored at the Isle of Thanet\*. On the shore, to receive his new allies, stood Vortigern, surrounded by his nobles and guards, in all the panoply of sovereign rule, with

\* According to concurrent authorities, in A.D. 449. Exactly 1400 years ago, therefore, we may date the first arrival of the Anglo-Saxon settlers in Britain.



waving banners, gorgeous robes, "the helm and nodding plume," and even the Imperial purple, which their leader had assumed in vain imitation of the Roman emperors. How different the scene from that which the adjacent shores had presented on the coming of Julius Cæsar a few centuries before! A naked and undisciplined, but brave army was then able (for a time at least) to keep the Roman troops in check, and fiercely attempted to repel those who, coming in the guise only of enemies, conferred afterwards all the blessings of friends, bringing civilisation and the arts in their train. Now, the degenerate descendants of those same Britons, with all their assumption of strength and show of warfare, unable, from sheer feebleness and cowardice, to defend their northern wall against the Picts, were seen welcoming, with outstretched arms, a rude and unlettered race of wanderers, who, under the mask of friends, were soon to become implacable enemies and rapacious conquerors.

The sensations of Osric on first arriving in Britain may be compared to those of a child in our day, taken, for the first time, into a theatre. All was new—all like enchantment! The rich culture of the fields; the tall and luxuriant trees and forests so superior and often unlike to those of his own poor country; the towns so different from the Saxon hamlets; the planted walks, and avenues adorned with the remains of Roman art; the villas, the palaces, the roads, the chariots, the rich vestments of the people, the furniture of the houses,—all astonished him; and so different was this from the world he had left that at first he scarcely knew whether it was a dream or a reality\*. Soon he was set down with his comrades to banquets that he had never yet revelled in, not even in the fantastic images of sleep. Flesh that he had seldom eaten was placed in profusion before him, with ale, mead, and wine—wine that raised him into a frenzy of delight. The day was spent in shows and martial exercises, the night in feasting and enjoyment. Gold and silver were pressed into his hand as an earnest of the future wealth that should be his at the end of the war. But in the midst of his prosperity and abundance an anxious pang often shot across him and clouded his happiness, as he thought of the mother whom he had left in poverty and despair in her lone hut beyond the tempestuous sea.

From all this he was aroused by the din of arms. It is not my purpose to recount the military deeds of Hengist and his companions; History has done that already, though in a very imperfect way, for the dark night of the middle ages had already begun to cast its gloomy shade over the Western world. But thus much is certain, that by the aid of the Saxons the Picts were stopped in their devastating career. Those were days in which a private soldier might

\* The Emperor Baber, when he descended as a conqueror from the lofty region of central Asia into the fertile valley of Cabul, records his vivid impressions in this natural language:—"I saw another world. The grass, the birds, the trees, the animals, and the tribes of men—all was new! I was astonished." The contrast in nature presented to the eyes of Baber might indeed be greater than that between Northern Germany and Britain; but the states of civilisation of those regions in the Fifth Century must have been widely different.

distinguish himself by his personal valour or other qualities : Osric, by his steady perseverance and coolness in danger, had signalised himself greatly in this war, and he not only obtained an ample share of reward, but attracted the favourable notice of his leader, who henceforth attached him to his body-guard. Rich beyond his most sanguine expectations, his thoughts now began to dwell more and more on his ancient home. He yearned after it ; and he pleased himself day after day, as he lounged musingly, in rearing visionary plans of his progress thither. He delighted to picture to himself in solitude the joy of his mother at beholding him, the proud pleasure with which he should pour into her lap the substantial proofs of his success. He had already determined when and how he would embark, where he should land ; and he had fancied even the most minute particulars of his journey homeward, of his arrival, of his visits to old friends, and of their curiosity and wonder to hear him detail all that he had seen. But other events were to take place before he was destined to return.

Hengist gave a memorable feast to Vortigern at his fortress of Thong-ceaster\*. It was then that the fair-haired Rowena presented the goblet to the voluptuous monarch, demanding *Waes heal, liever Kyning?* "What health, dear King?" To whom Vortigern, being prompted, replying, *drinck heal!* Rowena, bending on her knee, wished prosperity to her uncle's guest ; and thus it is traditionally said, originated in our country the friendly custom of drinking healths—a custom according to some, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," but at any rate one which is fast hurrying to oblivion. Fatal health, and fatal moment to Britain ! For Rowena, whose beauty had captivated the British sovereign, became the price of Kent†, which Vortigern, in exchange for his bride, gave to Hengist, and which formed the first kingdom of the Saxon Heptarchy.

But the subjects of Vortigern, alarmed at the progress of the Saxons,

\* This fortress was in (what is now) Lincolnshire, whither Hengist and his troops appear to have been, in the first instance, sent to war against the Northern Invaders. The tradition goes, that having been promised by Vortigern the possession of so much land as he could inclose with an ox-hide, Hengist cut up a fresh hide into narrow *thongs* capable, when placed end to end, of circumscribing a considerable extent of surface, on which he built a castle for himself. At Caistor (*ceaster*) in Lincolnshire, twelve miles south-west of Grimsby, a curious ceremony is (or lately was) performed in the church on Palm Sunday. "A cart-whip, with four pieces of wyche-elm bound round the stock, and a leathern purse attached to the extremity of the stock containing thirty pence, is, during divine service, cracked in the church porch, and while the second lesson is reading is brought into the church and held over the reading-desk by the person who carries it. It is afterwards deposited with the tenant of Hundon." This obligation is a part of the tenure by which certain lands in the manor of Broughton are held. The church is built on the ruins of Thong Castle ; and, beyond all question, the ceremony is connected with the circumstances attending the foundation of the fortress, and in no small degree gives weight to the tradition concerning it. May not the "thong" of the whip, the fine or money-reward, and possibly the "pieces of wyche-elm bound round the stock" representing the fasces or ensign of authority (?) symbolically point to the relations between Hengist and the British King?

† The marriage of Rowena with Vortigern is said to have been solemnised at Caistor (Thong-ceaster), in A. D. 453.

loudly exclaimed against this act of their king, and set up Vortimer as their leader. Hengist, seeing that he must inevitably have recourse to arms ere long to preserve his newly erected kingdom, temporised with the British chiefs till fresh reinforcements of his countrymen should arrive. Meanwhile he revolved in his mind, a scheme so bloody, base, and treacherous, as had but one counterpart in all Anglo-Saxon history\*, and which, but that the spirit of the time was rude, might make us alike scorn Hengist and our Saxon parentage. Mysterious whisperings circulated among the Saxon host, yet their meaning was only known to those who were to be the great actors in the dark drama; and the underlings and uninitiated, of whom Osric was one, were both ignorant and guiltless of the blood that was to flow. At length the catastrophe arrived.

Hengist gave another feast, at which a compact of lasting peace and friendship between the Britons and the Saxons was professedly to have been made, and to which Vortigern and three hundred British nobles were invited†. The nobles came alone, and in token of amity left their weapons at the entrance of the hall—all but one, who arrived after the rest, attended by his inseparable companion, a young daughter; while talking to whom, as he passed the portal, he neglected inadvertently to rid himself of his blade. Morcar, that was his name, had married a Roman lady, who died in giving birth to a daughter, whom, after her mother, the inconsolable father had named Valeria. Joyous and open-hearted, Valeria united the bold spirit of the North with the gaiety and freedom of the South. Kind-hearted and filial, she was the idol of her parent, and constantly at his side; and on the present occasion her importunities, prompted by her eagerness to see the bold strangers, of whose deeds she had heard so much, extorted from him a reluctant consent that she should go with him.

Anxious, and doubtful of the result of his enterprise, Hengist lingered without till all his guests had entered the hall, and then placed trusty sentinels at each place of egress. While others of the gates led to circuitous paths, one faced the main road from the fortress, which afforded easy means of reaching a neighbouring town. It was necessary, therefore, to protect this exit with great care, by placing at it some one more than usually vigilant and trustworthy. "Osric, guard that door," said Hengist, "let none out, except with the pass-word, *Nimed eure seaxes*." The mirth, at first subdued, soon rose loud and high; the laugh and jest went round, and the song was trolled out in boisterous

\* The massacre of the Danes under Ethelred the Unready, toward the end of the Saxon dynasty.

† In the uncertainty of history respecting this event, it has been placed by some authors as late as the year 475, or at least twenty years after Hengist's assuming the title of King of Kent. But Turner (*Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons*) mentions it not long after the arrival of Hengist, seeming, with some probability, to consider it among the causes which originally led to the war between the Britons and Saxons. There is little need, in this place, for the decision of the matter. To render a more striking picture of the times, in a series of tales, an anachronism may be occasionally allowable: in a fiction it cannot be of much consequence; in a work pretending to historical accuracy it would be fatal.

accents. But the joviality was not unmixed with alloy. The choleric Britons, roused by the wine, began to plume themselves on the deeds of their ancestors. Taunts begat taunts, and words not unfrequently rose high and contentious. As yet only a confused and indistinct sound reached the ears of Osric at his post; and even this gradually died away, and left him to indulge his musings on home undisturbed by a murmur. At length, a shriek—a prolonged shout,—and the fall as of many ponderous bodies on the floor of the hall, roused him from his ruminations; and almost at the same instant, the door which Osric guarded was torn open from within, and out rushed the daughter of Morcar—horror imprinted on her countenance. With tremulous fingers she hastily unclasped a rich bracelet from her arm and thrust it into the hand of Osric, imploring him to direct her and her father, who closely followed her, to the road by which to escape.

The tumult that burst upon his ear, and the sight that openly exhibited itself through the open door, might have revealed to Osric what was actually passing, and the meaning of the strict orders given to him, but that all his faculties were absorbed in mute astonishment at the actions of the beautiful being before him. The Saxons, who feasted with their chief, had that day abstained from one of their most besetting vices, and had drunk but sparingly of the liquor they set before their guests. Hengist had carefully planted the Saxons and Britons alternately round the tables, and when the latter had been made intoxicated, he loudly gave the word—*Nimed eure seaxes!* when instantly every Saxon present drew a concealed dagger to plunge into the bosom of his next neighbour. But this act of perfidy did not succeed without a severe struggle; and Hengist, as he afterwards surveyed the hall, wet with the blood of his followers as of his foes, might have drawn thence an omen that not without much toil and some loss should he erect his new kingdom on permanent foundations. It so happened that the Saxon appointed to be the assassin of Morcar, on finding that chief so long to fail of arrival, had indulged himself in the drugged potations intended for the guest; so that when the word was given he was ill able to execute the command, while Morcar having drunk but little, and still possessing his arms, was well able to resist. At the moment then, that the Saxon was about to strike, Valeria, with a shriek, arrested his uplifted arm, while Morcar drew his sword, and sheathed it in his opponent's body. The Saxon fell. Valeria, followed closely by Morcar, anxious alone to shield his child, made for the door at which Osric was posted. "Let us fly—" "Oh! let us fly," said she; "Saxon, you shall have gold—you shall have presents—take this; and more, much more, shall be yours—but only let my father escape unhurt!" "Deceitful, base, detestable treachery!" groaned out Morcar, in a transport of passion. "*Nimed eure seaxes*—that was the "cursed sound—which will ring in mine ears till death!" Then, seizing his child in his arms, he darted over the threshold. Osric, who understood neither

the invectives of the father, nor the prayers of the daughter, was yet awake to the meaning of the latter, and hearing the password pronounced by the Briton—unmindful of his bloody blade—suffered him to pass, and pointed out the way to the fugitives. Then he placed Valeria's bracelet around his wrist, and covered it carefully from sight, determined that nothing but the want of bread should wring its possession from him. And often as he gazed on it in secret, or as he renewed the remembrance of that dire day, the image of that young, fair, and imploring face came vividly before his recollection.

Justly enraged at the Saxons' treachery, the Britons flew to arms. Hengist, disappointed of reinforcements from abroad, was obliged to retreat toward the coast, and await the issue. The battles of Aylesford and Folkstone\* were fought; the Saxons were beaten; and Hengist and the scanty remnant of his army were at last compelled, with the loss of nearly all their treasure, to retire across the sea whence they had come†. Osric accompanied Hengist, and both soon stood on the dreary shore of modern Holland in nearly as needy a condition as they had originally left it. But while the one went to rest in kingly chambers, to found a new city‡, and to weave new schemes of conquest, the other sped onward to cheer the lone heart of a widow in a miserable hut. Shorn, indeed, of most of his hard-earned gains for service, he had yet a small pittance left of his late wealth; this would bring at least a temporary relief to his mother; with care and judgment it might even purchase for her permanent comfort. And then he would work for her as he had done formerly, and would never—never leave her more.

Full of these thoughts, Osric hurried homeward. The way was long,—two hundred weary miles had to be passed. But he travelled night and day, barely allowing himself time for natural rest. At length he began to approach

\* Nennius and others record that this battle was fought "in a field on the shore of the Gallic sea," where stood the *Lapis tituli*, which Camden and Usher take to be Stonar, in the Isle of Thanet. Somner and Stillingfleet, instead of *L. tituli*, read *Lapis Populi*, or Folkstone, and a singular fact adds strength to their conjecture that the battle was fought there which compelled the Saxons afterwards to retire into Thanet. Two vast heaps of skulls and bones are piled up in vaults respectively beneath the churches of Folkstone and Hythe, and which all antiquaries are agreed in considering the relics of some obstinate battle. (See a note in the Introduction to the "History of Kent," by Hasted, who suggests that the bones in Hythe Church are probably those of the Britons, and those at Folkstone of the Saxons.) The eminent anatomist, Mr. Alexander Walker, some years ago, showed the author of these "Tales" two skulls which he had procured from these ossuaries, and which presented remarkably differing characters,—one being thin, delicately formed, and such as might be expected to characterise a race advanced in civilisation, or degenerated by luxury, as were the Britons of that period; the other massive, broad, and from its appearance suggestive of its having belonged to one of the "fierce giants of the North." Batteley considers Stone-end, in the neighbourhood of Folkstone, to have been the place of the conflict alluded to.

† The "Saxon Chronicle," indeed, speaks of the battles of Eglesford (Aylesford), &c., as gained by the Saxons, and nowhere mentions the return of Hengist to the Continent. But the death of Horsa in the first or second engagement with the Britons, the obvious retreat of the Saxons back to the coast in this war, and the testimony of British authors to their temporary abandonment of Britain, afford sufficient evidence to warrant the choice of this version of events.

‡ It is traditionally said that Leyden, or at any rate its castle, was founded by Hengist.

objects familiar to him,—scenes long absent from his memory, but the renewed remembrance of which brought a yearning into his heart, and many a tear into his eye. The clump of waving pines that crowned yonder hill, brought before his fancy the day when he resolved to join the ranks of Hengist; and in a moment all the various changes through which he had since passed flashed upon his mind. It was but for a moment; every other object—the fields, the barren heath, the winding way, recalled the time when he was an unambitious tiller of the soil. The grey of twilight had descended, and but one low hill remained to shut out from Osric's sight the roof of the cottage in which he first drew breath. Agitated and impetuously he gained the summit,—he beheld his mother's house!—and a light,—yes, a light distinctly shone from within! He flew, rather than ran—crossed the low barrier before the dwelling, and reached the doorway. The door stood open, and he hastily entered. A female, whom he knew not, beckoned to him to approach in silence. A winding-sheet covered the remains of her whom Osric had so much longed to fold in his embrace—his mother was dead!



Let those—the one great hope and aim of whose life has suddenly been blasted—imagine the feelings of Osric, as he averted his face from the scene before him. She then—the thought of whom had supported him amidst all the trials and dangers he had encountered, and the prospect of whose maternal embrace had so often gilded the dark horizon of his prospect in a land of strangers,—she had closed her eyes in death,—and that, too, within a brief space of his arrival. Oh! could he but have heard her last words,—could he but have received her last sigh, her dying look, and grasped her hands as Death swept stealthily over them, he would have been happy! All—all the treasures he had ever possessed or seen, had they been now his, he would have given to restore her for one moment to life,—but for one moment, that she might only know that he had ever thought of her while far away, and had now returned to be always with her. All this passed rapidly through his brain, and filled his soul with grief. He sank down and buried his face in the cold winding-sheet of his mother. Audible sobs burst from the bosom that had quailed not in the front of battle, and hours passed and left him in the same posture.

All now before him was a blank. His oldest, his best friend, was gone, and he felt alone in the world. He saw the last sad obsequies paid to his mother, and for a while lingered about the neighbourhood, recalling, day after day, remembrances of her and of the days of his early youth. He trod the fields once tilled by his hands—now a desert! He gloomily traversed the heath he had so often roved over, but it was home no more! He sought the well-known hill, and beneath the dim and shadowing pines called to mind all the

successive scenes of his former life, till, starting from his reverie, he could not persuade himself that *she* was dead !

The news spread far and wide that Hengist was again preparing for the conquest of Kent. His bands were gathering, and not only the young and adventurous of the Saxon tribes, but veterans in war (partly attracted by the hope of a settlement in a rich and fertile country, partly also feeling the gripe of poverty which the devastations of the Huns had caused), now joined the standard of the son of Witgesils. Osric, roused from his reveries by the din of preparation, determined to join the body-guard of his former chief, and finish his days in a foreign land ; and a mournful twilight saw him, for the last time, at his mother's grave, to take a long farewell of all that had ever dwelt upon his heart.

The Saxons once more sailed for Thanet. How different their hopes and means for attaining their wishes to those in their former voyage ! and how differently they were met ! Not with presents and feastings as friends, but with the spear and scythe as foes. Ah ! had the Britons only ten years before opposed as bold a front to the Picts as they now showed to the Saxons, they might long have been free and independent, and other dynasties might still have filled the throne of England. But their resistance came too late ; the Saxon troops, far different from the raw levies first brought by Hengist and Horsa to the British shore, were now well appointed to conquer. Eager to begin the fray, the parties immediately joined battle, and the fields of Wipperfleet and Crayford, though now in the lapse of ages almost forgotten, told of the Britons defeated, who, as the " Saxon Chronicle " affirms, " fled from their " enemies as from fire."

Vortimer\* shut himself up in London with 4000 men. The alarmed and exasperated citizens, with true Celtic choler and British inconstancy†, easily tempted to believe him treacherous or cowardly, rather than politic, besieged him in the Tower, and clamorous for revenge, wreaked it on themselves by putting to death their only true defender‡. The luxurious Vortigern—like Elegabalus, or Sardanapalus of old—remained shut up in his palace, and immersed in selfish pleasures, insensible to the misery of his subjects and the war that raged around him, left his southern provinces open to all the ravages of the Saxons. These poured over Kent like a torrent after floods, or lions

\* He was the son of Vortigern, and associated with the latter, in the kingdom, by his countrymen, who had become alienated from Vortigern by his leaning to the Saxons.

† Gildas gives but an indifferent notion of the ancient Britons. He says, " It had become a " proverb, far and wide, that the Britons are neither brave in war, nor faithful in time of peace." The monk appears to have been on ill terms with his countrymen, and very often what he says ought, probably, to be taken with much limitation.

‡ If the statement of Vortimer's assassination by his countrymen be not the correct account of his death, it is at least as good as any which the gross obscurity of the time in which he lived will afford. It is likely enough to be true : Gildas has characterised the Britons as " impotent in " repelling foes, but bold and invincible in raising civil war."

from their den, devastating all in their course, and blindly ruining what they could not enjoy. "For the fire of vengeance, justly kindled by former crimes, spread from sea to sea, and did not cease until, destroying the neighbouring towns and lands, it reached the other side of the island, and dipped its red and savage tongue in the Western Ocean\*. Lamentable to behold, in the midst of streets lay the tops of lofty towers tumbled to the ground, stones of high walls, holy altars, fragments of human bodies, covered with livid clots of coagulated blood, looking as if they had been squeezed together in a press, and with no chance of being buried, save in the ruins of the houses or the raving bellies of beasts and birds. So entirely had the vintage, once so fine, degenerated and become bitter, that, in the words of the prophet, 'there was hardly a grape or ear of corn to be seen where the husbandman had turned his back.'

But did Osric join in these devastations?—He did. He often indeed endeavoured, and sometimes successfully, to moderate the fury of his companions, and never did woman or defenceless child meet with violence at his hands. His heart, reft of all its ties, had now become callous; and his former aspirings had died with the object in which they had centered. Let not Osric be described as that "faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," but more truthfully as men were in those days, and as they would be again under the same circumstances. Without Religion worthy of the name, lost to the promise of future bliss, despairing, indifferent, blunted in moral feeling, and insensible to the good or evil of his fellow creatures, Osric sank into gluttony and excesses; and living only for the passing hour, he laid waste the home of the helpless, plundered the gains of the husbandman, and joined in the fields and forays with the rest of his comrades.

It was in one of these forays, close to where the little village of Otford† now stands, that Osric, with a band of ten or a dozen of his fellows, already heavily laden with spoil, came unexpectedly upon a pretty large body of the British, who, exasperated at their wrongs, had armed and placed themselves under a chief of rank and experience, determined to cut off the small marauding bodies of Saxons whenever they were enabled by superior numbers to cope with them. Few words were exchanged, for the purpose of either party was well known to the other: weapons clashed, and in a few minutes nearly all the Saxons were stretched dead upon the ground. Osric was taken prisoner, and as he had appeared

\* Another instance of the fallacy of Gildas, as an historical guide. He seems to confuse this irruption with all the succeeding warfare down to the time of Cerdic, in the sixth century, when Somersetshire was the field of battle. The most that "from sea to sea" and "reached the other side of the island" can mean, is from the mouth of the Thames to the British Channel. None of Hengist's battles with the Britons seem to have been fought out of Kent. The above passage of Gildas is so graphic and striking, and in some parts so beautiful as a composition, that it is here given entire.

† A village not far from Sevenoaks, in Kent, and reported to have been the scene of an affray in early Saxon times.



to bear something like authority among his band, his rank was suspected to be greater than it really was, and a consultation was beginning to be held as to making some agreement with his countrymen, for immunity or security from plunder in consideration of delivering him up free. As he partly stripped off his vest, to bind up a wound he had received in his arm, the quick eye of Morcar (for it was he who headed the Britons) was attracted by something glittering just above Osric's wrist. He recognised his daughter's bracelet, which Osric had religiously worn concealed, from the fatal day on which he had saved her life and that of her father. "*Nimed eure seaxes!*" shouted Morcar, (Osric started at the sound,) "This is the ruffian that would have slain me at the treacherous feast of Thong-ceaster, and still wears the jewel he tore from my daughter, whose arm that day arrested his." The eye and memory of Morcar had deceived him on that occasion. As the Saxon assassin had attempted to plunge his dagger into the bosom of the chief at the feast of Hengist, Valeria had indeed interposed her arm, which the barbarian seizing, had wrested from it the fellow bracelet as he fell. *This* Morcar had seen; but he did not afterwards see his daughter give to Osric her remaining bracelet as they passed the portal, or he would have known that the Saxon who now stood before him, had been his good rather than his evil genius. Valeria, with the tact of a woman's eye, would have soon recognised her preserver, but Valeria was absent, and knew not of his danger. The error was fatal, "I doom him to death!" (said the chief) *Nimed eure seaxes*—out with your weapons—Aha! "we turn the Saxons' words against themselves. We shall at least have one revenge for that accursed day!"

Death may be met without shrinking, in the furious excitement of battle or passion; still when it stares us in the face in our cooler moments, it is capable of appalling the stoutest heart. Osric's beat quickly and his eye wandered; the life he had cared for so little now seemed precious; and he pleaded with a thick voice and stammering speech, that *he* was not the Saxon who had attempted to murder Morcar; and as well as he could he related the truth. But his pleadings were ill understood, and drowned by the denunciations of Morcar and the rest. The arms and legs of Osric were bound; a rude stone stood beside the highway on which the neck of the victim was lain; the blade of Morcar gleamed in the sunlight and severed the head of the Saxon from his body, and the soil around weltered with his blood. The kind-hearted Valeria, to whose mind the image of her own and her father's preserver had often recurred, might, had she known it, have wept over his fate. But Valeria saw him no more from the day of the "consuming secret\*," and in the many fears and

\* Under this expression the Welsh triads are conjectured to allude to the massacre of the Britons by Hengist.

storms of that troubled time, he had gradually faded from her memory. And the sun that day went down as gladly, and the moon afterwards shone as serenely in the bright blue heaven, and the birds sang as cheerfully, and all Nature pursued its unvarying career, as though no deed had been done to mar the beauty of the Universe ; nor was one living being left that cared for the fate, or even the past existence, of Osric, the Widow's Son !

S.



# A Prophecy of the Great Revolution.

## The Story of La Harpe, the Atheist.

### I.

It seems to me but yester'night, though many Suns have set,  
Since we, the Académie's Sons, in merry mood were met;  
Malvoisie and Constantia drove every care aside,  
We were feasting like Belshazzar, and boasting in our pride.

### II.

Noble Lords and Learned Men laughed loud at Heaven and Hell,  
And gentle Ladies whispered jests from Diderot and Pucelle,  
And oft rang out the merry shout while one exulting sings—  
“ Tear out the entrails of the Priests—fit halters for the Kings !”

### III.

Some cried that Freedom's Sun would rise, and soon would sweep away  
Fanaticism's ignorance and Superstition's sway;  
While others praised the Académie, source of the dawning Light,  
And hailed Voltaire the Champion rare of Reason and of Right.

### IV.

The old Man sighed to think that ere that glorious Day should dawn  
To him no more would be the Night, no more the early Morn;  
But the young Man's eye dilated, the noble Dame looked gay,  
They thought that they perchance might share the glories of that Day.

V.

But one alone—the old Cazotte—sat silent, still, and sad,  
A Man he was of wit and worth, though many thought him mad ;  
Silent and still the old man sat, and looked on each the while,  
He seemed to chill our bounding mirth with that sad pitying smile.

VI.

At length—“ Rejoice ! Rejoice ! ” he cried, “ Aspirants young and  
old !  
“ For each and all those days of Light and Reason shall behold—  
“ But, alas ! poor fools of Fancy ! ye little think that we  
“ Shall be Victims to that Phantom of false Philosophy !

VII.

“ More clearly gleams the Vision now before my aching sight,  
“ But Death and Fear, alas ! are there, instead of Life and Light—  
“ Laugh while thou may'st, Condorcet,—then thou shalt laugh no  
more ;  
“ I see thee sup the poison up—stretched on a dungeon floor.—

VIII.

“ And thee, Chamfort, I see thee there, High Priest at Reason's  
throne,  
“ But the blood that stains her altars, poor Victim, is thine own ;  
“ Gashing his veins, the Prophet falls, like Baal's Priest of yore,—  
“ And Vicq d'Azyr in mortal fear lies weltering in his gore ;

IX.

“ For thee, Raucher, and old Malesherbes, and Nicolai too,  
“ And Bailly wise, the Scaffold rears her gory arms for you ;  
“ And Ladies fair—your fate is there—and ah ! unhappy chance !  
“ Mixed with the loftiest and the least flows the best blood of  
France ! ”

X.

Then out, I cried, in scorn and pride—and when shall these things be ?  
And what to me—the Atheist,—say, Prophet, what to me ?  
To thee alone, perchance, vain Seer, some glorious lot shall fall,  
For thou hast sworn, it seems, that day to exterminate us all.

XI.

" It is not I ; it is not I, who have sworn this," said he,  
" Six years shall not pass over us ere all these things shall be ;  
" And a wonder shall be witnessed—a miracle to men—  
" For La Harpe, the Unbeliever, shall be a Christian then !

XII.

" But I am like the lonely wight who raised a boding cry,  
" And sang to old Jerusalem the fatal prophecy—  
" Woe to the Holy City ! Woe ! Woe to himself, he cried,  
" And headlong from the crumbling walls, dashed to the earth, he  
died !"

XIII.

He ceased—and some laughed loud, and swore if they were not to  
die  
Till La Harpe, the wild, were a Christian mild, they should live to  
Eternity !  
But time rolled on—six years were gone—the storm of Death  
swept by,  
And I alone am left to tell of that gay company !

XIV.

In our pride of Mind we sowed the wind ; we reaped the whirl-  
wind's terror ;  
But the holy might of Christian Light hath freed my Soul from  
error—  
The Terror, the Dread, at length are fled, and Faith and Hope are  
come  
To cheer the Old Man's loneliness, and guide the Atheist home !

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The narrative which forms the subject of these stanzas may be found in  
the "*Œuvres Choiesies et Posthumes*" of M. La Harpe, a celebrated member  
of the French Académie.



## Emigrants.

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### I.

I've seen a Mother weeping because her Son must roam,  
To seek his fate and fortune far from his childhood's home ;  
I've heard a Father groaning when the Daughter of his love  
Hath left the parent hearth, another's tenderness to prove ;  
And well, methinks, old England, such grief beseemeth thee,  
When so many sons and daughters seek a home beyond the sea.  
Oh ! had it but been granted by a wise directing Hand,  
That one and all could plenty find within their native land ;  
If intercourse of " near and dear " might last till death unbroken,  
That last sad word of parted friends remain a word not spoken ;  
If families were not dispersed and homes not rent asunder,—  
Men would not dream of Paradise as some *unearthly* wonder.

### II.

Yet wise is that directing Hand, and well the plan is skill'd ;  
Man must increase and multiply, and all the Earth be fill'd.  
The Mother Land, she may not keep her offspring at her breast ;  
They must go forth to other lands, and, subduing them, be blest.  
Then speed ye well, poor Emigrants, nor be your courage faint,  
Look bravely to the future joy, forget the past complaint !  
Nor think that England spurns you—nor deem your wants forgot ;  
Believe a nobler destiny and glory in your lot.  
Go forth, your Maker's messengers, and carry out His plan,  
Remember that this world is His, and He created Man ;  
To one and all, in every grade, the appointed task is given,  
To Work, and Strive, and Conquer—not only Earth, but Heaven !



# A Statistical Outline

of the

## Present Condition & Progress of the Anglo-Saxon Race.



THE ANGLO-SAXON—not numerically superior to the rest—is certainly the dominant race upon the Globe. It has established in Europe one of the greatest and most flourishing, and unquestionably the wealthiest, of Empires ever recorded in history, and which exercises the most important influence on the destinies of the whole human family. It has covered the oceans and seas of all climates with its fleets, and it has everywhere been the pioneer of civilisation. It has for ages maintained a contest for supremacy with the great Celtic race in the zenith of its power; it has established flourishing states where were before only pathless wilds; it has rendered mighty kingdoms tributary, and their people secure and happy; it has been the first to bestow freedom on the slave; it has humbled the pride of the most ancient and populous dominion in the world!

*Quas regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*

The islands, which form one great centre of its power, stud the seas of North-Western Europe. Its settlements are scattered throughout the Mediterranean—that renowned sea of which it has been said that “all our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from its shores.” The mariner who doubles “the Cape,” so long a barrier to the enterprise of the West, does so in sight of a wide Anglo-Saxon territory. The pestiferous climate of the coast of tropical Africa has not deterred from the shores of Guinea and Sierra Leone the hardy and daring sons of the North;—the frozen regions of the Arctic and Antarctic zones have had for their explorers the same race which rules a stupendous empire in India, and in the East also has acquired and peopled a Continent! The Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, the great Asiatic and West Indian Archipelagos, Arabia, China, and South America, contain its colonies; and almost all the northern half of the New World re-discovered by Columbus owns its sway.

Let us now calculate, roughly perhaps, yet still with sufficient correctness for all ordinary purposes, the area of the Earth's surface under the rule of the

Anglo-Saxon Race, and the millions of human beings who live under the laws of the successors of Alfred and Athelstan.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.		Area in square Miles.	Population—Latest Census.
<b>BRITISH EMPIRE.</b>			
Great Britain, &c.	{ England and Wales .....	57,813	15,906,741
	{ Scotland .....	29,600	2,620,610
	{ Ireland .....	32,487	8,175,124
	{ Islands in the British Seas, &c. . .	486	312,493
Dependencies in Europe .....		230	251,670
British North America .....		954,490	1,851,241*
West Indian Colonies .....		106,420	942,738
Cape Colony, Natal, and Settlements in Africa		121,120	489,227
Australia and Tasmania .....		320,000	275,440*
New Zealand .....		86,000	18,171*
Falkland Islands, &c. ....		..	..
British India :—			
Ceylon .....		24,664	1,421,631
Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay, Madras, and their Dependencies .... }		489,450	93,807,000
Tributary States .....		433,500	45,000,000
Total of British Empire and Tributaries		2,656,200	170,572,086
UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA, and } their Dependencies .....		2,274,875	17,605,677
Grand Total ....		4,931,075	188,177,763

\* This is exclusive of roving tribes, whose number cannot be ascertained.

The total population of the Earth has been problematically estimated at from eight hundred and fifty to nine hundred millions. Of these the Mongol race appears to contribute the greatest number of human beings,—the population of China alone having been officially stated, in 1825, at upwards of 367,000,000! But let us reduce some statistics of the chief empires on the Globe into a tabular form, and then compare with them the dominions of the Anglo-Saxons, premising however that from the difficulty of the task, and uncertainty of the date, our estimate must be considered, in most cases, as a mere approximation to the truth.

CHIEF EMPIRES.	Area in square Miles.	Population.
Chinese Empire .....	5,280,000	375,980,000
Russian Empire .....	7,276,600	65,949,266
Austrian Empire .....	256,600	35,804,152
French Dominions .....	327,800	36,189,982
Turkey, Persia, and other Mohammedan States of Asia and Africa .....	4,021,000	59,563,000
Brazilian Empire .....	2,743,400	4,170,229
Spanish American Republics .....	3,920,100	10,919,200+

+ Under this head is comprised the Mexican Confederation, with an area and population estimated previously to the late conquest of a part of its territory by the Anglo-Saxons of the United States.



Thus we may see by the above tables, that the Anglo-Saxon Race has already spread itself over an area nearly as extensive as that of the Chinese Empire, or of the South American Republics, with Brazil, Central America, and Mexico combined; and that its territories are nearly one-fifth larger than those of all the principal Mohammedan States, and more than eight times as large as the dominions of Austria and France united. The population under Anglo-Saxon rule is equal in amount to half that of the vast and densely-populated realms of China, nearly thrice as large as that of the Russian Empire, nine times that of Brazil and the Spanish American Republics; more than five times as great as that of the Austrian or French dominions, and at least three times as great as that of the chief portion of the Mohammedan world!

The Saxon race, from which we claim our descent, has lately been delineated by a forcible and graphic, though an erratic and frequently an unsteady pen\*. "By Saxon race (says Dr. Knox) I mean the classic German of antiquity, now represented with more or less admixture by the Norwegian, Swede, Dane, Hollander, &c. Saxony and the smaller States of central Germany, many, the greater part of Western Prussia, and a very small portion of Southern Germany, still boast of *a few Saxons* . . . . . The insular Saxon, an offset from the Continental, occupies England, as distinct from Wales, the eastern coasts of Scotland, and of Ireland. In America he is already paramount, lord of all its northern portion: there the Saxon, true to his nature, has changed his name; he calls himself an 'American.' In Canada (Saxon Canada), he calls himself a Canadian; in South Africa he becomes an Africaaner; in Oceania he assumes the name of an Australian. He is, in fact, by *nature*, a free man; of the only race *virtually* free; the only race strictly understanding true freedom! . . . . . Gibbon (in alluding to the free condition of England) throws out the beautiful idea, prophetic in a sense that he never imagined, that should Continental despotisms ever so far prevail as to crush liberty in Europe by the overthrow of Britain, the race—the Anglo-Saxon race—emigrating to another land, another continent, would there re-found their institutions, maintain the supremacy of the law over brute force, and carry out once more the *destinies of the race* . . . . . The Anglo-Saxon, in England, stands on neutral ground. Anxious for the *status quo* throughout the world, he dreads continental wars. His fleets are ever ready to support existing dynasties. As a merchant, he intermeddles everywhere; as a Saxon, his colonies continually threaten revolt. It is the same with Holland, also (peopled by) a thoroughly Saxon race—the twin-brother, in fact, of the Saxon English . . . . . The arrival of the Saxons in England, and their expulsion of the Celtic race from the greater part of Britain; their subsequent career, as successively they regained their liberties from the Norman

\* Lectures on the Races of Men, by Robert Knox, M.D., F.R.S.E., in the "Medical Times" for 1848-9.

“ oppressors ; the assistance they have occasionally rendered to their Continental brethren of Saxon origin, in the great cause of civil and religious liberty ; the example they have set the world of the powers a nation may acquire by industry, the accumulation of wealth, and the respect for property ; these valuable, most valuable, qualifications of mind lead, at times, to extraordinary results, and to problems and questions which time alone can solve—political questions of surpassing importance, as involving the happiness, and even the existence, of countless millions.

“ In person, the Saxon is tall and robust ; as he becomes older, his chest and arms not unfrequently acquire great size, his lower extremities fall off proportionally. He is a strong-handed muscular man, *fond of labour, of order, of method in action*, but not in ideas ; systematic in action and in labour ; a hater and despiser of theorists, that is, of men who seek principles for action—idealists. His house is the pattern of all that is orderly and regular. A strict economist and lover of comfort, he dreads no labour to attain those objects he most affects. With a commercial and enterprising mind, he carries on a war—a *peaceful war*, no doubt—with all the world. It is the war of trade and traffic, and money returns . . . . . *Show him a method superior to his own ; give him but a hint of a superiority existing somewhere, and nowhere on the earth will be found a person so ready to adopt the new method, so admirably active and skilful is he in applying the discoveries of other races to his own pecuniary advantage. Inventive genius he has not (?)—applicative ability is all his own. Accumulative desires haunt him everywhere ; in Holland, England, America. The most remarkable of all Saxon characteristics is, the utilitarian character of the Saxon mind . . . . . In what Saxon land could we have such dreamers as Fichte and Hegel, Goëthe and Kant, Leibnitz and Spix, Ollen and Von Martius ? Minds so visionary could never have originated with any Saxon race. The character of the true Saxon, occupied wholly with material interests, seems to me subversive of every attempt, come from where it may, to attach to the Saxon race the merit, whatever it be, of discovering the transcendental theory in philosophy . . . . . By whatever name called—Dutch woman, English woman, Swede, &c.—one character prevails (among the Saxon race) ; *they are the best of mothers and of wives . . . . .* The Saxon is the true cosmopolite, lives in a separate house. refuses to be obliged to anybody, seeks no aid, is himself for himself, all-confident . . . . . Protestant by blood or race, lover of order and of equality before the law, originator of trial by jury, asserter of the inviolability of a private dwelling—the *future happiness and freedom of mankind rests with the Saxon.*”*

Such, then, is the Anglo-Saxon. Bold, vigorous, enduring, enterprising in the highest degree, of solid intellect, devoted to material interests, to the neglect of the simply ideal,—in all works of broad utility demanding strength

labour, and perseverance, he has far outstripped all other races of modern times. Canals, bridges, mills, factories, mines, roads, railways, such are the objects on which he loves to expend his skill, time, attention, and money. His brethren of race, the Dutchman, Belgian, and Fleming, have intersected their countries with a network of canals and railroads, and covered them with busy seats of manufacturing industry; but nowhere do such works, especially the two latter, exist to such an extent as in England and some of the United States of America. Twenty years ago scarcely a railway existed in Great Britain; in July 1848, 4357 miles were open, the receipts on which, during the year previous to that date, amounted to £9,938,552; and at the same date 11,675 miles were either complete or in progress. So long ago as 1840 there were in the United States 3380 miles open, constructed at a cost of at least £22,780,000 sterling. The canals in England, Wales, and Scotland had, in 1840, an aggregate length of 4713 miles; and those in the United States a total length of 3900 miles.

In 1847, 574,876 persons in Great Britain and Ireland were reported to be engaged in cotton, woollen, linen, and silk mills and factories,—the number in England and Wales being 485,042, and in Scotland 67,243 hands,—of whom 312,144 were engaged on cotton, 124,269 on woollen, 41,170 on linen, and 45,707 on silk spinning and weaving. Mr. M'Culloch estimates the value of the cotton goods produced annually in Great Britain, in round numbers, at £35,000,000, of woollens at £24,000,000, of linens at £8,000,000, of silks at £10,000,000, and of leather at £13,500,000. ("Geographical Dictionary," New Edition, vol. i. p. 457.) Nor is the Anglo-Saxon race, as to its manufacturing capacities, a race merely of weavers and spinners. The clang of the anvil, the blast of the furnace, are familiar to our senses; and side by side with the most ponderous machinery, are produced metallic articles of the most delicate workmanship, as our chronometers and scientific instruments, and the cutlery and trinkets of London, Sheffield, and Birmingham will attest. M'Culloch calculates that watches and jewellery are annually made in Great Britain to the value of £3,000,000, glass and earthenwares to £4,250,000, and paper to £2,000,000. [We think the last item is under-estimated.] According to the Reports of the Board of Trade, in 1846, the exports from the United Kingdom comprised 1,065,460,589 yards of cotton fabrics, having a value of £16,700,000; 161,892,750 lbs. of cotton, yarn, and twist, worth upwards of £7,882,000; and hosiery, lace, and small cotton wares amounting to £1,016,146; the whole valued in the aggregate at nearly £25,600,000. The exports of woollen and worsted manufactures, in the same year, amounted to upwards of £7,243,300; of linen goods, fabrics, to nearly 85,000,000 yards; and twist to 19,484,000 lbs. besides minor articles—£3,706,200; of iron and steel, hardwares and cutlery, to £6,358,600. Thus, in one year only, the foregoing products to the value of £42,908,000 were forwarded from British

ports throughout the Globe; added to which the exports of apparel and haberdashery amounted to £1,632,864; of brass and copper manufactures to £1,558,187, beer and ale to £381,799, coals and other fuel (2,531,100 tons) to £971,175, glass and earthenwares to £1,055,713, leather to £328,277, machinery and mill-works to £1,117,470, tin and tin wares to £767,307; plated wares, jewellery and watches, to £245,030, &c.; the "total declared" value of British and Irish produce and manufactures exported from the "United Kingdom" in 1846 having been £57,786,876. The total value of imports in the same year amounted to £57,787,820; and, in 1847, to £58,842,377,—of which the imports from other parts of Europe amounted to £24,194,172; from Asia, to £7,864,446; and from America, to £23,065,134. The gross Customs revenue of the United Kingdom, in 1846, amounted to £22,620,947 sterling; viz.—at the ports of Scotland, £1,924,996; at those of Ireland, £2,497,220; and at those of England £18,198,730, of which the single port of London contributed £10,885,156, and that of Liverpool £3,622,056. Such is our commerce—such the measure of the comforts and advantages of civilisation which we dispense abroad throughout the world!

As regards thrift, industry, and commerce, the United States tread worthily in the steps of the Mother-country. We shall not, on the present occasion, go into the history of manufacturing industry in the Union; it is sufficient here to state, that considering the nature of the country, and its general aptitude for agricultural pursuits *par excellence*, the progress of manufactures since the acquisition of national independence, and in particular within the present century, has been—we had almost said—*inordinate*; and the fact is significant, as evincing the vigorous enterprise and the natural tendencies of the Anglo-Saxon race. True it is that the States manufactures remain *longo intervallo* behind those of the United Kingdom; and Lowell, in Massachusetts, termed the "American Manchester," and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, the "American Birmingham," will probably have long to strive ere they successfully rival their European namesakes. The goods of most descriptions made in America do not equal those of Europe in fineness of quality; yet the progress of the United States manufactures is most striking, and such as none but an Anglo-Saxon population could in so limited a period have made. In 1840\* the total value of capital invested in manufactures was estimated at 267,726,579 dollars†, or about £58,000,000 sterling. There were reported to be 1240 cotton-factories, and 129 dye-works, employing together 72,119 hands, and a capital of 51,102,300 dollars (or nearly one-fifth of the whole capital invested), and producing goods to the amount of 46,350,000

\* Though there are some special accounts of the traffic of certain seats of trade, no general account of the trade of the Union since 1840 has been officially published. The census, and all other estimates have hitherto been made decennially.

† The dollar is worth about 4s. 4d. For ordinary purposes of calculation it may be reckoned at somewhat more than one-fifth of a pound sterling.

dollars annually ; 2585 fulling-mills, and 1420 woollen-factories, were scattered over the Union, employing 15,765,124 dollars of capital, and 21,300 hands, the value of the manufactures resulting therefrom being estimated at 20,697,000 dollars. The capital invested in 8229 tanneries and factories for leather goods amounted to 28,532,190 dollars ; the hands employed were upwards of 43,000, and the value of the produce 33,184,400 dollars. The iron trade employed a capital of 20,432,000 dollars ; hardwares, cutlery, and machinery occupied 18,500 persons in the production of goods to the amount of 7,540,000 dollars : glass and earthenwares, to 3,995,000 dollars ; paper to upwards of 6,000,000 dollars ; cordage to 4,078,000 dollars ; ships and furniture, to about 7,000,000 dollars, each figure amongst the other manufactured products. The total " value of manufactures of the United States exported during the year 1842" reached to £.2,036,057. The total of the exports from the American Union in 1843 amounted in value to 111,200,046 dollars, or £.29,093,343,—the domestic produce standing for 99,715,179 dollars, and foreign produce for 11,484,867 dollars. The imports in the same year amounted in value to 64,753,799 dollars, or £.13,994,954, more than three-fourths of which were brought home in American ships. The commercial genius of Britain may well exclaim to her offspring across the Atlantic—

" *Gaudeo te habere in loco filie !* "

The Anglo-Saxon, though acclimated in all regions, prefers to fix his home in a level and well-watered country, and in a climate rather cool than otherwise\*. Descended from a stock which emigrated from the moist and dyke-bound Netherlands, and the plains of Friesland, Denmark, and Holstein (from a little tract in which latter province the very name of *Angli*, or English, is said to have been derived), he chose, in England, the fertile, level, and undulating tracts to settle in, leaving the original inhabitants comparatively undisturbed in the mountainous portions of his newly-adopted country. Accordingly, the Anglo-Saxon race is to be found in its greatest purity in the

\* King Alfred, translating Orosius, says—" Now, because the heat is more intense in the South than the cold in the North, and because every wight thrives better in cold than in heat, for that reason Africa is inferior to Europe, both in the number of its people and the quality of its land." The assent to such a statement, implied by the inclusion of it in his works (for else he might have excluded the passage, as he has done many others, from Orosius), bears testimony to the impressions of the Anglo-Saxon King.

Here let us remark that the royal author and legislator first saw the light in 849, now just a thousand years ago. A late traveller in Bohemia ("Metropolitan Magazine," for 1834), after witnessing the enthusiasm with which the decenary birthday of the patron-saint of that country was kept by all classes of people, asks—" Will the like anniversary of the birth of Alfred be in such manner kept in England ?" May we not take up the strain, and inquire—Will this year see a national festival in his memory ?—or will the name and deeds of the hero and darling of English history be wholly neglected in his fatherland ? Will not his birth even be celebrated in 1849 in his native town ? At least we have paid a tribute to his memory by the establishment of the ANGLO-SAXON in the thousandth year after his birth !

Eastern English counties—in Essex, or in Sussex, where the most indifferent observer can scarcely fail to notice that, agreeably to the county name, Saxons still form nearly the whole population; and the rounded figure, large chest and arms, white and red complexion, blue eyes, and flaxen hair of the peasantry, indicate that very little intermixture of other blood has occurred during the lapse of fourteen centuries. But, progressively, as we journey westward, and ascend into the more elevated districts of Britain, we find these lineaments less strongly displayed; and, in the “Western counties,” the dark hair and eyes, greater flexibility of frame, brown complexion, excitability of temperament, with other well-marked characteristics, show that Celtic descent predominates amongst the people. Still, in every part of Britain—the Scottish Highlands, and perhaps North Wales excepted—there is a large fusion of Anglo-Saxon blood amongst the inhabitants. But, strange to say, in the territories of the United States—and the New England States, in particular—the population is probably of more unmixed Saxon descent than in Britain. The early settlers in North America were precisely of that class amongst which in England the least intermixture of race might be supposed to have prevailed: they came, unlike their ancestors of the Heptarchy, to a wide region thinly peopled, and have allied themselves comparatively little with the races they found upon the soil. “The Anglo-American colonists were, for the most part, “poor men, without high rank or title, and who were obliged to hew out their “own way. Some, it is well-known, were induced to immigrate, from religious “motives, and others from motives of gain; but in all we see traits which are “not to be mistaken—the iron firmness, and downright vigour of the Anglo- “Saxon. . . . They planted themselves *in forests fresh in the magnificence “of Nature, and burdened with the resources of national wealth\**.” This shows the true spirit of the Saxon. He is pre-eminently the Colonist of the World. The Celtic race, the only other (except the Phœnician and its Iberian progeny) that has endeavoured to found distant colonies across the sea, has often miserably failed from not understanding the art, or entering into the “pleasure of the strife.” The Saxon delights to rush into pathless wilds, before untrodden, save by the denizens of the forest; and with indomitable perseverance to bend Nature to his use. Knox, speaking on the other hand of the Celtic Canadians, remarks—“They had, and they have yet, their habit of “clinging to each other, and leaving the country desolate; they huddled “themselves in villages, seemingly terrified to locate in the open country: “they had no self-dependence, no go-a-head notions; and so they all but “stood still, waiting the arrival of the latest fashions from Paris†.” But, under an Anglo-Saxon system of colonisation, see what in fifty short years has been the—

\* Quoted in M'Gregor's “Commercial Tariff, Resources, &c., of the United States,” p. 704.

† “Medical Times,” for August 12, 1848.

## PROGRESS OF POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

1790.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.
3,929,328	5,309,758	7,239,903	9,638,166	12,860,920	17,062,566

It is now probably twenty-five millions.

The progress of population is by no means uniformly a measure of national prosperity. But, for the sake of comparison, we may here recal attention to the increase of numbers in the United Kingdom within the last century and a half. In 1696, the population of England and Wales was estimated at 5,500,000 ; in 1707, that of Scotland at 1,050,000 ; and in 1712, that of Ireland at 2,099,094. The census returns have declared the following to be—

## THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM AT FIVE DECENNIAL PERIODS WITHIN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

	1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.	1841.
Great Britain, &c.	10,942,646	12,596,803	14,481,139	16,643,028	18,814,434
Ireland .....	..	..	6,801,827	7,767,401	8,175,124
TOTALS..			21,202,966	24,410,429	27,019,558

The total population now probably amounts to thirty millions.

The Anglo-Saxon—John Bull—has been always held the prototype of the substantial farmer. Agriculture and cattle rearing have ever been favourite employments of his race. Hence it is that our beautiful country is almost everywhere studded with homesteads, the equal of which, for *comfort* and agreeable exterior, are nowhere else to be found. Agriculture flourishes most in Britain where the population is most purely of Saxon origin, as in the Lothians of Scotland, &c., and in the eastern counties of England. Twenty years ago forty-eight million acres of the land in the United Kingdom, or seven-elevenths of the whole surface, were estimated to be under culture. Mr. McCulloch calculates, from published tables, that in 1848, 21,725,000 acres were in crop (3,800,000 for wheat), the entire produce being upwards of 60,000,000 quarters of different grains, worth £.125,863,000 sterling. He also estimates the annual value of the live stock, and of the pastures and woodlands of England and Wales, at £.59,750,000 ; of Scotland, at £.7,500,000 ; of Ireland, the annual value of the produce on pasture lands alone in round numbers at £.20,000,000 (?) and “ the aggregate annual value of the agricultural produce of the United Kingdom at £.215,613,811 sterling ! ” Great Britain, however, yields not sufficient rural produce for its home consumption. The American Union, on the contrary, with its wide extent and illimitable resources, after supplying the wants of its own inhabitants, has still a large

surplus of corn and other rural products to export to foreign countries. In 1840, according to the official returns made by the marshals of the several States, there were reaped in the Union upwards of 84,823,000 bushels of wheat, and 123,071,000 ditto of oats (principally in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio), 377,531,800 ditto of maize (mostly in the Southern and Western States), 18,645,000 ditto of rye, 4,161,000 ditto of buckwheat, 80,841,400 ditto of rice (chiefly in South Carolina and Georgia), and 108,298,000 ditto of potatoes (the majority in New York, Pennsylvania, and Maine). The produce in hay amounted to 10,248,000 tons; the crop of cotton to 790,479,000lbs. (mainly in the States of Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama); that of tobacco to 219,163,300lbs. (Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina being the chief fields of its production); hops to 1,238,500lbs.; and wool to 35,800,000lbs. and upwards. The stock of horses was stated to amount to upwards of 4,335,600; horned cattle numbered 14,971,500; sheep 19,311,000; and hogs 26,300,000. The raw cotton exported from the United States, during the year ending June 30, 1844, amounted in value to 53,063,000 dollars; the exports of tobacco to 8,397,280 ditto; of rice to 2,182,400 ditto; of corn, flour, &c., to 9,046,970 ditto. Cheese, which has more recently become an article of extensive import into Europe, was, in 1844, exported to the amount of 7,343,145lbs.; and at Cincinnati on the Ohio, (a port far inland,) in 1842, about 250,000 hogs were estimated to be annually killed and salted for exportation. In 1846, 171,155 quarters of wheat; 2,229,580 cwt. of meal and flour; 48,612,356lbs. of unmanufactured, and 1,409,329 ditto of manufactured tobacco; and nearly 401,950,000lbs. of cotton wool were imported into Great Britain and Ireland from the United States.

We have alluded to the rural homesteads of England, which have justly called forth glowing panegyrics from all the pastoral writers of our country. Some copy of their style and beauties may be found in Massachusetts and some others of the Northern States of the American Union; but, for the most part, in that wide Confederation it is the elasticity of spirit and prolonged endurance of the Anglo-Saxon Race that are the salient points for admiration, rather than the luxury or comfort that has hitherto been attained. Take, for example, the description of the home of a settler in a region not yet brought under culture:—"The habitations which the new settlers first erect are all nearly in the same style, and constructed in the rudest manner. Round logs, from fifteen to twenty feet long, without the least dressing, are laid horizontally over each other. The seams are closed with moss or clay; three or four rafters are then raised to support the roof, which is covered with boards, or with the rinds of birch or spruce trees, bound down with poles tied together with withes. A wooden frame-work, placed on a foundation of stone, roughly dressed, is raised a few feet from the ground, and leading through the roof



“ with its sides closed up with clay and straw kneaded together, forms the chimney. A space large enough for a door, and another for a window, is then cut through the walls; and in the centre of the cabin a square pit or cellar is dug, for the purpose of preserving potatoes or other vegetables during winter. Over this pit a floor of boards, or of logs hewn flat on the upper side, is laid, and another overhead to form a sort of garret. When a door is hung, a window-sash, with six, nine, or sometimes twelve, panes of glass is fixed; a cupboard and two or three bed-stocks are put up: the habitation is then considered ready to receive the new settler and his family. The majority of emigrants live for a few years in habitations similar to the one here described; after which a good comfortable house is built by all steady industrious settlers\*.” Dr. Knox may, with some reason, pronounce America to be the “ land which first of all brought out the true character of the Saxon Race.”

No sketch, how brief soever, of the productive industry and power of the Anglo-Saxons, their descendants and their dependencies, can be considered at all complete without treating of their mines, their fisheries, their fur trade, their forts, arsenals, fleets, armies, and the great events and scenes in which they have enacted a part in their long and eventful history. These subjects, as well as those which we have already passed over in rapid review, must find more elaborate chronicles in future pages of the “ ANGLO-SAXON.”

It has been held that the Anglo-Saxon race manifests comparatively little aptitude for the elegancies of life, little inventive power, imaginative genius, taste, or sensibility to music and the fine arts. “ Alas! admirers of fatted pigs, unwieldy oxen and Chinese pagodas (is the mock-sublime declamation of Dr. Knox)—shrewd and sensible men; accumulative race! leave the adorning of the world to other races, and carry out your own destinies. All qualities have not been bestowed on all races: Milan, and Genoa, and Venice, were built by one race; and Birmingham, and Manchester, and Liverpool by another.” It may be true, that as a people, we possess neither the vivacity and showiness of the Celts (as represented by the French and Irish), nor the subtlety of the Italian mind, that we may not construct our dwellings or our language with the architectural grace of the latter, or adorn our persons or our conversation with the admirable piquancy of the former. If all the world walked upon white satin, or everything in this sublunary sphere went on “ as merry as a marriage-bell,” such qualities might be all in all; as it is, with half the world starving, or in penury and distress, the sober, staid, and earnest nature of our endowments, may do more to benefit the condition of our fellow-creatures and fulfil the great purposes of our being, than elegant and refined tendencies, which can only affect and improve the few, while the many are removed by circumstances beyond the sphere of their influence. If, again,

\* McGregor (*ut supra*), pp. 551-2.

originality of invention be not fully conceded to us, it must be admitted that the inventions of others meet with improvement at our hands,—nay, according to Dr. Bowring, many years ago English artists competed successfully with the French, in their own walks of art, and in the heart of France. (See his “Second Report on Commercial Relations,” &c., p. 26, &c.) Nor can we admit that the race which has produced the Steam-engine and the Davy lamp,—the Bacons, Harvey, Hunter, Locke, Hobbes, Wicliffe, Tillotson, Tenison, Chalmers, Channing, Coke, Addison, Steele, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Scott, Thomson, Purcell, Butler, Wolcott, Dickens, Bulwer, Cooper, Irving, Woollaston, Faraday, Flaxman, Wilson, Etty—men of fame throughout the civilised world—shall yield the palm to any other race in walks of science, erudition, literature, or art.

On one point at least the Anglo-Saxon race shall yield to none, and it is in *loyalty*. Whether under a Monarchy or a Republic, the Anglo-Saxon acknowledges the supremacy of the law; and he often appeals to it, *contending for a principle*, and irrespective of personal gain. Faithful to his early traditions, be it a President and Congress, or a Sovereign, Lords, and Commons that govern the land he lives in, he has a respect for recognised and established authority. Trial by jury, habeas-corpus, liberty of the press, responsibility of advisers of the crown, are all of Anglo-Saxon growth. We have seen the constitution that we prize copied with more or less fidelity by nations who have recently emancipated themselves from other forms of government,—a world-wide acknowledgment of the wisdom of our ancestors, and the stability of our institutions. Amidst the political storm which has lately convulsed Europe to its centre, the Monarchy of the Anglo-Saxon, which has now stood for more than a thousand years, has been almost the only one which has remained unshaken; and should any future assaults be made against existing dynasties, or attempts to remodel governments on a more democratic basis, so inwoven are ancient usages with all our existing systems, that we may confidently predict that the majority of our countrymen would eagerly rally round the throne, and unite in the heartfelt exclamation—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

5.



## The Horse.

—♦♦♦—  
“ WE ALL HAVE OUR HOBBIES.”  
—♦♦♦—

Now, Ladies, forgive, though the truth be confess'd,  
A HORSE is the treasure we English love best.  
You may sigh if you will, though 't were better to laugh,  
For we 'd rather be hunting than wooing by half!—

See, see where he stands in his beauty and pride!  
Man scarce seems the noblest when placed by his side.  
What strength in his limbs as he spurs the dull ground,  
How bold his full eye as he glances around!—

Stand, stand till I 'm mounted!—now off where you will;  
Over fence, ditch, or gate—I can stick to you still—  
Deep and wide flows the brook—stay! 't were madness to do it!  
One plunge and one snort—we are over—or through it!

Now, frown not, fair Dames, Nature cannot be changed;  
It is useless to matter—“ mad, fool, or deranged!”  
You must needs yield the palm, poor disconsolate Mentors;  
The Horse is our better-half—English are Centaurs!



## Consolation.

I know this is a fallen world,  
I question not God's curse ;—  
And yet what need that wilful grief  
Should make the evil worse ?

Sorrow and pain 's the lot of all,  
Why should it not be mine ?  
Others more blest have made their moan,  
Then why should I repine ?—

Down, murmuring thoughts, impatient rage !  
Ye ill become the breast  
Of one for whom the present toil  
Is working future rest.

To linger o'er each thwarted wish,  
To want what may not be,  
To lose the Future for the Past,—  
Such grief were death for me !

No ; while a Future yet remains,  
A Better and a Best,  
I 'll comfort take in present woes,  
And by them so be blest !



# Chaucer and Wicliffe.



“ Call up him who left half told  
The Story of Cambuscan bold.”



It has been suggested that the Centre—the Meeting-point—the Bond of Union for the great Anglo-Saxon Family should be the *Mother Language*—the kindly English Tongue. It is indeed in the field of English Literature, properly so called, that all the Children of the Race may meet to congratulate one another with feelings of pride and pleasure. The Republic of Letters, which embraces every Race and Nation of the Earth, must now class the English Language with the Greek, the Latin, and the Hebrew, as being one of her most valuable, if not one of her most polished and highly-finished Temples of Knowledge.

Associating, as we do, this Idea of a Temple or Shrine with English Literature, properly so called, we cannot but be greatly interested in investigating the histories, and searching out the records of all those wise Master Builders who have, by slow degrees and through a long lapse of years, been gradually raising to its present commanding position our English Temple of Letters.

Motley and varied were the materials of the foundation: as in the breed, so in the language, Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Scandinavian, and Norman elements combined to give vigour, freshness, and variety to the whole. These various elements were by degrees mingled, decocted, and amalgamated together, until the language began to assume the form which it now bears. About thirteen

hundred years after Christ, two wise Master-Masons began to polish and refine the work which had accumulated before their time, to enlarge the foundations and add new buttresses of fresh material, which gradually harmonised with the already solid structure, and added not only to its Beauty but to its Strength.

This period, then, may be considered to be almost the starting-point of English Literature, properly so called; and these Master-Builders were Geoffrey Chaucer and John Wicliffe; the former the Father of English Poetry—"old Father Chaucer"—the latter the "Morning Star of the Reformation"—the giver of a great and good gift—the English Bible.

The so-called "Dark Ages," and with them the Childhood of our Race, were now beginning to pass away. The Anglo-Saxon was beginning to put away childish things—to exhibit more decided and clearly marked traits of character—to speak a peculiar and defined language of his own, characteristic of native energy, strength, and independence. The luxuriant and elegant flowers of Italian poetry were then just blooming in all their freshness; Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio had given new vigour, and added gracefulness and point to the old Romanz or Provençal Poetry; and these results were soon, by the genius of Chaucer, transferred to the somewhat rugged forms of English verse.

Geoffrey, or Jeffrey Chaucer, or Chawcer (orthography is little attended to by children, and the Anglo-Saxons then were children), was born in the year of our Lord 1328, in the reign of King Edward III., probably in the good city of London, which he speaks of as being the place of his "kindly engendrure." Each of the learned Universities claims him for a Pupil: concerning which claim there is, probably, much to be said on both sides, with which we have now little to do:—there is no dispute about his Anglo-Saxon blood. He speaks of himself in his "Court of Law," written when he was about eighteen, as "Philogenet of Cambridge, Clerk;" but there appears, also, to be good reason for supposing him to have been a pupil of Wicliffe, when he was Warden of Canterbury College. After leaving the University, whichever it was, he appears to have travelled in different parts of the Continent, to have studied Law at the Middle Temple, and to have been "fined two shillings for beating a Franciscane Frier in "Fleet Street." He next became a Courtier, and, like other poets since his time, was appointed to an office—not a Guager's or Exciseman's, but something like it—to the office of Comptroller of the Custom of Wool, with an injunction that "the said Geoffry do write with his own hand his rolls touching "the said office in his own proper person, and not by substitute."

However, it is not now as a traveller, or lawyer, or courtier, or comptroller of customs that Geoffrey Chaucer interests us, but as one of the first and perhaps the ablest of all the early Architects of our Temple of Letters.

Amongst his first labours was a translation of the "Roman de la Rose," one of the earliest spring flowers of the French literature, before the time of Francis I. It is an allegorical representation of the difficulties, dangers, and ultimate success of a Lover who, in pursuit of his Love—his Rose—overcomes innumerable obstacles, and at last secures his long-sought and well-earned Flower in the midst of a fair garden. The old tale of "Troilus and Cressida" seems next to have charmed our Author, as much as it did his magnificent follower, William Shakspeare; and both of them, in illustrating their story, manifest a haughty disregard for any of the unities of Time or Place. In the "House of Fame," a subject which has attracted the early attempts of many a well-known Poet—Virgil, Ovid, Pope, amongst others, he revels in extravagance and exaggeration; and although the Idea is not original, the Poem is, perhaps, one of the best specimens of the rich profusion and elaborate embellishment so characteristic of Chaucer's style. The following is an extract from Warton's Analysis of the Poem:—

"The poet, in a vision, sees a temple of glass decorated with an unaccountable number of golden images. On the walls are engraved stories from Virgil's Eneid and Ovid's Epistles. Leaving this temple, he sees an eagle with golden wings soaring near the sun. The bird descends, seizes the poet in its talons, and conveys him to the Temple of Fame, which, like that of Ovid, is situated between earth and sea. He is left by the eagle near the house, which is built of materials bright as polished glass, and stands on a rock of ice. All the southern side of this rock is covered with engravings of the names of famous men, which are perpetually melting away by the heat of the sun. The northern side of the rock was alike covered with names; but, being shaded from the warmth of the sun, the characters here remained unmelted and uneffaced. Within the niches formed in the pinnacles stood all round the castle

'All manere of minstrellis  
And gestours that tellen tales  
Both of weping and eke of game:'

and the most renowned harpers—Orpheus, Arion, Chiron, and the Briton Glasseirion. In the hall he meets an infinite multitude of heralds, on whose surcoats are embroidered the arms of the most redoubted champions. At the upper end, on a lofty shrine of carbuncle, sits Fame. Her figure is like those of Virgil and Ovid. Above her, as if sustained on her shoulders, sate Alexander and Hercules. From the throne to the gates of the hall ran a range of pillars with respective inscriptions. On the first pillar, made of lead and iron, stood Josephus the Jewish historian, with seven other writers on the same subject. On the second, made of iron, and painted with the blood of tigers, stood Statius. On another, higher than the rest, stood Homer, Dares Phrygius, Livy, Lollius, Guido of Colonna, and Geoffrey of Monmouth, writers on the

Trojan story. On a pillar of 'tinnid iron clere' stood Virgil; and next him, on a pillar of copper, appeared Ovid. The figure of Lucan was placed upon a pillar of iron 'wrought full sternly,' accompanied by many Roman historians. On a pillar of sulphur stood Claudian. The hall is filled by crowds of minor authors. In the mean time crowds of every nation and condition fill the temple, each presenting his claim to the queen. A messenger is sent to summon Eolus from his cave in Thrace, who is ordered to bring his two clarions Slander and Praise, and his trumpeter Triton. The praises of each petitioner are then sounded, according to the partial or capricious appointment of Fame; and equal merits obtain very different success. The poet then enters the house or labyrinth of Rumour. It was built of willow twigs, like a cage, and therefore admitted every sound. From this house issue tidings of every kind, like fountains and rivers from the sea. Its inhabitants, who are eternally employed in hearing or telling news, raising reports, and spreading lies, are then humorously described: they are chiefly sailors, pilgrims, and pardoners. At length our author is awakened by seeing a venerable person of great authority; and thus the vision abruptly terminates."

Leaving these translations and adaptations, the first attempts of every great Poet or Maker, we come to the "Canterbury Tales," the great and splendid poem by which our Author's name especially lives. Although we all talk much of Chaucer as the Father of our Poetry, his works cannot be said to be familiar or well-known branches of general reading, and we shall here insert, for the benefit of those who know little of Chaucer, beyond his Name and Fame, an excellent Analysis of this magnificent poem, which has been very recently published by one of our Anglo-Saxon Brothers who appears to be one of the Priests or rather Missionaries of the Anglo-Saxon Temple of Letters in frozen Muscovy\*.

"Chaucer, in the Prologue to the 'Canterbury Tales,' relates that he was about to pass the night at the 'Tabarde' inn in Southwark, previous to setting out on a pilgrimage to the far-famed shrine of St. Thomas of Kent—*i.e.* Thomas à Becket—at Canterbury. On the evening preceding the poet's departure there arrive at the hostelry—

' Wel nine and twenty in a compaignie  
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle  
In felawship, and pilgrimes wer they alle,  
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.'

"The poet, glad of the opportunity of travelling in such good company, makes acquaintance with them all, and the party, after mutually promising to start early in the morning, sup and retire to rest.

\* Outlines of English Literature, by T. B. Shaw, B.A., Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Alexander Lyceum of St. Petersburg. London. J. Murray, 1849.



“Chaucer then gives a full and minute description, yet in incredibly few words, of the condition, appearance, manners, dress, and horses of the pilgrims. He first depicts a Knight, ‘brave in battle, and wise in council,’ courteous, grave, religious, experienced; who had fought for the faith in far lands, at Algesiras, at Alexandria, in Russia; a model of the chivalrous virtues:—

‘And though that he was worthy, he was wise,  
And of his port *us meke as is a mayde*.  
He was a veray parfit gentle knight.’

He is mounted on a good, though not showy, horse, and clothed in a simple *gipon* or close tunic, of serviceable materials, characteristically stained and discoloured by the friction of his armour.

“This valiant and modest gentleman is accompanied by his son, a perfect specimen of the *damoyseau* or ‘bachelor’ of this, or of the graceful and gallant youth of noble blood in any period. Chaucer seems to revel in the painting of his curled and shining locks—‘as they were laid in presse’—of his tall and active person, of his already-shown bravery, of his ‘love-longing,’ of his youthful accomplishments, and of his gay and fantastic dress. His talent for music, his short embroidered gown with long wide sleeves (the fashion of the day), his perfect horsemanship, his skill in song-making, in illuminating and writing, his hopeful, and yet somewhat melancholy love for his ‘lady,’—

‘So hote he loved, that by nighttale  
He slept no more than doth the nightingale’—

nothing is omitted; not a stroke too few or too many.

“This attractive pair are attended by a Yeman or retainer. This figure is a perfect portrait of one of those bold and sturdy archers, the type of the ancient national character; a type which still exists in the plain independent peasantry of the rural districts of the land. He is clad in the picturesque costume of the greenwood, with his sheaf of peacock arrows bright and keen stuck in his belt, and bearing in his hand ‘a mighty bowe’—the far-famed ‘long-bow’ of the English archers—the most formidable weapon of the Middle Ages, which twanged such fatal music to the chivalry of France at Poitiers and Agincourt. His ‘not-hed,’ his ‘browne visâge,’ tanned by sun and wind, his sword and buckler, his sharp and well equipped dagger, the silver medal of St. Christopher on his breast, the horn in the green baldric—how life-like does he stand before us!

“These three figures are admirably contrasted with a Prioress, a lady of noble birth and delicate bearing, full of the pretty affectations, the dainty tenderesses of the ‘grande dame religieuse.’ Her name is ‘Madame Eglantine;’ and the mixture, in her manners and costume, of gentle worldly vanities and of ignorance of the world; her gaiety, and the ever-visible difficulty she feels to

put on an air of courtly hauteur; the lady-like delicacy of her manners at table, and her fondness for petting lap-dogs,—

‘Of smale houndes had she, that she fed  
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel-bread,  
But sore she wept if on of hem were dead,  
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert,  
For al was conscience, and tender herte,’—

this masterly outline is most appropriately *framed* (if we may so speak) in the external and material accompaniments—the beads of ‘smale corall’ hanging on her arm, and, above all, the golden brooch with its delicate device of a ‘crowned A,’ and the inscription *Amor vincit omnia*. She is attended by an inferior Nun and three Priests.

“The Monk follows next, and he, like all the ecclesiastics, with the single exception of the Personore, or secular parish priest, is described with strong touches of ridicule; but it is impossible not to perceive the strong and ever-present *humanity* of which we have spoken as perhaps the most marked characteristic of Chaucer’s mind. The Monk is a gallant, richly dressed, and pleasure-loving sportsman, caring not a straw for the obsolete strictness of the musty rule of his order. His sleeves are edged with rich fur, his hood fastened under his chin with a gold pin headed with a ‘love-knot,’ his eyes are buried deep in his fleshy rosy cheeks, indicating great love of rich fare and potent wines; and yet the impression left on the mind by this type of fat roystering sensuality is rather one of drollery and good fellowship than of contempt or abhorrence.

“Chaucer exhibits rich specimens of the various *genera* of that vast species ‘*Monachus monachans*,’ as it may be classed by some Rabellesian Theophrastus. The next personage who enters is the Frere, or mendicant friar, whose easiness of confession, wonderful skill in extracting money and gifts, and gay discourse, are most humorously and graphically described. He is represented as always carrying store of knives, pins, and toys, to give to his female penitents, as better acquainted with the tavern than with the lazar-house or the hospital, daintily dressed, and ‘lisping somewhat’ in his speech, ‘to make his English swete upon the tonge.’”

“This ‘worthy Limitour’ is succeeded by a grave and formal personage. the Merchant: solemn and wise is he, with forked beard and pompous demeanour, speaking much of profit, and strongly in favour of the king’s right to the subsidy ‘pour la saufigarde et custodie del mer,’ as the old Norman legist phrases it. He is dressed in motley, mounted on a tall and quiet horse, and wears a ‘Flaundrish beaver hat.’

“The learned poverty of the Clerke of Oxenforde forms a striking contrast to the Merchant’s rather pompous ‘respectability.’ He and his horse are ‘leane as is a rake’ with abstinence, his clothes are threadbare, and he

devotes to the purchase of his beloved books all the gold which he can collect from his friends and patrons, devoutly praying, as in duty bound, for the souls of those—

‘ Who yeve him wherewith to scolaie.’

Nothing can be more true to nature than the mixture of pedantry and bashfulness in the manners of this anchoret of learning, and the tone of sententious morality and formal politeness which marks his language.

“ We now come to a ‘ Serjeant of the Lawe,’ a wise and learned magistrate, rich and yet irreproachable, with all the statutes at his fingers’ ends, a very busy man in reality, ‘ but yet,’ not to forget the inimitable touch of nature in Chaucer, ‘ *he seemed besier than he was.*’ He is plainly dressed, as one who cares not to display his importance in his exterior.

“ Nor are the preceding characters superior, in vividness and variety, to the figure of the ‘ Frankelein,’ or rich country-gentleman, who is next introduced: his splendid and hospitable profusion, and the epicurean luxuriousness of the man himself, are inimitably set before us. ‘ *It snowed in his house of mete and drink.*’

“ Then come a number of burgesses, whose appearance is classed under one general description. These are a Haberdasher, Carpenter, Webbe (or Weaver), Dyer, and Tapiser—

‘ ——— Alle yelothed of o liverè,  
Of a solempne and gret fraternité,’—

that is, they all belong to one of those societies, or *mestiers*, which play so great a part in the municipal history of the Middle Ages. The somewhat *costly* richness of their equipment, their knives hafted with silver, their grave and citizen-like bearing—all is in harmony with the pride and vanity, hinted at by the poet, of their wives, who think ‘ it is full fayre to be ycleped *Madame.*’

“ The skill and critical discernment of the Cook are next described: ‘ Well could he know a draught of London ale,’ and elaborately could he season the rich and fantastic dishes which composed the ‘ *carte*’ of the fourteenth century. He joins the pilgrimage in hope that his devotion may cure him of a disease in the leg.

“ A turbulent and boisterous Shipman appears next, who is described with minute detail. His brown complexion, his rude and quarrelsome manners, his tricks of trade, stealing wine ‘ from Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe,’ all is enumerated; nor does the poet forget the seaman’s knowledge of all the havens ‘ from Gothland to the Cape de Finistere,’ nor his experience in his profession: ‘ In many a tempest had his berd be shake.’

“ He is followed by a Doctour of Phisike, a great astronomer and natural magician, deeply versed in the ponderous tomes of Hippocrates, Hali, Galen, Rhasis, Averrhoes, and the Arabian physicians. His diet is but small in

quantity, but rich and nourishing; '*his study is but little on the Bible;*' and he is humourously represented as particularly fond of gold, '*for gold in phisike is, a cordiall.*'

"Next to the grave, luxurious, and not quite orthodox Doctor, enters the 'Wife of Bath,' a daguerreotyped specimen of the female *bourgeoise* of Chaucer's day; and bearing so perfectly the stamp and mark of her class, that, by changing her costume a little to the dress of the nineteenth century, she would serve as a perfect sample of her order even in the present day. She is equipped with a degree of solid costliness that does not exclude a little coquetry; her character is gay, bold, and not over rigid; and she is endeavouring, by long and frequent pilgrimages, to expiate some of the amorous errors of her youth. She is a substantial manufacturer of cloth, and so jealous of her precedency in the religious ceremonies of her parish, that, if any of her female acquaintance should venture to go before her on these solemn occasions, 'so wroth was she, that she was out of alle charitee.'

"Contrasted with this rosy dame are two of the most beautiful and touching portraits ever delineated by the hand of genius—one 'a poure Persoun,' or secular parish priest; and his brother in simplicity, virtue, and evangelic purity, a Plowman. It is in these characters, and particularly in the 'Tale' put into the mouth of the former, that we most distinctly see Chaucer's sympathy with the doctrines of the Reformation: the humility, self-denial, and charity of these two pious and worthy men, are opposed with an unstudied, but not the less striking pointedness, to the cheatery and sensuality which distinguish all the monks and friars represented by Chaucer. So beautiful and so complete is this noble delineation of Christian piety, that we will not venture to injure its effect by quoting it piecemeal in this place, but refer our readers to the volume of extracts, in which the whole of Chaucer's Prologue will be found at length.

"Then we find enumerated a Reve, a Miller, a Sompnour (an officer in the ecclesiastical courts), a Pardoner, a Manciple, and 'myself,' that is Chaucer.

"The Miller is a brawny, short, red-headed fellow, strong, boisterous and quarrelsome, flat-nosed, wide-mouthed, debauched; he is dressed in a white coat and blue hood, and armed with sword and buckler\*.

\* "The miller was a stout carle for the nones,  
 Ful big he was of braun and eke of bones;  
 That proved wel, for over all ther he came,  
 At wrestling he wolde bere away the ram.  
 He was short-shoulder'd, brode, a thikke guarre,  
 Ther nas no dore that he n'olde heve of barre,  
 Or breke it at a renning with his hede.  
 His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,  
 And thereto brode as though it were a spade;  
 Upon the cop right of his nose he hade  
 A wert, and thereon stude a tuft of heres  
 Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.

" His conversation and conduct correspond faithfully with such an appearance : he enlivens the journey by his skill in playing on the bagpipe.

" The Manciple was an officer attached to the ancient colleges ; his duty was to purchase the provisions and other commodities for the consumption of the students ; in fact, he was a kind of steward. Chaucer describes this pilgrim as singularly adroit in the exercise of his business, taking good care to advantage himself the while.

" Another of the most elaborately painted pictures in Chaucer's gallery is the ' Reve ' bailiff, or intendant of some great proprietor's estates. He stands before us as a slender, long-legged, choleric individual, with his beard shaven as close as possible, and his hair exceedingly short. He is a severe and watchful manager of his master's estates, and had grown so rich that he was able to come to his lord's assistance, and ' lend him of his owen good.' His horse is described, and even named, and he is described as always riding ' the hinderest of the route.'

" Nothing can surpass the nature and truthfulness with which Chaucer has described the Sompneur. His face is fiery red, as cherubim were painted, and so covered with pimples, spots, and discolourations, that neither mercury, sulphur, borax, nor any purifying ointment, could cleanse his complexion. He is a great lover of onions, leeks, and garlick, and fond of ' strong wine as red as blood ;' and when drunk he would speak nothing but Latin, a few terms of which language he had picked up from the writs and citations it was his profession to serve. He is a great taker of bribes, and will allow any man to set at naught the archdeacon's court in the most flagrant manner ' for a quart of wine.'

" The last of the pilgrims is the ' Pardonere,' or seller of indulgences from Rome. He is drawn to the life, singing, to the bass of his friend the Sompneur, the song of ' Come hither, love, to me.' The Pardoner's hair is ' yellow as wax,' smooth and thin, lying on his shoulders : he wears no hood ' for jollité,'—that is, in order to appear in the fashion. His eyes (as is often found in persons of this complexion—note Chaucer's truth to nature) are wide and staring, like those of a hare ; his voice is a harsh treble, like that of a goat ; and he has no beard. Chaucer then enumerates the various articles of the Pardoner's professional budget ; and certainly there never was collected a list of droller relics : he has Our Lady's veil, a morsel of the sail of St. Paul's

His nose-thirles blacke wer and wide ;  
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side ;  
His mouth as wide was as a forneis ;  
Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries ;  
And yet he hade a thoorn of golde parde,  
A white cote and a blew hode wared he :  
A baggepipe well coude he blow and sounne,  
And therewithal he brought us out of toune."

ship, a glass full of 'pigges bones,' and a pewter cross crammed with other objects of equal sanctity. With the aid of these and the hypocritical unction of his address, he could manage, in one day, to extract from poor and rustic people more money than the Parson (the regular pastor of the parish) could collect in two months.

"The number of the pilgrims now enumerated will be found by any one who takes the trouble to count them to amount to thirty-one, including Chaucer; and the poet describes them setting out on their journey on the following morning. Before their departure, however, the jolly Host of the Tabarde makes a proposition to the assembled company. He offers to go along with them himself, on condition that they constitute him a kind of master of the revels during their journey; showing how agreeably and profitably they could beguile the tedium of the road with the relation of stories. He then proposes that on their return they should all sup together at his hostelry, and that he among them who shall have been adjudged to have told the best story should be entertained at the expense of the whole society. This proposal is unanimously adopted; and nothing can be finer than the mixture of fun and good sense with which honest Harry Bailey, the Host, sways the merry sceptre of his temporary sovereignty.

"This, then, is the framework or scaffolding on which Chaucer has erected his 'Canterbury Tales.' The practice of connecting together a multitude of distinct narrations by some general thread of incident is very natural and extremely ancient. The Orientals, so passionately fond of tale-telling, have universally—and not always very artificially—given consistency and connection to their stories by putting them into the mouth of some single narrator: the various histories which compose the 'Thousand and One Nights' are supposed to be successively recounted by the untiring lips of the inexhaustible Princess Scheherezade; but the source from whence Chaucer more immediately adopted his *framing* was the 'Decameron' of Boccaccio. This work (as it may be necessary to inform our younger readers) consists of a hundred tales, divided into decades, each decade occupying one day in the relation. They are narrated by a society of young men and women of rank, who have shut themselves up in a most luxurious and beautiful retreat on the banks of the Arno, in order to escape the infection of the terrible plague then ravaging Florence.

"If we compare the plan of Chaucer with that of the Florentine, we shall not hesitate to give the palm of propriety, probability, and good taste to the English poet. A pilgrimage was by no means an expedition of a mournful or solemn kind, and afforded the author the widest field for the selection of character from all classes of society, and an excellent opportunity for the divers humours and oddities of a company fortuitously assembled. It is impossible, too, not to feel that there is something cruel and shocking in the notion of these young luxurious Italians of Boccaccio whiling away their days in tales of

sensual trickery or sentimental distress, while without the well-guarded walls of their retreat thousands of their kinsmen and fellow-citizens were writhing in despairing agony. Moreover, the similarity of rank and age in the personages of Boccaccio produces an insipidity and want of variety: all these careless voluptuaries are repetitions of Dioneo and Fiammetta: and the period of ten days adopted by the Italian has the defect of being purely arbitrary, there being no reason why the narratives might not be continued indefinitely. Chaucer's Pilgrimage, on the contrary, is made to Canterbury, and occupies a certain and necessary time; and, on the return of the travellers, the society separates as naturally as it had assembled; after giving the poet the opportunity of introducing two striking and appropriate events—their procession to the shrine of St. Thomas at their arrival in Canterbury, and the prize-supper on their return to London.

“ Had Chaucer adhered to his original plan, we should have had a tale from each of the party on the journey out, and a second tale from every pilgrim on the way back, making in all sixty-two—or, if the Host also contributed his share, sixty-four. But, alas! the poet has not conducted his pilgrims even to Canterbury; and the tales which he has made them tell only makes us the more bitterly lament the non-fulfilment of his original intention.

“ Before we speak of the narratives themselves, it will be proper to state that our poet continues to describe the actions, conversation, and deportment of his pilgrims: and nothing can be finer than the remarks put into their mouths respecting the merits of the various tales; or more dramatic than the affected bashfulness of some, when called upon to contribute to the amusement of their companions, and the squabbles and satirical jests made by others.

“ These passages, in which the tales themselves are, as it were, incrustated, are called Prologues to the various narratives which they respectively precede, and they add inexpressibly to the vivacity and movement of the whole, as in some cases the tales spring, as it were, spontaneously out of the conversations.

“ Of the tales themselves it will be impossible to attempt even a rapid summary: we may mention, as the most remarkable among the serious and pathetic narratives, the ‘Knight's Tale,’ the subject of which is the beautiful story of Palamon and Arcite, taken from the ‘Teceide’ of Boccaccio, but it is unknown whether originally invented by the great Italian, or, as is far more probable, imitated by him from some of the innumerable versions of the ‘noble story’ of Theseus, current in the Middle Ages. The poem is full of a strange mixture of manners and periods: the chivalric and the heroic ages appear side by side: but such is the splendour of imagination displayed in this immortal work, so rich is it in magnificence, in pathos, in exquisite delineations of character, and artfully contrived turns of fortune, that the reader voluntarily dismisses all his chronology, and allows himself to be carried away with the

fresh and sparkling current of chivalric love and knightly adventure. No reader ever began this poem without finishing it, or ever read it once without returning to it a second time. The effect upon the mind is like that of some gorgeous tissue, gold-inwoven, of tapestry, in an old baronial hall; full of tournaments and battles, imprisoned knights, and emblazoned banners, Gothic temples of Mars and Venus, the lists, the dungeon and the lady's bower, garden and fountain, and moon-lit groves. Chaucer's peculiar skill in the delineation of character and appearance by a few rapid and masterly strokes is as perceptible here as in the Prologue to the Tales: the procession of the kings to the tournament is as bright and vivid a piece of painting as ever was produced by the 'strong braine' of mediæval Art: and in point of grace and simplicity, what can be finer than the single line descriptive of the beauty of Emilie—*so attractive*, and therefore *so superior* to the most elaborate portrait—'Up rose the sun, and up rose Emilie?'

"The next poem of a serious character is the 'Squire's Tale,' which indeed so struck the admiration of Milton—himself profoundly penetrated by the spirit of the Romanz poetry—that it is by an allusion to the 'Squire's Tale' that he characterises Chaucer when enumerating the great men of all ages, and when he places him beside Plato, Shakspeare, Æschylus, and his beloved Euripides: he supposes his Cheerful Man as evoking Chaucer:—

'And call up him who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold.'

"The imagery of the 'Squire's Tale' was certainly well calculated to strike such a mind as Milton's, so gorgeous, so stately, so heroic, and imbued with all the splendour of Oriental literature; for the scenery and subject of this poem bear evident marks of that Arabian influence which colours so much of the poetry of the Middle Ages, and which probably began to act upon the literature of Western Europe after the Crusades.

"In point of deep pathos—pathos carried indeed to an extreme and perhaps hardly natural or justifiable pitch of intensity—we will now cite, among the graver tales of our pilgrims, the story put into the mouth of the Clerke of Oxenforde. This is the story of the Patient Griselda—a model of womanly and wifely obedience, who comes victoriously out of the most cruel and repeated ordeals inflicted upon her conjugal and maternal affections. The beautiful and angelic figure of the Patient Wife in this heart-rending story reminds us of one of those seraphic statues of Virgin Martyrs which stand with clasped hands and uplifted, imploring eye, in the carved niches of a Gothic cathedral—an eternal prayer in sculptured stone,—

'————— Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at Grief!'



The subject of this tale is, as we mentioned some pages back, invented by Boccaccio, and first seen in 1374, by Petrarch, who was so struck with its beauty that he translated it into Latin, and it is from this translation that Chaucer drew his materials. The English poet indeed appears to have been ignorant of Boccaccio's claim to the authorship, for he makes his 'Clerke' say that he had learned it from 'Fraunceis Petrarke, the laureat poëte.' Petrarch himself bears the strongest testimony to the almost overwhelming pathos of the story, for he relates that he gave it to a Paduan acquaintance of his to read, who fell into a repeated agony of passionate tears. Chaucer's poem is written in the Italian stanza.

"Of the comic tales the following will be found the most excellent:—The 'Nun's Priest's Tale,' a droll apologue of the 'Cock and the Fox,' in which the very absurdity of some of the accompaniments confers one of the highest qualities which a fable can possess, viz. so high a degree of individuality that the reader forgets that the persons of the little drama are animals, and sympathises with them as human beings; the 'Merchant's Tale,' which, like the comic stories generally, though very indelicate, is yet replete with the richest and broadest humour; the 'Reve's Tale,' and many shorter stories distributed among the less prominent characters. But the crown and pearl of Chaucer's drollery is the 'Miller's Tale,' in which the delicate and penetrating description of the various actors in the adventure can only be surpassed by the perfectly natural, yet outrageously ludicrous catastrophe of the intrigue in which they move.

"There is certainly nothing in the vast treasury of ancient or modern humorous writing, at once so real, so droll, and so exquisitely *enjoué* in the manner of telling. It is true that the subject is not of the most delicate nature; but, though coarse and plain-speaking, Chaucer is never corrupt or vicious: his improprieties are rather the fruit of the ruder age in which he lived, and the turbid ebullitions of a rich and active imagination, than the cool, analysing, studied profligacy—the more dangerous and corrupting because veiled under a false and morbid sentimentalism—which defiles a great portion of the modern literature of too many civilised countries.

"It is worthy of remark that all the tales are in verse with the exception of two, one of which, singularly enough, is given to Chaucer himself. This requires some explanation. When the poet is first called upon for his story, he bursts out into a long, confused, and fantastical tale of chivalry, relating the adventures of a certain errant-knight, Sir Thopas, and his wanderings in search of the Queen of Faërie. This is written in the peculiar versification of the Trouvères (note that it is the only tale in which he has adopted this measure), and is full of all the absurdities of those compositions. When in the full swing of declamation, and when we are expecting to be overwhelmed with page after

page of this 'sleazy stuff,'—for the poet goes on gallantly, like Don Quixote, 'in the style his books of chivalry had taught him, imitating, as near as he can, their very phrase,'—he is suddenly interrupted by honest Harry Bailey, the Host, who plays the part of Moderator or Chorus to Chaucer's pleasant comedy. The Host begs him, with many strong expressions of ridicule and disgust, to give them no more of such 'drafty rhyming,' and entreats him to let them hear something less worn-out and tiresome. The poet then proposes to entertain the party with 'a litel thinge in prose,' and relates the allegorical story of 'Melibæus and his wife Patience.' It is evident that Chaucer, well aware of the immeasurable superiority of the newly revived classical literature over the barbarous and now exhausted invention of the Romanz poets, has chosen this ingenious method of ridiculing the commonplace tales of chivalry; but so exquisitely grave is the irony in this passage, that many critics have taken the 'Rime of Sir Thopas' for a serious composition, and have regretted that it was left a fragment!

"The other prose tale (we have mentioned Melibæus) is supposed to be related by the Parson, who is always described as a model of Christian humility, piety, and wisdom; which does not, however, save him from the terrible suspicion of being a *Lollard*, i.e., a heretical and seditious revolutionist.

"This composition hardly can be called a 'tale,' for it contains neither persons nor events; but it is very curious as a specimen of the sermons of the early Reformers; for a sermon it is, and nothing else—a sermon upon the Seven Deadly Sins, divided and subdivided with all the pedantic regularity of the day. It also gives us a very curious insight into the domestic life, the manners, the costume, and even the cookery, of the fourteenth century. Some critics have contended that this sermon was added to the 'Canterbury Tales' by Chaucer at the instigation of his confessors, as a species of penitence for the light and immoral tone of much of his writings, and particularly as a sort of recantation, or *amende honorable*, for his innumerable attacks on the monks. But this supposition is in direct contradiction with every line of his admirable portrait of the Parson; and, however natural it may have been for the licentious Boccaccio to have done such public penance for his ridicule of the 'Fрати,' and his numberless sensual and immoral scenes, his English follower was 'made of sterner stuff.' The friend of John of Gaunt, and the disciple of Wicliffe, was not so easily to be worked upon by monastic subtlety as the more superstitious and *sensuous* Italian."

Besides this magnificent Pillar, Chaucer produced several minor ornaments, which added much to his own fame and to the decoration of our Language-Shrine, of which "the Flower and the Leaf" is well described by Campbell as "an exquisite piece of fairy fancy. With a moral that is just sufficient to "apologise for a Dream, and yet which sits so lightly on the story as not to

“ abridge its most visionary parts, there is, in the whole scenery and objects of the poem, an air of wonder and sweetness, an easy and surprising transition, that is truly magical.”

We must not forget to state that Chaucer is said to have been a poetical pupil of “ Ancient Gower,” whom Shakspeare wakes from his ashes to take the part of “ Chorus” in “ Pericles Prince of Tyre.” It has been before stated that there exists a tradition of his having been the pupil of Wicliffe at the University. Whether this be the case or not, he was evidently much impressed by the new doctrines of his contemporary, and his works show that he was not at all unlikely to have committed the assault upon the poor “ Franciscane Frier.”

Those two “ Morning Stars,” the one of our English Poetry, the other of our Reformed Religion, arose almost at the same time.

John Wickliffe, Wicliff, de Wyclif, or Wiclef, for orthography is here again at fault, was born in A.D. 1324, about four years before Chaucer. Of his parentage or early life nothing is known. We read of him as being early at Oxford, at Queen's and Merton Colleges, an acute philosopher, learned in the law, and a profound Divine.

He appears to have made the Sacred Writings the especial objects of his study, translating them into the Vulgar Tongue, and writing homilies and commentaries on several parts of them. He was thirty-six years of age before he first began to make use of his well-stored fund of learning in opposing the encroachments of the Mendicant Friars, who then began to be most intolerable nuisances in the Universities and everywhere else. His tracts, written in the simple English language, “ Of Clerk's Possessioners,” “ Of the Poverty of Christ against Able Beggary,” “ Of Idleness in Beggary,” although exhibiting curious specimens of old orthography, evidently show that the Anglo-Saxon or English language of the people, was beginning to supersede French and Latin, not only in conversation, but in politics and letters.

He acquired so much reputation by these controversies with the Mendicant Friars that he was raised to be Master of Baliol College, and a few years afterwards was made Warden of Canterbury Hall, founded by Simon de Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1361, and now included in Christ-Church. He was, however, soon ejected from his Wardenship by a new Archbishop, and attempted to be silenced by a Bull of Pope Urban; then, taken under the patronage of the Duke of Lancaster, who was also a patron of Chaucer, he was introduced to the Court, and styled himself *peculiaris regis clericus*, the King's own clerk or chaplain, and soon after was presented to the Living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he made his chief progress in those writings which entitle him to the rank of the first Reformer. It is rather, however, as an English Prose writer than as the first Reformer that Wicliffe now interests us. Besides various controversial tracts of minor value, he published a book “ Of the Truth

" of the Scripture," in which he contended for the necessity of translating the Scriptures into the English Language, and affirmed that the will of God was evidently revealed in two Testaments; that the law of Christ was sufficient to rule the Church; and that any disputation not originally produced from thence must be profane.

The Sacred Writings had never been translated into the vulgar tongue, except partially by Richard Fitz-Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, and John de Trevisa, a native of Cornwall, who both lived in the reign of Edward III. Wicliffe probably began his translation about ten years before his death, in 1384.

He translated from Latin into the vulgar tongue the twenty-five canonical books of the Bible, which he reckoned in the following order, and we transcribe as a specimen of the style and spelling of his language—"1. Genesis. 2. Exodus. " 3. Levitici. 4. Numeri. 5. Deuteronomi. 6. Josue. 7. Iudicum, that " encloseth the story of Ruth. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, ben the 4 Bokes of " Kyng, and tweie Bokes of Paralipomenon. 14. Is Esdre, that compre- " hendeth Neemy. 15. Is Hester. 16. Is Job. 17. Psalter. 18, 19, 20; " ben the 3 Bokes of Solomon. 21, 22, 23, 24, ben the four great prophets. " 25. Is a Boke of 12 small Prophets—Osee, Joel, Amos, Abdie, Jonas, " Michee, Nahum, Abacuc, Sophonie, Aggie, Zacharie, and Malachie." He adds, "that whatever Boke is in the Olde Testament without these twenty-five, " aforesaid, shall be set among Apocrypha, that is withouten autoritie of belive. " Therefore, as holie chirch redith Judith and Tobit, and the Boke of " Machabeis, but receiveth not tho' amonge holi scriptures; so the chirch " redith these 2 Bokes, Ecclesiastici and Sapieme to edifying of the people, " not to confirme the autoritie of techyng of holi chirch." And that therefore " he translated not the 3 ne 4 Boke of Esdree that ben Apocrypha." The books of the New Testament he reckons in this order:—"The 4 Gospellers, " Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; 12 Epistles of Poule; 7 small Epistles; " the Dedes of Apostles; and the Apocalyps, which ben fulli of autoritie of " byleve." Mr. Lewis observes, he translated word for word, without always observing the idioms or the proprieties of the several languages; by which means this translation in some places is not very intelligible to those who do not understand Latin. The reason why he made his version from the Vulgate was, not that he thought it the original, or of the same authority with the Hebrew and Greek text, but because he did not understand those languages well enough to translate from them.

Of this translation several manuscript copies are extant in the libraries of our universities, the British Museum, and other public and private collections. The New Testament was published in 1731, fol., by Mr. John Lewis, minister of Margate; with a History of the English Translations of the Bible; which

History was reprinted in 1739, 8vo., with large additions. Of the style we shall now exhibit a further, and more perfect specimen, in these three verses of Romans viii. 28, 29, 30 :—" And we witen that to men that louen God alle  
 " thing is worchen to gidre into good to hem that aftir purpose been clepid  
 " seyntis. For thilk that he knew bifore, he bifore ordeynye bi grace to be  
 " maad lyk to the ymage of his Sone, that he be the firste bigeten among manye  
 " britheren. And thilke that he bifore ordeynye to *blisse*, hem he clepide,  
 " and whiche he clepide hem he justifiede, and whiche he justifiede, and hem  
 " he glorifiede."

The following is another passage from the New Testament :—" This Moisis  
 " ledde hem out, and dide woundris and signes in the lond of Egipte, and in  
 " the Reed See, and in Desert, fourti gheeris. This is Moisis that seide to the  
 " sones of Israel, God schal reise to ghou a prophete of gheure britheren ;  
 " as me ghe schulen heere him. This it is that was in the chirche in wildir-  
 " nesse with the aungel that spak to him in the Mount Syna, and with oure  
 " fadris, which took wordis of lyf to ghyue to us."

If we take the ' Canterbury Tales ' of Chaucer and the English Bible of Wicliffe as specimens of the English Language at this period, which has been called the starting-point of our Literature, we shall find that in all the essential parts of speech the Saxon idiom predominates, and is the form or mould into which the other various materials, French, Latin, Italian, and Greek, were gradually introduced and mingled together to form the present English Language ; of the French and Italian elements, a very large portion were introduced by Chaucer, or rather were fixed and perpetuated in his writings.

It would be an interesting study to trace out, with care and accuracy, the History of the Building up of the English Language for the last Thousand years, from the time of the Scholar King—Alfred the Great—to the days of Queen Victoria. This millennium would be exactly divided into equal portions of Five Hundred years, by the period in which Wicliffe and Chaucer flourished, and we shall endeavour, in as simple a manner as is possible, to collect for our Anglo-Saxon friends some details of this latter five hundred years, leaving the more abstruse and difficult exposition of the earlier period to some more learned and antiquity-loving Investigator.

A.

(To be Continued.)

# Specimens of the Progress of the English Language.

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## The Lord's Prayer in Old Saxon.

Fadar is usa· firiho barno. the is an them hohon· himilarikea. Geuuihid si thin namo· uuordo gehuulico. Cuma thin craftag riki. Uuerda thin uuilleo· obar thesa uuerold. al so sama an erdo. so thar uppa ist· an them hohon· himilrikea. Gef us dago gehuulikes rad· drohtin the godo. thina helaga helpa. Endi alat us hebenes uuard· managoro menscudlio. al so uue odrum mannum doan. Ne lat us farledean· letha uuihti· so ford an iro uuilleon· so uui uuiridge sind. Ac help us uuidar allun· ubilon dadiun.—*Heliand. Poema Saxonicum seculi noni. edit. J. A. Schmeller, 1 v. 4°. Monachii 1830, p. 48, 8–16.*

## Anglo-Saxon.

Fæder ure þu þe eart on heofenum. Si þin nama gehalgod. To-becume þin rice. Gepyrdæ þin willa on eorþan. swa swa on heofenum. Ure dæghpamlican hlaf syle us to dæg. And forgyf us ure gyltas. swa swa þe forgyfað unum gyltendum. And ne gelædde þu us on costnunge. ac alyf us of yfele. Soðlice.

## English.—Thirteenth Century.

Oure Fader, that art in hevenes, halewid be thi name; thy kingdom come; to be thi wille do as in hevene, and in erthe; gyff to us this day oure brede over other substance; and forgyve to us oure dettis, as forgyven to oure dettours; and lede us not into temptatioun, but delyver us fro yvel.—*From Chamberlayne's Oratio Dominica. Amst. 1715, p. 72.*

# Mourner, weep!

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"Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

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## I.

Mourner, weep ! at midnight hour  
Pensive sadness need not hide ;  
Tears may flow when night-clouds lour—  
None to mock them—none to chide !  
Yet when brightly dawns the morrow,  
And the joyous sunbeams play,  
Mourner, cease those notes of sorrow,  
Be thy Night, too, changed to Day !

## II.

Mourner, weep ! the gay world 's slumb'ring,  
Grief and thou alone are waking ;  
Angels all thy woes are numb'ring,  
Woes by man forgot, forsaken !  
Yet when fringe of morning gladness  
Skirts the gloomy robe of night,  
Mourner, cease those notes of sadness,  
Be thy Darkness changed to Light !

## III.

Mortal, weep ! the night-cloud's o'er thee,  
Sin's dark tempest, sorrow's gloom ;  
Scarce yon moonlight tracks before thee  
One rough pathway—to the tomb !—  
Yet press on ! when brightest dawning,  
With immortal glories rife,  
Shall have changed this night to morning,  
Be thy Death, too, changed to Life !



## Onwards.

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Ah ! drifting Time, I may not bid thee linger,  
Though all too swift the fleeting years be gone ;  
And surely traced by thine unerring finger  
None may recall the good or evil done.

Farewell, glad years, when childhood, fondly loving,  
Believed a look and trusted to a smile,  
Recked little of Suspicion ever proving,  
Foster'd no doubts, nor meditated guile.

Manhood, alas ! the while, hath devious winding,  
Cares that distract and cautions that repel ;  
Art, custom, interest, the clear sight blinding,  
And timid doubtings that true courage quell.

Oh ! for a simple faith, no terrors fearing !  
Oh ! for clear sight, the true way to discern ;—  
From fading memories, scenes fast disappearing,  
To hasten cheerly on, nor backwards turn !

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# Gentle - Women.



**THE LADIES!** God bless them! **THE ENGLISH LADIES, or GENTLE-WOMEN!**  
On the Throne and in the Cottage—in Cities and Villages—in Halls  
and Hamlets—on the Sea and in the Camp—in Europe and America—in  
Africa and Asia—in Australia and the Islands of the Ocean—Mothers, Sisters,  
Sweethearts, Wives, Daughters,—God bless them!—again!

Was there ever so universal an AMEN?

We can see it sparkling in every bright English Eye and hear it bursting  
from every warm English Heart!—God bless them! Even our gallant Rival,  
the lively Frank, doffs his *chapeau*, and bows a graceful homage to “*les Belles*  
“*Anglaises!*”

Historians have told us that the Progress of any Nation in Civilisation  
may be most clearly manifested by the condition and character of their Women;  
and the test is undoubtedly true. As Man attains more of the Man, Woman  
becomes less of the Animal. No longer a Possession, but a Companion; no  
longer a soulless toy or a servile drudge, but a Ministering Angel, a Helpmeet,  
soothing the sad heart and the wearied spirit, stimulating to noble enterprise,  
shaming from coward inactivity, in her turn, she raises the Man in the scale  
of existence, and wins him to look onwards to a brighter future—to tread with  
her the Heavenward Path.

Who is there, who, amid the busy turmoil of this working-day world, does  
not now and then carry his fretted and restless thoughts back to the quiet  
chamber of his Mother—to that well-remembered Sanctuary where he first was  
taught to bow his baby head and lisp his simple prayer!

The Mother! the earnest yearning Mother! With what tenderness, what  
thankfulness, what holy exultation, she magnifies her office! The teacher, the  
Hierophant, initiating the young soul into the mysteries of its existence;  
presenting, introducing it as yet undefiled to its Father which is in Heaven!  
And the Sister, the sweet Sister—gentle, tender, and intelligent!—soothing all  
the short-lived sorrow, rejoicing in all the boisterous joy, and applauding all the  
lofty schemes and magnanimous resolutions of valiant Boyhood!

Mother and Sisters! priceless jewels of the first dear Home, the Home of  
Childhood! No time can obliterate such impressions, though they may sleep  
for awhile, for a long earthly life, they ever revive at the last in all their fresh-  
ness. Witness the last scene upon the Cross; the last commission to the well-  
beloved Disciple—“**BEHOLD THY MOTHER!**”

But the Boy too soon becomes the Man: he leaves his Father and his

Mother, his Sisters and his nursery loves, and plunges into the vortex of active life. Stunned and bewildered, rolling rudderless on the still vexed waters of a cold, unsympathising, unresting world, how can he recover the tranquillity of childhood, how replace the lost sunshine of a Mother's smile? A new star fascinates his wandering eyes, a new Love fixes his restless heart: the new Love—the Sweetheart—homely but much expressing word,—fixes his course for the time to come, comforts him for the time that is gone by! He remembers the first sweet Home, with its dear loving Hearts, and Fancy frames another on its model with the *one* Sweet Heart to light it! And then how he laughs at obstacles and difficulties! “The course of true Love never does run smooth”—Why should it? What does the true Lover care for rugged ways or toilsome labour? Little recks he of time or space; the Light is ever there to guide him—the Sweet Heart to cheer him on.

And should the other stars have set; should the nursing light and love of his Mother no longer bless the youthful struggler, still an abundant and ever-flowing fountain of fresh Love is then opened for him. He wins his Wife—his true and honourable Wife. As it is now, eighteen hundred years after that solemn parting of Mother and Son, so it was, eighteen hundred years before:—“Isaac brought Rebekah into his Mother Sarah's tent, and she became his Wife, and he loved her, and Isaac was comforted after his Mother's death.”

And then comes the Father's darling, his Daughter, the apple of his eye, bright as a beam of the blessed Sun, warming his slackened spirit, smoothing his careful brow, illuminating his Autumn day, telling him that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven!

Oh! Mothers, Sisters, Wives, Daughters! could you but know what we know—could you but feel what we feel—how much of this Life's happiness—how much of this Life's misery—is in your hands, and depends upon your ministry,—the Talent entrusted to you would never be found, as it is too often, buried, wrapped up in a napkin, nor would the Light of your Love be hidden under a bushel!

We have been exploring, as in duty bound, the early records and ancient Chronicles of our Race, and have been wading through Ecclesiastical Histories, Anglo-Saxon and Latin Chronicles, Northern Antiquities, and Tales of the Crusaders, inquiring, in the course of our search, whether our great-great-grandmothers for the last two thousand years and upwards were gifted with the same good qualities, and enjoyed the same degree of liberty, the same amount of consideration, which is accorded to their granddaughters of the present day. We find that, from the earliest period of which we can attain any knowledge from ancient records, the respect paid to Woman, which is to this day the distinguishing characteristic of European manners, was carried to a higher degree, and was, perhaps, a more remarkable feature in the manners and customs of our forefathers than it is with us. Tacitus tells us that the Northern Nations “supposed some divine and prophetic quality to be resident in their Women;

“ and were careful neither to disregard their admonitions, nor to neglect their answers.”

The striking difference between the condition of Woman among the Asiatics and Southern Nations, and among the hardy children of the North, consisted not only in a communication of liberty and equality between the two sexes—not only in the companionship and respect so different to the relations of Tyrant and Slave, to the alternations of adoration and contempt, of violent love and cruel jealousy or insulting indifference, which have ever distinguished the communion of Man and Woman in the East; but the Men of the North seem to have gone to the other extreme, and to have placed Woman as much above themselves, in some respects, as the Southern nations had degraded them. These rugged Warriors, who were too high-spirited to yield to any earthly power, and whose combative propensities impelled them sometimes to challenge even the Gods themselves, were not only gentle, tender, and courteous towards Woman, but regarded her with universal respect and reverence, as the especial organ or instrument of a benevolent Deity.

M. Mallet, in his account of the ancient customs and manners of the Northerners, tells us that “ the immediate intervention of the Deity, even in the slightest things, was one of their most established doctrines, and that every, even the most minute, appearance of nature was a manifestation of the will of Heaven to those who understood its language. Thus men’s involuntary motions, their dreams, their sudden and unforeseen inclinations, being considered as the salutary admonitions of Heaven, became objects of serious attention, and a universal respect could not but be paid to those who were considered the organs or instruments of the Deity. Now, Women must appear much more proper than Men for so noble a purpose, who, being commonly more subject to the unknown laws of temperament and constitution, seem less to be governed by reflection than by sensation and natural instinct. Hence it was that the Germans admitted them into their councils, and consulted with them on the business of the State. Hence it was that among them, as also among the Gauls, there were ten prophetesses for one prophet; whereas in the East we find a contrary proportion, if, indeed, there was ever known an instance in those countries of a female worker of miracles. Hence, also, it was that nothing was formerly more common in the North than to meet with women who delivered oracular informations, cured the most inveterate maladies, assumed whatever shape they pleased, raised storms, chained up winds, travelled through the air, and, in one word, performed every function of the fairy art. Thus endowed with supernatural powers, these prophetesses, being converted as it were into Fairies or Demons, influenced the events they had predicted, and all nature became subject to their command. Strabo relates that the Cimbri were accompanied by venerable and hoary-headed prophetesses apparelled in long linen robes most splendidly white. We also find this people always attended by their wives, even in their most distant expeditions, hearing them with

respect, and, after a defeat, more afraid of their reproaches than the blows of the enemy. To this we may add, that the men being constantly employed either in war or hunting, left to the women the care of acquiring those useful branches of knowledge which made them to be regarded by their husbands as prophetesses and oracles. Thus to them belonged the study of simples and the art of healing wounds, an art as mysterious in those times as the occasions for it were frequent. In the Ancient Chronicles of the North, we find the matrons and the young women always employed in dressing the wounds of their husbands or lovers. It was the same with dreams, which the women alone were versed in the art of interpreting, probably because they paid more attention to them than the men, and gave more credit to them.

“But this is not all. At a time when piracy and a fondness for seeking adventures exposed weakness to continual and unexpected attacks, the women, especially those of celebrated beauty, stood in want sometimes of deliverers, and almost always of defenders. Every young warrior eager after glory, and this was often the character of whole nations, must have been glad then to take upon him an office which promised such just returns of fame, which flattered the most agreeable of all passions, and, at the same time, gratified another almost as strong—that for a wandering and rambling life. We are apt to value what we acquire in proportion to the labour and trouble it costs us. Accordingly the hero looked upon himself as sufficiently rewarded for his pains if he could at length obtain the fair hand of her he had delivered; and it is obvious how honourable such marriages must have been among the people who thought in this manner. . . . . Besides, the character of the Northern Women themselves left the men no other less glorious means of gaining their hearts. Naturally chaste and proud, there was no other way but this to come at them. Educated under the influence of the same prejudices concerning honour as the men, they were early taught to despise those who spent their youth in a peaceful obscurity. All the historical records of ancient Scandinavia prove what I advance. We see there the turn for Chivalry as it were in the bud. The history of other nations shows it afterwards, as it were, opening and expanding in Spain, France, Italy, and England, being carried there by the swarm that issued from the North. It is in reality this same spirit, reduced afterwards within juster bounds, that has been productive of that polite gallantry so peculiarly observable in our manners, which adds a double relish to the most pleasing of all social bonds; which unites the lasting charm of sentiment, regard, and friendship with the fleeting fire of love; which tempers and animates one by the other; adds to their number, power, and duration; and which cherishes and unfolds sensibility, that most choice gift of Nature without which neither decorum, propriety, chaste friendship, nor true generosity can exist among men. It would be needless to prove that we are not indebted for this manner of thinking to the ancient Romans. We may appeal for this to all who know anything of their character, and safely conclude that the respect we show to the fair sex is derived from that super-

stitious reverence which our Ancestors had for them, and is only a relic of that ancient authority which the women enjoyed among the Northern Nations\*."

Soul-curer and Body-curer, Priestess, Prophetess, and Leech—such were the honourable offices of the gentler sex in the good old times. We have seen that the influence of the Women in the social relations of Life was then very considerable, and that the traces of that influence still continue to distinguish the position of those who are the immediate descendants of the old Teutonic Matrons.

But let us ask our fair Anglo-Saxon Sisters of modern times and civilised customs, whether this high and holy feeling of Chivalry which did so much to elevate and refine our rugged forefathers, may not be, in some degree at least, revived in their days and by their means? Whether they may not give a higher tone and a taste for loftier pursuits to their *preux Chevaliers*? "Oh! no;" they laugh and exclaim,—“the Age of Chivalry is fled. Our Fathers must attend to their business; they must make money: our Husbands to their Professions, our Sons to their Studies, and our Lovers to their speculations in Railways or Writings; and each must take care of himself, in order that he may be able to take care of us. No; we must leave Politics to the Lawyers, Religion to the Priests, and Medicine to the Doctors, unless we choose to brave a contemptuous rebuff, and be content to be told that—a Woman should mind her own business.”

But pray, dear Gentle-Women, what is your own peculiar business? Is it to ride about in a carriage, to do a little shopping, to pay a few fashionable calls, to write a few notes, to dress well, dine well, dance well, and go to Church on Sunday? Is it to draw a little, to paint a little, to play a little on some instrument, to sing a little, to read a little French, a little Italian, a little German, to do a little fancy work—not for scarfs, pennons, and banners, like your grandmothers—but for work bags, pincushions, and above all PURSES! those Ensigns of Mammon's Chivalry!

We are speaking now of the high-born and well-bred, the “Cynosures of “neighbouring eyes,” those who set the fashions and give the tone to the mass of their countrywomen; those who, having little of the real household care and anxiety to tie up their talent and fancy, and to bind up their sympathy, ought to be in reality the Prophetesses, the Sybils of our Race! All Honour to the hard-working Dame! To the Wife of the House! She has found her work and is happy in the midst of her high, though homely Duties. It is in the Houses and Cottages of the Land that Woman may now as then be found, still manifesting the characteristic virtues of the Race—there may be found the real GENTLE-WOMAN—the HELP-MEET!

But what shall we say of the dwellers in the Palaces? We will say that they are the Beauties of Creation, the Cultivated Flowers of Nature, the Paragons of Animals! and did they but know their own power, they might

\* Vide Mallet's “Northern Antiquities.”

well be styled "the Invincibles!" History tells us of many Mighty Men of all Races,—Conquerors, Heroes, Demi-gods! Men whose equals might be sought for in vain, even in Anglo-Saxon Annals. But she tells us of no Woman who can be at all brought into comparison with the highest type of a true English Gentle-Woman, who alone can boast of—

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,  
Cleopatra's majesty;  
Atalanta's better part,  
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Having then amongst us such as these—such as have never before existed on this earth, a "store of Ladies whose bright eyes rain influence and adjudge " the prize"—shall we say, or allow it to be said, that the Age of Chivalry is fled? Oh! no; let us preach a New Crusade: let us proclaim a nobler Chivalry! We have fairer Beauties than ever smiled on Tilt or Tournament of our Ancestors, why should we not have Knights more strong, more noble, and more valiant than they were? We have no Dragons to ravage our fields, no Giants or Saracens to destroy our brethren, no Magicians or Sorcerers to bewilder Knight or Lady; but there are many monsters even now laying waste our villages, towns, and cities with famine, pestilence, and poison. Many formidable Giants there are even now who delight to fight against Christendom—many subtle sophisters watching to puzzle the good and seduce the unwary.

Famine, Disease, Ignorance, Avarice! These are destroying our Brethren by thousands. But the new Crusade is preached—all Christendom is rising from the long deathly slumber. The gallant Knights and valiant Champions of the Cross are preparing every where for the battle. The "Wrongs of " Christendom" have at length called forward the young, the noble, and the brave to the rescue of the Christian Standard. Let not the Anglo-Saxons be backward in answering to the Rally—they were ever foremost in the battle-fields of Syria,—let them now show their strength and valour, each in his own City, for the Enemy is upon us, and is mocking us, and asking—Where is the Christian Knight?—Where is the power of the Cross?

Listen then, Anglo-Saxon Ladies,—it is for you to marshal the Champions of this New Crusade. Think again of your Saxon and Norman Mothers, and do as they did. Spurn the selfish Coward who lives only for himself; demand some test of valour, some proof of honour and nobility. Cast your glove into the Fever's den, fair Lady; send your Lover to win his spurs and seek for fame in the dingy manufactory, in the squalid mine, in the hard workhouse. There is no lack of glorious adventure, no want of strength or wealth or wit to undertake it; but where is the Minstrel that shall immortalise the valiant Champion?—where the Lady that shall bind on his spurs, and bid him God speed?

A.

The  
Armorial Ensigns  
Attributed to  
The Saxon Heptarchy.



THE splendid retinues and brilliant pageantry which glittered in the Norman court, and adorned the halls of the Feudal barons, were unknown and unprized by our Saxon ancestors, whose distinctions of honour and glory were few and simple, and mainly consisted in the regard which their hardy valour and uncompromising virtue claimed from the hearts of their admiring people. The inheritance of our Saxon forefathers consisted not in the imposing grandeur of the Baronial castle, and the gaudy display of Family arms emblazoned on silken banners and dazzling shields, but in free institutions, equal laws, and domestic love.

The historians of modern nations, in relating the achievements of these early kings, have too generally transposed the ideas, the manners, and the political state of their own age into times past; and have modelled the German royalty of the first conquerors upon the splendour of the Feudal royalty of the twelfth century, or the extensive and powerful dynasties of the seventeenth.

The Saxon Lord was bound by the same laws and enjoyed the same liberties as his subjects, and was only distinguished from them by his liberality, his valour, and his wisdom. His court was not known by wealth and opulence wrung from the laborious toils of the cultivators of his estates, but by its simplicity, and the free admission accorded to all at the ducal board.

Notwithstanding, however, that heraldry and painting were not employed for ornaments of display and badges of dignity, as in the Feudal times, yet some traces of national and family insignia are to be met with, even at a very early period of Saxon history; but these seem to have served rather for the purpose of standards, around which the several tribes might rally, than as what in the present day we understand by coats of arms.

The names of animals and other natural objects adopted by the pagan Germans and ancient Saxons seem to point to the foundation of heraldic bearings; for how could Æthelwulf, Hengst, Hors, and other distinguished persons, be more appropriately symbolised than by the figures of animals, before the knowledge of writing was diffused by the missionaries of the Christian faith? In fact, such an adaptation of the art of painting is common to most primitive nations. The Hottentots at the present day record events by the figures traced on the walls of caverns and the bark of trees; while the Indian sachems of North America rejoice in such appellations as Wolf, Beaver, and

Rattlesnake, and attest their assent to treaties by pictures of those animals rudely sketched upon the parchment of the encroaching European.

Krantz informs us that the German chiefs bore on their shields the figure of the beast whose name they assumed, which served to distinguish the warriors in time of battle; and on the subversion of the Roman Empire by the Germanic races, these emblems became the hereditary badges of tribes and families, giving birth and life to Heraldry, and forming the basis on which the armorial bearings of modern nations and modern families are reared. The White Horse\* may without exaggeration be styled the Saxon Emblem; for from the earliest to our own time it has constituted the peculiar badge of the race. We are informed by Tacitus that in his day it was considered sacred, and figured in the religious ceremonies of the Saxons while yet they roved in their native woods of Germany†.

It doubtless gave name to the hardy warriors, who fourteen hundred years since migrated to the Kentish shore with the standard of their nation unfurled before them, and has continued up to the present time the arms of the County in which they settled.

The White Horse is borne on the shield of Brunswick-Hanover; and still distinguishes the Kentish hops‡, as it did in the bygone time, when the well-filled pockets, stowed by for domestic use, were guarded by a sign sacred to the great Wóden himself. Under its auspices did the noble Ælfred§ free his country from the Danish invader, at the glorious battle of Ethandune (Edington, Wilts.), the trophy of which, undestroyed by the waste of ages, we still behold in the colossal figure of a horse carved upon the side of the Berkshire Downs||.

Ælli, the first Bretwalda, who landed in the Isle of Selsey about the year 477, and founded the kingdom of the South Saxons, bore upon his shield the six martlets, which at this day form the arms of Sussex. And when the whole country was united into one grand monarchy under Eádgár, that illustrious king combining the insignia of the West Saxons with the South, bore the cross

\* In the tinctures of the arms, Mr. Collen's "*Britannia Saxonica*" has been followed. According to Speed, the field of the arms of Kent was *gules*, and the saltire cross of Mercia *argent*.

† *Proprium gentis equorum quoque præsentia ac monitus experiri; publice aluntur iisdem nemoribus ac lucis candidi, et nullo mortali opere contacti, quos pressos sacro curru, sacerdos ac rex vel princeps civitatis comitantur, hinnitusque ac fremitus observant, nec ulli auspicio major fides.*—*Tacitus, Germ.*, c. 10.

‡ It may be worthy of remark, that the use of the white horse of Kent and the martlets of Sussex, which we daily see in the market stamped upon the hop-sacks to distinguish the produce of the respective counties, affords undeniable evidence of a very early origin, and furnishes, if possible, a stronger proof than any direct evidence could do of the national character of the arms.

§ Saxon Chronicle, anno 871.

|| The extreme length of this rude memorial is 325 feet, and its dimensions extend over an acre of ground. The head, neck, body, and tail consist of one white line, as also each of the four legs, executed by cutting a trench in the chalk, of the depth of two or three feet, and about ten in breadth. On a sunny day the figure is visible at more than twelve miles' distance; the chalk of the incision being of a brighter colour than the turf which surrounds it.—*Archæologia*, vol. xxxi., part 2. The chartularies of the Abingdon monastery shew that this was a well-known object shortly after the Norman conquest, and then esteemed of great antiquity. Those of our readers who may have an opportunity of wandering through the flowery vales of this beautiful district may be pleased to trace this gigantic monument of our Saxon ancestors.



*florette* between four martlets as the royal arms. To these four a fifth martlet was added by Eádward the Confessor, which remains the general armorial bearing of the Saxon nation\*.

The kingdom of Wessex, which comprehended all the rich and fertile counties of England, extending along the south-western shores of the British Channel, formed the third of the Saxon settlements; and here the Britons, under the command of Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, whose heroic valour and hardy virtues have for ages been the theme of the Western Bard, made their last and most resolute stand against the Saxon invader, but were at last vanquished, after many a well-contested struggle, by the superior skill and prowess of the irresistible Cerdic. For a century the golden dragon† on the ruby field was the symbol of the kingdom of which he thus became possessed, till Cynegils, by the soft persuasion of Offa deserting the fierce creed of Othinn for a milder worship, changed the ill-boding dragon for the golden cross of peace. This, under Ecgberht, became the arms of all England, although each province assembled under its peculiar standard until the time of the Conquest, when not merely the English arms but also the English race were for a while thrown into the shade by Norman Lions and Norman chiefs.

Of the arms of the East Saxons and East Angles we know but little. Some have supposed that the knives, scimitars, or culters, for by all of these names have they been called, were designed to represent the seáx or sword, from which tradition relates the Saxons took their name. This supposition, though uncertain, bears a remarkable analogy to the designation of *long knives*, given by the natives of North America to the early English settlers, probably on account of the hanger which then formed an important part of the English dress. The form of these culters, as given in the annexed plate, is authenticated by the county arms over the entrance of Chelmsford gaol, and as the peculiar shape seems almost to preclude the possibility of their having been employed as weapons of attack, it is most probable they represent the sacred knives used by the priests in performing augury and other sacrificial rites.

The kingdom of Northumberland is supposed to have been founded by Ella and Ida about the middle of the sixth century, and comprehended the extensive territory which lies between the Humber and the Frith of Forth. Although little is known of the internal history of Northumberland, the accounts which have been left us of its national ensigns are more perfectly recorded than perhaps any others in Saxon History. The arms of Ella, the first king of

\* Speed, History of Britain, 348. 393.

† Cúthredus decimo tertio anno, cum jam regis Æthelbaldi superbas exactiones et insolentiam ferre non posset, occurrit ei cum legionibus vexillatis apud Bereford, omni spe vivendi postposita libertati. Adduxit autem secum Æthelhun prædictum consulem jam sibi concordem, cujus viribus fretus et consilio, belli discrimen ingredi potuit. Æthelbaldus vero rex regum cum Mercensibus Centenses adduxerat, Orientalesque Saxones et Anglos, copiasque multiplices. Aciebus igitur dispositis cum in directum tendentes appropinquarent, Æthelhun præcedens Westsaxenses, *regis insigne, draconem scilicet aureum* gerens, transformavit vexilliferum hostilem.—Hen. Huntingd. Hist. Angl. l. iv.; *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, i. 728.

Deira, were a lion rampant *argent* on an *azure* field, which at a later period were borne by Wæltheóf, the last of the Saxon Earls. The arms of Frithwulf are said to have been six bars alternate *argent* and *gules*. Beda, in his "Ecclesiastical History," narrates that so highly was St. Eádwine esteemed, that an ensign, *tufa*, or plume, was borne before him in his royal progresses, even in times of peace\*. When Oswiu united the kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira, a cross *or*, between four lions *argent* on a field *azure*, became the arms of Northumberland†; which have been continued as the episcopal arms of Durham, and were probably assumed by that See in virtue of the viceregal power with which its Bishops were invested.

The arms of Mercia, the most extensive of the Saxon kingdoms, were a cross saltire *or*, on a field *azure*. It comprehended the present Cheshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, Northamptonshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, and Huntingdonshire. And its name Myrcæ, or Myrcea, some suppose to allude to its being the mark, march or border, of the adjacent kingdoms.

A cursory glance at the history of the national standard may here be not out of place. Eggerht, on ascending the throne of Wessex, found a wide field for the exercise of his military skill and prowess; and along with a taste for the Arts and Sciences introduced much of the refinement and love of ornament and display with which he had been surrounded in the polished court of Charlemagne. On his uniting the different kingdoms of England under one sceptre, the cross of the Hwiccas became the chief standard of the English nation, until King Eádgár added to the cross *floretté* four of the Sussex martlets. This again gave way to the Danish raven; but in 1042 St. Eádwæard made use of the cross *flory* between five martlets *or*, on a field *azure*, which in the time of Richard II.‡, were impaled with the then received arms of England. The Saxon arms were never used by the Norman princes, and rarely by succeeding Sovereigns, and then never without the arms of Normandy; yet they were not allowed to be borne by a subject, as appears by the trial of Thomas Duke of Norfolk and his son Henry Earl of Surrey, in the reign of Henry VIII., where the assumption of these arms formed a principal part of the accusation of high treason.

\* Tantum vero in regno excellentiæ habuit, ut non solum in pugna ante illum [Eádwinum] vexilla gestarentur, sed et tempore pacis equitantes inter civitates sive villas aut provincias suas cum ministris, semper antecedere signifer consuescet: necnon et incedente illo ubilibet per plateas, illud genus vexilli quod Romani tufam, Angli vero appellant tūf, ante eum ferri solebat.—Beda, *Hist. Eccles.* i. ii.

† This was, no doubt, the standard which Beda mentions as being laid upon the tomb of Oswald. Lota igitur ossa intulerunt in thecam, quam in hoc præparaverant, atque in ecclesia juxta honorem congruum posuerunt: et ut regia viri sancti persona memoriam haberet æternam, vexillum ejus super tumbam auro et purpura compositum adposuerunt, ipsamque aquam in qua laverant ossa, in angulo sacrarum fuderunt.—Beda, *Hist. Eccles.* iii. xi.—*Monumenta Historica Britannica*, i. 188.

‡ Vide Encyc. Metrop. article Heraldry.

# The Saxon Period.



It is intended in this publication to call the attention of the reader from time to time to the History of the Saxon race; not in a dry chronology of events, which is too frequently passed over unread and unappreciated, but by such graphic sketches of the life and actions of our Saxon forefathers as may enable us to trace the source of those peculiarities of thought and manners which distinguish the English as a nation, and which are in fact the link which associates us to our country and our home. That self-dependence and love of liberty which originally gained, and those laws and institutions which secure the constitutional freedom, and at the same time maintain the imperial greatness of the British Empire, are peculiar to the race, and have all been derived not from Roman, but from Saxon civilisation. The arts and sciences of Greece and Rome were engrafted on the native stock of Saxon genius, but no foreign enlightenment but the inborn spirit of the race produced the germs which have unfolded into a civilisation more noble and more grand than ever flourished in the capitals of Athens or of Rome; a civilisation which has identified itself with the domestic life and social enjoyments of far-off climes, and which encroaches daily and yearly on the domains of ignorance and superstition, rendering the results of its philosophy the household words of nations in the furthest quarters of the globe. If, then, Saxon institutions and Saxon customs enter so deeply into the political and social state of modern times, the early history of the nation must be of the first importance, not alone to the Historian and Antiquary, but also to the Politician. The student of Nature, when desirous of applying to his own convenience and profit those modes and pro-

cesses by which she achieves her mighty revolutions, traces minutely the course by which from some simple element through the multifarious windings of a long chain of cause and effect she elaborates her grand design ; and then in harmony with her laws he constructs the engine, and builds the giant ship, in which he composes himself to sleep on the trackless ocean, undismayed by the roar of the wintry storm, and almost as secure from its effects as those of his countrymen who follow their pursuits on the stable land. The politician, as well as the philosopher, can only acquire his knowledge by inductive reasoning and an intimate acquaintance with the disposition and primitive institutions of the people he purposes to direct. The small number of men who have at any time been found capable of managing the complicated machinery of Society, and the contrary tendency of many political measures to what was expected, are so many proofs of the ignorance hitherto existing respecting the individual and social constitution of the race. As nothing can so materially advance the integral happiness of the majority of mankind as the proper direction of the National energies, whatever light can be given towards the attainment of this end, is to be considered not only as regards private entertainment or instruction, but as conducive to the general happiness of the whole. It is with this design that the present undertaking has been commenced. The results obtained by the labourers in the field of Anglo-Saxon Literature satisfactorily demonstrate the closeness of the link which connects the world-known Britain of the present day with the England of twelve centuries past, when she "blushed unseen" in her lonely isle ; nor, as it has been well remarked, "would even the most superficial writer of English History *now* think of passing over the Saxon period with the scorn which Milton felt when he characterised it as a mere strife of kites and crows." Although, when considered separately, the events which occurred from the fifth to the tenth century may appear but the transactions of a barbarous age ; when viewed in the general light of history, and in connection with the progress of the human race, they assume an authority and importance beyond any others registered in history. They are the records of the greatest revolution which Europe, which the world has witnessed ! Of an epoch when the tide of population swept the face of Nature, and not only remodelled but recreated the previous institutions of social life ; changing the populations and races no less than the dynasties of every country within the confines of Europe, raising again civilisation from its simplest elements, and "reinfusing life and vigour and the sanctity of a lofty morality into institutions perishing through their own corruption." It was during this eventful period, when the grand migration of the Slavonian tribes caused the Germanic races to seek new countries and new homes in the provinces of the declining Empire of the West, that the Saxon barks first visited our fertile shores. According to the general chronology this year commemorates the advent of the Saxons just fourteen

centuries ago\*. It also witnesses the completion of two grand works on Saxon History, which lend a charm and a life to every tradition of our Saxon ancestors, and render the primitive history of these early times, not the dry monuments of ages dead, but "the history of the childhood of our own age and the explanation of its manhood;" a mirror of the past, and a guide to the future policy of our race. I here allude to the laborious work originally designed and carried on for a period of twenty years by the untiring energy of Mr. Petrie, and now presented to the public under the editorial care of T. D. Hardy, Esq., who has accompanied it by a valuable Introduction, the result of many a tedious hour, only to be estimated by those few whose pursuits have led them into a similar field. This work constitutes the first volume of the "Monumenta Historica Britannica," which will be of lasting service to the cause of history and science. Our only desire is that we may soon hear more of the completion of this truly national undertaking.

## KEMBLE'S SAXONS IN ENGLAND.

The other publication also of the highest character is "The Saxons in England," by J. M. Kemble, Esq., whose clearness of thought and warmth of expression breathe life and energy through the entire work. The author introduces us, as it were, into the family circle and domestic scenes of these ancient times, and then accompanies us through the fields and woods, teaching us to listen to the soft sounds of Nature's music as we linger on the brink of some murmuring stream, or rest in the shade of the flowery valley. We here tread, as it were, on the precincts of a newly discovered country; and while learning the true Philosophy of History, fancy ourselves bound in the pleasing fetters of romance. We must, however, warn our readers that Mr. Kemble's work is not a History of the Saxon period, as the title might lead some to suppose, but an Analysis of our civil and domestic institutions, contained in a series of separate essays. It is, nevertheless, so replete with truth that we recommend it to the perusal of every one who takes pleasure in history and antiquity, or even in the national customs of rural life. Much of the information is drawn from original Saxon documents embodied in a Collection called the *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici*, edited by Mr. Kemble under the auspices of the English Historical Society.

At the period when the page of authentic history closes, the mighty struggle which swept away the power, and with it the institutions and civilisation of the Roman world, commenced; and we are left almost without a landmark to guide

\* The exact date of the first coming of the Saxons into England is very doubtful, but it was about this time they began to exercise any power in the administration of affairs; and Wendover and other early historians assign the arrival of Hengst and Hors to the year 449.

us in the trackless wilds which divide the ancient from the modern world. "The supercilious, or unsuspecting ignorance of Italy cared not to inquire into the mode of life and habits of the barbarians, until their strong arms threatened the civilisation and the very existence of the empire itself. Then first, dimly through the twilight in which the sun of Rome was to set for ever, loomed the Colossus of the German race, gigantic, terrible, inexplicable, and the vague attempt to define its awful features came too late to be fully successful." The victors themselves trusting to the bard the task of the historian have left little else but tradition, which, like the mirage of some beautiful land, expands before our eyes, often containing the elements of truth, but painting the facts of history in the glowing colours of a mystic verse, and not unfrequently transferring the ancient legends of their primeval land to the names and scenes of their newly-acquired home. While these mighty changes shook the utmost extremities of Europe, Rome, no longer secure at home, recalled her legions from the more distant provinces of the Empire, and Britain again freed from the foreign yoke (A. D. 420) ceased to acknowledge the authority of the Roman governors who ruled in her provinces and towns, and in a short time the form, and even the name of Roman institutions disappeared, and the power of the ancient chiefs revived. The songs of the bards\* commemorated the deeds of valiant chieftains, and pointed out princes of the royal race as candidates for the dignity of chieftain of a canton or a family; for with them the two ideas as well as the word which expressed them were synonymoust, and on the tie of kindred was grounded their whole political organisation. The lowest member of the community stored up in his memory the line of his descent with as much exactness and anxiety as the noble does with us†. It was the guarantee of his civil rights and the tenure of his property, for no one could legally claim any portion of the soil unless he were a blood-relation of that family, which in its development had become a clan. This federation of petty chiefs the Britons endeavoured to form into a powerful national Sovereignty, by creating a president or leader of all, whose dignity was elective. This though, at first view, calculated to give greater stability to their nation, owing to the factions and animosities it produced served in the sequel to waste the internal strength of the country, and bring it the more easily under a foreign power. The Northern provinces became a ready prey to marauding tribes, who, under the name of Picts and Scots, hovered round the confines of civilisation; while the hardy Germans of the North, whose fleets had even visited the American

\* The heroic verse in which the Druids perpetuated the learning and history of the Gaelic race, and which, at a later period, became known as the Welsh Triads.

† *Penteulu, 'caput familias';* Laws of Hywel Dda.—*Cambro-Briton*, ii. 298.

‡ *Genealogiam quoque generis sui etiam de populo quilibet observat, et non solum avos, atavos, sed usque ad sextam vel septimam et ultra procul, generationem, memoriter et prompte genus enarrat.* Giral. Cambrens. *Cambr. Descript.* c. xvii. ed. Camden, p. 890.

coasts, landed from time to time on the British shore, sometimes for the sake of plunder, but more frequently to establish themselves in the warm valleys and fertile plains of Britain, where they devoted themselves to agriculture, leaving the Britons unmolested in the quiet possession of the fortified towns and villages, and not interfering in the administration of public affairs. A continual intercourse had subsisted for ages between Britain and the opposite shores of Germany and Gaul, from which it is supposed that London, called by the Britons *Llundain*, or the town of ships, first took its name. Cæsar notices the migration of the continental tribes to Britain fifty years before the Christian era; and Mr. Kemble proceeds to prove that the elements of the Saxon dominion were laid at a very early time. "As early as the second century, Chauci are mentioned among the inhabitants of the south-east of Ireland; and although we have only the name whereby to identify them with the great Saxon tribe, yet this deserves consideration when compared with the indisputably Celtic names of the surrounding races. The Coritavi, who occupied the present counties of Lincoln, Leicester, Rutland, Northampton, Nottingham, and Derby, were Germans, according to the Welsh tradition itself\*, and the next following name, *Καρνευχλαυοί*, though not certainly German, bears a strong resemblance to many German formations. Without, however, laying more stress upon these facts than they will fairly warrant, let us proceed to other considerations, which render it probable that a large admixture of German tribes was found in England long previous to the middle of the fifth century." "If in the middle of the fifth century Saxons had established regular settlements at Bayeux†; if even before this time the country about Grannona bore the name of *Littus Saxonicum*‡, we may easily believe that at still earlier periods other Saxons had found over the intervening ocean a way less dangerous and tedious than a march through the territories of jealous or hostile neighbours, or even than a coasting voyage along barbarous shores, defended by a yet more barbarous population. A north-east wind would, almost without effort of their own, have carried their ships from *Hélgoland* and the islands of the Elbe, or from Silt and Romsey, to the Wash and the coast of Norfolk. There seems, then, every probability that bodies, more or less numerous, of coast-Germans, perhaps actually of Saxons and Angles, had colonised the eastern shores of England long before the time generally assumed

\* Ptolemy, ii. 3. *Μεθ' οὗς Κοριτανοί, ἐν οἷς πόλεις Δινδον, Πάγαι, ἔτι καὶ Καρνευχλαυοί, ἐν οἷς πόλεις Σαλῆναι* [al. *Σαλιούται*.] *Ὀυρόλάντιον*. Others have preferred the form *Κοριτανοί*, but the authority of the best manuscripts, not less than the analogy of the names *Ingaevones*, *Iscaevones*, *Chamavi*, *Batavi*, confirms the earlier reading. According to the Triads, these Coritavi (*Coriniaidd*) had migrated from a Teutonic marsh land.—Thorpe's Lappenberg, i. 15.

† *Saxones Baiocassini*, Greg. Turon., v. 27; x. 9.

‡ *Grannona in littore Saxonico*. Notit. Imp. Occid., c. 86. Du Chesne, "Hist.," i. 3. The *Tótingas*, who have left their name to Tooting, in Surrey, are recorded also at *Tótingahám*, in the county of Boulogne.—Leo. Rectitud., p. 26.

“ for their advent.” All ancient history agrees that the Saxons first took up arms to repel the invasions of the Picts and Scots, with the consent and at the petition of the Britons, though whether Hengst and Hors were invited over by Vortigern\*, or, what is more probable, by the Saxon settlers, will probably for ever remain to a certain degree a matter of doubt. It appears that the Britons, with the aid of their new allies, soon defeated the common enemy, and, in consideration of the valuable assistance they had received, conferred on the Saxons, whose banner now for the first time had waved among the national ensigns, privileges they had not before enjoyed. It was now that they came into possession of the Isle of Ruim or Thanet; and it is related that a marriage was consummated between Rowena, the daughter of Hengst, and King Vortigern, but that disputes arising between the native inhabitants and the Saxon immigrants, the consequence of jealousy on both sides, a sanguinary war was commenced between the opposing interests, which raged with great intensity in the southern and eastern counties, extending along the coast formerly known as the *Littus Saxonicum*, of which Kent formed the central point, and the Midland district on the banks of the Humber and the Tyne, the chief settlements of the Saxon population. The result was that matters went from bad to worse. The better part of Kent fell into the possession of Hengst, who inviting over more of his countrymen, the defenceless shores of England were soon crowded by bands of these resistless freebooters, who, from this period, came no longer as simple colonists, but for the express and avowed purpose of conquest. The Britons at length, tired out by the protracted contest, recalled their King and Queen, and an assembly was convoked, to meet near Ambri or Ambresbury on Salisbury Plain, for the purpose of concluding a pacification; but this was too late, the tide of immigration and conquest had now set in, and nothing could stay the torrent.

“ The new immigrants were not likely to find land vacant for their occupation  
 “ among their kinsmen who had long been settled here, though well-assured of  
 “ their co-operation in any attempt to wrest new settlements from the British.  
 “ But no authentic record remains of the slow and gradual progress that  
 “ would have attended the conquest of a brave and united people, nor is any  
 “ such consistent with the accounts the British authors have left of the  
 “ disorganised and disarmed condition of the population. A skirmish, carried  
 “ on by very small numbers on either side, seems generally to have decided  
 “ the fate of a campaign. Steadily from east to west, from south to north,  
 “ the sharp axes and long swords of the Teutons hewed their way: wherever  
 “ opposition was offered, it ended in the retreat of the aborigines to the  
 “ mountains,—fortresses whence it was impossible to dislodge them, and from

\* The real name of this king was Gwrtheyrn; Vortigern is the Latinised form.



“ which they sometimes descended to attempt a hopeless effort for the liberty of their country, or revenge upon their oppressors.” Several years, however, elapsed before they obtained possession of Kent, of which it appears that Eric, the son of Hengst, was the first actual King. Either from the wood of which his irresistible spear was framed, or from the ship in which he passed over the waves, he received the surname of *Æsc* or Ash, and *Æscingas*, or sons of the Ash, were his descendants named so long as their dynasty endured.

After the civil contest had subsided, the Saxons again resumed their rural life. “ On the natural clearings in the forest, or on spots prepared by man for his own uses ; in valleys bounded by gentle acclivities, which poured down fertilising streams ; or on plains, which here and there rose, clothed with verdure, above surrounding marshes ; slowly, and step by step, the warlike colonists adopted the habits and developed the character of peaceful agriculturists. The towns which had been spared in the first rush of war, gradually became deserted, and slowly crumbled to the soil, beneath which their ruins are yet found from time to time, or upon which shapeless masses yet remain to mark the sites of a civilisation whose bases were not laid deep enough for eternity. All over England there soon existed a net-work of communities, the principle of whose being was separation as regarded each other ; the most intimate union as respected the individual members of each. Agricultural, not commercial, dispersed, not centralised, content within their own limits, and little given to wandering, they relinquished, in a great degree, the habits and feelings which had united them as military adventurers ; and the spirit which had achieved the conquest of an empire was now satisfied with the care of maintaining inviolate a little peaceful plot, sufficient for the cultivation of a few simple households.” This was the real epoch of the first supremacy of the Saxon race, and we arrive at the second period of authentic history marked by the introduction of new customs and new manners ; the elements of modern civilisation. The regular consideration of these must be referred to a future Number ; and we will conclude the present article by three extracts from Mr. Kemble’s work on the subjects of the Bretwalda, the Stranger, and the Ealdorman.

## THE BRETWALDA.

To all our readers who have heard of the perplexing title of Bretwalda, the following convincing elucidation of its long hidden import will be a most welcome boon. After reviewing the various significations attributed to it, and referring to the passage of the “ Saxon Chronicle,” speaking of Ecgberht, *anno* 827 :—“ And the same year king Ecgberht overran the kingdom of the Mercians and all that was south of the Humber ; and he was the eighth king who was

"Bretwalda;" Mr. Kemble proceeds—"Now\*, it is somewhat remarkable that of six manuscripts in which this passage occurs, one only reads Bretwalda; of the remaining five, four have Bryten-walda, or -wealda, and one Breten-anweald, which is precisely synonymous with Brytenwealda. All the rules of orderly criticism would, therefore, compel us to look upon this as the right reading, and we are confirmed in so doing by finding that Æthelstán in one of his charters calls himself also 'Brytenwealda ealles thyses ealondes,' ruler or monarch of all this island. Now, the true meaning of this word, which is compounded of *wealda*, a ruler, and the adjective *bryten*, is totally unconnected with Bret or Bretwealh, the name of the British aborigines, the resemblance to which is merely accidental: *bryten* is derived from *brebtan*, to distribute, to divide, to break into small portions, to disperse: it is a common prefix to words denoting wide or general dispersion†, and when coupled with *wealda* means no more than an extensive, powerful king; a king whose power is widely extended. We must, therefore, give up the most attractive and seducing part of all this theory, the name, which rests upon nothing but the passage in one manuscript of the Chronicle,—and that, far from equal to the rest in antiquity or correctness of language; and as for anything beyond the name, I again repeat that we are indebted for it to nothing but the ingenuity of modern scholars, deceived by what they fancied the name itself; that there is not the slightest evidence of a king exercising a central authority, and very little at any time of a combined action among the Saxons; and that it is quite as improbable that any Saxon king should ever have had a federal army to command, as it is certainly false that there ever was a general Witena gemót for him to preside over. I must, therefore, in conclusion, declare my disbelief as well in a college of kings, as in an officer, elected or otherwise appointed, whom they considered as their head. The development of all the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms was of far too independent and fortuitous a character for us to assume any general concert among them, especially as that independence is manifested upon those points particularly where a central and combined action would have been most certain to show itself."

#### THE STRANGER.

Again the position of the Stranger‡ among us in the early time is exceedingly characteristic of our institutions. "To the King belonged also the

\* Saxons in England, ii. 20.

† The following words compounded with *Bryten* will explain my meaning to the Saxon scholar: *Bryten-cyning* (exactly equivalent to *Bryten-wealda*), a powerful king.—*Cod. Exon.*, p. 331. *Bryten-grund*, the wide expanse of earth.—*Ibid.*, p. 22. *Bryten-ric*, a spacious realm.—*Ibid.*, p. 192. *Bryten-wong*, the spacious plain of earth.—*Ibid.*, p. 24. The adjective is used in the same sense, but uncompounded thus: *Breotone bold*, a spacious dwelling.—*Cædm.*, p. 308.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 88.

protection of all strangers within his realm, and the consequent claim to a portion of their wergylð, and their property in case of death, a *droit d'aubaine*. This was a natural deduction from the principles of a period and a state of society in which every man's security was founded upon association, either with relatives or guildsmen, and as no one could have these in a foreign mark, the associations being themselves in intimate connection with the territory, it is obvious that the public authorities alone could exercise any functions in behalf of the solitary chapman. As general conservator of the peace these necessarily fell to the king; but the duties and advantages which he thus assumed became in turn matter of grant, and were conferred by him upon other public persons or corporations. The laws declare the king, earl, and bishop to be the relatives and guardians of the stranger; and the charters show that the consequent gains were alienated by him at his pleasure. In 835 Ecgeberht gave the inheritance of Gauls and Britons, and half their wergylð, to the monastery at Abingdon. Among these strangers the Jews were especially mentioned. Anglo-Saxon history has not, indeed, recorded any of those abominable outrages upon this long-suffering people which fill the annals of our own and other countries during the middle ages; but there can be no doubt that a false and fanatical view of religion, if not their way of life and their accumulations, must have ever marked them out for persecution. Eichhorn has justly characterised the feeling which prevailed respecting them in all parts of Europe, and has remarked, to the honour of the Popes, that they were the first to preach toleration and command the attempt at conversion. But the utility of the Jewish industry, especially in thinly peopled countries, and their importance as gatherers of capital, were ever engaged in a struggle against bigotry; hence the Jews could generally obtain a qualified protection against all but sudden outbreaks of popular fury. As these latter had mostly other deep-seated causes, the ruling classes may sometimes have seen, without regret, the popular indignation vent itself in a direction which did not immediately endanger themselves; but, as a general rule, the Jews enjoyed protection, and were made to pay dearly for it. Both parties were gainers by the arrangement. Among the Saxons this could not be otherwise, for it was impossible for a Jew to be in a hundred or tithing as a freeman; and he would probably have had but little security in the household and following of an ordinary noble. The readiest and most effective plan was to place him, wherever he might be, especially under the king's mundbyrd. Accordingly the law of Eáðweard the Confessor declares the king to be protector of all Jews, and this right descended to his Norman successors. Similarly as the clergy relinquished their mægsceaf, or bond of kin, on entering into orders, the king became their natural mundbora."

## THE EALDORMAN.

The chapters on the power and influence of the nobles in the Saxon commonwealth are replete with interest. We shall here give an extract from page 128, on the title and authority of the Ealdorman, who, from the important place he held in the Witena-gemót, or National Parliament, and in the administration of justice, is so frequently met with in Saxon history.

"The word *ealdor* or *aldor* in Anglo-Saxon denotes princely dignity, without any definition of function whatever. In *Beówulf* it is used as a synonym for *cynig*, *theóden*, and other words applied to royal personages. Like many other titles of rank in the various Teutonic tongues, it is derived from an adjective implying age, though practically this idea does not by any means survive in it, any more than it does in the word Senior, the origin of the feudal term Seigneur; and similarly the words 'tha yldestan witan,' literally, the eldest councillors, are used to express merely the most dignified."

And again, page 133.—"From the time of Ini, of Wessex, we have the means of tracing the institution with some certainty; and we may thus commence our inquiry with the first years of the eighth century, nearly one hundred years before Charlemagne modified and re-cast the German empire. At first the ealdormen are few in number, but increase as the circuit of the kingdom extends; we can thus follow them in connexion with the political advance of the several countries, till we find, at one time, no less than three dukes at once in Kent, and sixteen in Mercia. This number attended a witena gemót held by Coenwulf in the year 814.

"The reason of this was, that the ealdorman was inseparable from a shire or gá; the territorial and political divisions went together, and as conquest increased, or defeat diminished the number of shires comprised in a kingdom, we find a corresponding increase or diminution in the number of dukes attendant upon the king. Ælfred decides that if a man wish to leave one lord and seek another, (*hláfordsócn*, a right possessed by all freemen), he is to do so with the witness of the ealdorman whom he before followed in his shire, that is, whose court and military muster he had been bound to attend; and Ini declares that the ealdorman who shall be privy to the escape of a thief shall forfeit his shire, unless he can obtain the king's pardon. The proportionably great severity of this punishment arises, and most justly so, from the circumstance of the ealdorman being the principal judicial officer in the county, as the Graff was among the Franks. The fiftieth law of Ini provides for the case where a man compounds for offences committed by any of his household, where suit has been made either before the king himself or the king's ealdorman. He was commanded to hold a shiremoot, or general county-court twice in the year, where,

in company of the bishop, he was to superintend the administration of civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical law. Eádgár enacts, 'Twice in the year ' be a shiremoot held, and let both the bishop of the shire and the ealdorman ' be present, and there expound both the law of God and of the world,' which enactment is repeated in nearly the same words by Cnut; and this is consistent with a regulation of Ælfred, by which a heavy fine is inflicted upon him who shall break the public peace by fighting, or even drawing his weapon, in the Folcmoot, before the king's ealdorman. In the year 780, we learn, from the Saxon Chronicle, that the high reeves, or noble geréfan of Northumberland burned Beorn, the ealdorman, to death at Seletún; but Henry of Huntingdon records the same fact with more detail: he says, 'The year after this the ' princes and chief officers of Northumberland burned to death a certain *consul* ' and justiciary of theirs, because he was more severe than was right.' From which it would appear not only that this ealdorman had been guilty of cruelty and oppression in the exercise of his judicial functions, but, from the hint of Simeon, also that the king acquiesced in his punishment. We have occasional records in the Saxon charters, which show that the shiremoot for judicial purposes was presided over by the ealdorman of the shire. In 825 there was an interesting trial, touching the rights of pasture belonging to Worcester cathedral, which the public officers had encroached upon; it was arranged in a synod held at Clofeshoo, that the bishop should give security to the ealdorman and witan of the county to make good his claim on oath, which was done within a month, at Worcester, in the presence of Háma, the woodreeve, who attended on behalf of Eádwulf, the ealdorman. Another very important document records a trial which took place about 1038, in Herefordshire; the shiremoot sat at Ægelnothes stán, and was held by Æthelstán the bishop, and Ranig the ealdorman, in the presence of the county thanes. Another, but undated, record of a shiremoot, held at Worcester, again presents us with the presidency of an ealdorman, Leófwine.

It is thus clear that the ealdorman really stood at the head of the justice of the county, and for this purpose there can be no doubt that he possessed full power of holding plea, and proceeding to execution both in civil and criminal cases. The scírmén, scírgeréfan, or sheriffs, were his officers, and acted by his authority, a point to which I shall return hereafter. That the executive as well as the judicial authority resided in the ealdorman and his officers seems to me unquestionable. Ælfred directs that no private feud shall be permitted, except in certain grave cases, but that if a man beleaguers his foe in his own house, he shall summon him to surrender his weapons and stand to trial. If the complainant be not powerful enough to enforce this, he is to apply to the ealdorman (a mode of expression which implies the presence of one in every shire), and on his refusal to assist, resort may be had to the king. For this there was also good reason:

the ealdorman in the shire, like the Frankish *graff*, was the military leader of the *hereban*, *posse comitatus*, or levy *en masse* of the freemen, and as such, could command their services to repel invasion, or to exercise the functions of the higher police; as a noble of the first rank he had armed retainers, thanes, or comites of his own; but his most important functions were as leader of the armed force of the shire. Throughout the Saxon times we read of ealdormen at the head of particular counties, doing service in the field: thus, in 800, we hear of a battle between the Mercian ealdorman Æthelmund with the Hwiccas, and the West Saxon Weoxstán with the men of Wiltshire; in 837, Æthelhelm led the men of Dorset against the Danes; in 845, Eánwulf with the men of Somerset, and Osric with the men of Dorset, obtained a bloody victory over the same adversaries; in 853, a similar fortune attended Ealhhere with the men of Kent, and Huda with them of Surrey, the latter of whom had marched from their own county into Thanet in pursuit of the enemy. In 860, Osric with his men of Hampshire, and ealdorman Æthelwulf with the power of Berkshire, gave the Danes an overthrow in the neighbourhood of Winchester; in 905, the men of Kent, with Sigewulf and Sigehelm their ealdormen, were defeated on the banks of the Ouse; lastly, in 1016, we find Eádríc the ealdorman deserting Eádmund Irensíða in battle with the Magesætan, or people of Herefordshire,—a treason which ultimately led to the division of England between Eádmund and Cnut, and later to the monarchy of the latter. Everywhere the ealdorman is identified with the military force of his shire or county, as we have already seen that he was with the administration of justice.”

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LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

The  
Anglo - Saxon.

Part III.



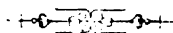
London :  
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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LONDON:  
PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.



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## Who are The Anglo-Saxons?—

**A**LL who speak, and think, and read in the English Language in its present form and fashion.

What other name, what other collective and generic appellation can we give to that wide-spreading branch of the human race which is flourishing in every region of the earth, under every variety of climate, soil, and cultivation?

Great Britain, with her English, Irish, Scotch, and Welch children, and her numerous and rapidly-increasing colonies, may, perhaps, claim the distinguishing and distinguished title of “The English People,” united together by the same laws, customs, institutions, and language. There are, however, many millions of men dwelling upon this planet who, although of the same kith and kin, of the same flesh and blood, are yet united to the English people by no common laws or institutions, but by one only bond, one living and enduring tie, *their common Mother Tongue*.

And the genius, the prevailing and distinguishing characteristic of this our Mother Tongue, as it is now spoken, has been universally and without hesitation recognised to be **ANGLO-SAXON**. People would smile were we to call ourselves by such a family name as Celt, or Roman, or Scandinavian, or Norman; although from each and all of these separate elements the component qualities of our race and of our language have been largely drawn. Perhaps in the points of

priority and locality, BRITON or BRITISH would be the more correct and original family designation. But this title has been so long appropriated by the inhabitants of the British Islands, that if used as a family name, it would virtually exclude the millions of Americans who will soon form the larger half of our family circle.

Other terms, such as Anglo-Celt, &c., have been suggested, all of which are equally liable to grave objections.

In short the term "Anglo-Saxon" has already been virtually adopted in the literature of the day, as fitly expressing all that we wish to express in attempting to distinguish our race and language from the Frank, the German, the Scandinavian, the Mongol, and other branches of the human family.

As a family name it does not exclude the Celt, whether Irish, Scotch, or Welch ; the two families are rapidly blending into one, and it is only natural to retain the name of the predominating element.

Let us uphold our Family Name—ANGLO-SAXON ! It is a good mouthfilling word ! There is something in it that strikes the eye and sounds upon the ear, telling of Valour, Energy, and Power. Nor will we forget our Motto as connected with our Name—" *Non Angli sed Angeli.*"

And the Goal ?—What is that to be ?—We may well pause and ask ourselves, for the answer we shall give to our own breasts will be the best reply that we can give to the many inquiries which some of our friends, and more of the unacquainted public, are making as to the meaning, purport, object of our undertaking.

The world is become suspicious, and even the *anonymous* modesty of a new publication is thought objectionable. *Omne ignotum—pro Diabolo.* Society—the respectable, the safe, the well-doing have this protection and safeguard against all innovations—that they will follow only known and acknowledged leaders, the reason being too often that such known and acknowledged leadership is obtained, not by opposing but by flattering—not by going counter to, or even a-head of, but behind, patting the back !

And this the Editors of the "Anglo-Saxon" have not done. Whatever weight might attach to their own names, if they chose to divulge them, they have preferred to relinquish in favour of that

higher and more enduring weight and influence which belongs not to egoistical individuality—not to puff and advertisement, but to noble ideas and honest intentions, and laborious performance.

And yet we recognise a laudable curiosity on the part of the public and our friends to know a little of the origin and purport of a publication which one and all acknowledge to be the most *novel* production of the time—whatever further estimate, good, bad, or indifferent, they may have formed of its value.

Some of that curiosity a few lines may satisfy. Circumstances had made the Editors acquainted, perhaps too well, with some of the less happy aspects of our modern society; other circumstances had interested them deeply with more than one far-and-wide settlement of the English race. Their education, no less than their professional avocations, had turned their minds to consider, with some anxiety, many of the interesting questions, religious and social, of the day. Nor were they unacquainted with some of those high and noble fields of intellectual and moral enjoyment which the system of our English public education, with all its faults and short-comings, can hardly fail to throw open to any inquiring mind.

They spoke together, as they had often done, of these subjects, and they lamented, as many wiser and better have done before them, the narrow, grovelling ideas, the timid bigotry, the selfish exclusiveness still so characteristic of their own times, and which yet seemed to them to be but poorly balanced or compensated by the perhaps freer ideas, yet certainly no less opinionated assertions of much of the modern Liberalism. They spoke of that grave subject, the state of the labouring classes, and the prospects of the great social movement going on in Paris and elsewhere. They talked of the attempts which many good and earnest men are making to remedy some of the evils at home—of the movements, religious and political, of the last generation—Tories, Whigs, Conservatives, and Radicals—of the Evangelicals, Puseyites, and Dissenters—and of that new school which is supposed to be arising—the Rationalists. They confessed the difficulty of escaping from the trammels, or at least from the imputation of party and sect, in undertaking any prominent movement in the present day. And yet they earnestly longed to rally, if possible, all the good, and wise, and noble elements of this generation into a unanimous and determined stand against the evil that abounds.

One mentioned his great anxiety that some publication, written on the highest principles, and addressed to *all classes*, down to the lowest could be started—and his belief, that if once launched there were many able and earnest writers who would willingly come in to join and assist. But then there was the almost insurmountable difficulty of hoisting a standard which should not be associated in men's minds with previous ideas, or at least expressions of partiality or dislike. The library-table of any club proves at once how even the highest and most Catholic symbols have been prostituted for party purposes, and usurped as the designation of a clique,—“The English”—“The Christian”—“The Church of England”—“The Catholic”—“The Evangelical,” &c., &c.;—and even the most established publications, which secure the ablest writers of the day, are *pledged* to a one-sided view of things—holy or secular. Another pointed to a map of the world, which he had some months before coloured so as to represent one great idea, and that was the spread and development of one great race of mankind—not as a kingdom, an empire, or republic, or even as a church of one form and constitution—but as a flowing, swelling stream of kindred bodies, souls, and spirits. He had written over his map the name of the Anglo-Saxon Map, as being the name which would most nearly represent the Idea with which he was imbued. He acknowledged that the name was not perhaps strictly *correct*, and certainly not yet associated in the public mind with other than antiquarian and bygone ideas. But the very fact of its being hitherto dissociated with the present and the future, seemed to render it most applicable for such a purpose, as a rallying standard for the “good and great,” who now speak and *think* in the good English tongue.

From such conversations the publication of the “Anglo-Saxon” arose, and thus two objects were combined in the undertaking; one to raise a new and inspiring idea, and awaken a fresh impulse towards that which is the distinct consummation of human progress—peace and good will—to attempt to unite under one name and kindred associations, a vast and important branch of the race of man, however divided and distinct in political, social, and even religious institutions.

To harmonise the many members of the Anglo-Saxon race into the unity of Faith, and Hope, and Love, even as they are now

united in the unity of one noble Language, seemed a great and direct step towards asserting the Universal Brotherhood of Man. The other object, though less extensive, was even more practical, and of more immediate urgency. For what avail was it to call on all the children of the family to re-assemble round the hearth of the Old Home, when that Home is in disorder, and distress, and imminent peril? England, dear Mother-England, has need to set her own house in order before she can invite her children and grandchildren to a Family Feast which shall not be alloyed by Envy, Jealousy, and Bitterness.

The year in which we commence our undertaking is appropriate as being the birth-year of King Alfred the Great, to whom we have presumed to assign, with our artists' assistance, the additional titles of the "Good" and the "Wise." It naturally occurs as a somewhat reproachful reflection, that we have no national monument to the founder of our glory, and our readers will find in our pages suggestions to that effect. On one of those suggestions, though our contributor has somewhat veiled it in the mystification of a dream, we must claim his and the public's permission to say a few words. It is indeed a subject deserving of most serious consideration whether the necessary operations of society, the administration of law, the punishment of the bad, the relief of the distressed, might not be conducted so as to enlist greater sympathy among the members of society? Whether the administration by paid and distinct functionaries—police magistrates, or police officers, or relieving officers—though it may secure a more exact rule and routine, does effect the great object of all Society, the educating the people in the principles of Justice and Virtue? Whether, in short, by a system of rewards and pensions all classes might not be encouraged and required to do their duty and bear their part in that which is truly the "Government" of the country—the terror of evil doers, the praise of those who do well? It is palpable that modern centralisation does not check crime, or diminish vice—and it has had a fair trial. Let the old system be tried only as fairly, with the same liberality and energy, and perhaps we may live to see a perceptible diminution in the present great evils of England—Pauperism and Incarceration, Vice and Misery.

There is one point on which we wish our publication to assume and maintain a decided character. We recognise the Anglo-Saxon race as eminently a CHRISTIAN Race. We know that there are amongst them differences almost innumerable—clouds of men's imaginings which almost obscure the one Divine Luminary from which *all* derive whatever light and warmth cheers, and elevates, and purifies, their more earthly natures. Yet, distorted, exaggerated, polluted though it be, the Religion of Jesus Christ is known, and felt, and loved, wherever the English language is spoken. And there is no language which conveys more simply and faithfully home to men's hearts the hopes, comforts—aye, and warnings of that religion. We should ill perform our task as Heralds of the progress and glory of the English race, if we did not mark it as one of the first and most sure elements of happiness amongst them, that, in their own kind language the poor have the Gospel of Christ preached to them. The poor not only of the labouring classes—the poor of all classes, they who are conscious of their own infirmities, who need, who suffer, who mourn, they have the good tidings preached to them, and hear of a God who is rich in mercy, and of the great love with which He loves them. Poor at one time or other we all are—the richest, and healthiest, and most self-confident—poor we all shall feel ourselves! The time must come—who but has already experienced it?—the time when the tossed and troubled soul will find that there is no balm in earthly comforts, no solace in the world's wealth, no surety in the friendship of man. The time must come when the fond illusions of youthful anticipation will be dissipated in the realities of stern experience; when sins that once were pleasant will have left their sure consequence—sorrow; when the pursuits that promised such rich success will have dwindled into disappointment or exploded in ruin; when, with sorrow behind and terror before, with care on the right hand and wretchedness on the left, the poor son of Adam, poor in body, soul, and spirit, will be beyond the reach of other consolations, deaf to the voice of other cheering, save only the comfort to be derived from the Gospel of Christ.

May that Gospel never be silenced! May the poor never be deprived of its consolation!



There are two questions which just now are exciting the keenest interest among the English public—the questions of Protection of Native Industry; and of the Admission of Jews into Parliament. As the “Anglo-Saxon” has pitched its tone in a key of somewhat exalted impartiality, we cannot allow ourselves to advocate one side or the other on these questions. Our readers may, however, not consider a few reflections unwelcome, which may help to point the *moral* of our times.

There is no disguising the fact that the endeavours to gain admission for avowed non-Christians into the English Parliament is a most painful shock to the religious feelings—prejudices, if you will,—of the “more religiously and devoutly disposed” members of our Commonwealth. The feeling that was exhibited so vehemently at the time of the Catholic Emancipation is revived, and with this additional urgency,—that whereas the resistance was then against those who, though believed to be in error, were acknowledged to be fellow-Christians; and whereas the resistance, or rather repugnance, against the Papists yielded, in many Protestant minds, to a conviction that the real relation in which Ireland was placed with us required such emancipation as an act of justice to seven-eighths of her inhabitants—the present resistance against the Jews is felt to be one in which the very elements of our religious and political situations are invaded. And no doubt the result of the City of London Election and the renewed attempts to compel the submission of the House of Lords, will serve as a keen spur to the many minds belonging to all sects and colours who are labouring to untie or to *cut* that knot of knots—the actual position, and the proper relationship of Church and State. On the other hand, the advisers of the Crown, the majority of the electors of the City of London, of the members of the House of Commons, and, as some assert, the large majority of the Nation, look upon the resistance to the Jews as another specimen of that religious intolerance and bigotry against which it has been the pride and boast of the English Commons to be ever foremost in protesting. And it is very certain that this hatred of intolerance is with many minds quite as powerful, and quite as religious a feeling as the convictions or prejudices which it opposes; and further, that the warmest sympathies of men being on the side of Liberty,

in the long run the cry of civil and religious Freedom will win the battle.

What we would suggest as worthy of the reflection of either party in the struggle is this:—that on the one hand it is not true that the election of a Jew by the City of London, or even his being permitted to take his seat in the British Parliament unchristianises the Nation; it is rather an evidence to what an extent that unchristianising has already proceeded, how little the merchants and electors of London really care for being considered by the world to be themselves Christians, or to send such a representative to Parliament as shall consult for their own and their countrymen's interests, as for those who believe in a faith and are willing to be guided in every action of life by principles which the Jew neither professes nor is capable of appreciating. And, on the other hand, that the refusal to allow Baron Rothschild to take his seat, except on the faith of a Christian, is not an act of intolerant persecution against the Jews, for Baron Rothschild is not returned as a representative of Jews. There has been no petition from the Jews as a body complaining that they, being aliens to our Faith, are not fairly represented by Christian men;—in that case a Jew representative—*Quoad Judæos*—might have, perhaps, been allowed a corner even in a Christian assembly. Here, however, it is otherwise: the Jew does not appear as a Jew, but as a representative of the City of London; and the City of London, in the form of its representative, refuses to profess the true faith of the Christian. Let not the real case be confused; let the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the people of England decide whether the City of London may take part in the Imperial Parliament on these conditions; of course the actual origin of the words of the oath, whether accidental or unintentional, as regards the present difficulty, is a matter quite subordinate. Everybody feels and knows that it is a strife not of words, but principles—a strife which, by its result, will indicate to the world what is the actual state of English Christendom—whether we are in reality what we profess to be—a Christian people, or whether, as there is too much reason to fear, we only bear the name, as one of those antique heraldic appendages which, for many generations, even when their meaning and real worth is extinct, it is thought not only disgraceful

to lay aside, but even right, proper, and respectable to display and parade.

And again, with regard to Protection and Free Trade. As, in the case of the Jews it is too late for the bishops and clergy and religious world to protest against the act of the City of London, as being the cause of that unchristianization, of which it is rather the symptom and effect ; so it is too late for the noblemen and gentry of England to protest against Free Trade as the cause of those distresses of which, if it be as they think, *an evil itself*, it is the necessary companion and almost only alleviation. It is too late to cry out for Protection when the hopes, and fears, and wants of the people are looking to other sources of relief, having found none in those who should have been the protectors of native industry *once*, but who now have not the power of becoming so. A system of every man for himself has been propagated and fostered by years of indifference and neglect on the part of those who now think they see, and perhaps begin to feel the evil results of their careless self-seeking. England has become, in spite of nobles, squires, and clergy, a home divided against itself ; that it must fall is easy to predict, unless even now the scattered elements of union may be recovered and re-united ; that they may be so we will not refuse to believe ; but that it is very doubtful and difficult of attainment we are sure. The revived Protection must be begun, not by vehement attacks on one party or the other ; even Parliament may be well let alone for a time ; but let the noblemen, and squires, and clergy, in their own homes and parishes, set about recovering the confidence of the people ; let them take upon themselves, zealously and cheerfully, even painful duties ; let them not leave the poor to paid relieving officers, but be themselves, with their wives and children, the ministers of charity ; let the clergy associate, not with jealous superiority, but with the humility of Christians and gentlemen, with all classes ; let them not be looking always upwards to rank and fashion, but let them strive to create a happy community—a Church of Christ in their own sphere ; let them not be satisfied till, by love, and long suffering, and gentleness, they have won all Englishmen to Christianity, and re-established in fact, what now is established by name and prescription—the Identity of Church and State.

Again, for Ireland—the plague spot of the British Empire! From the lofty elevation we have assumed, we may think and write of her without exhibiting those feelings of bitter disappointment, anger, and shame, with which, as British subjects, we must contemplate so foul a stain on our imperial scutcheon. We may avoid considering or detailing the symptoms of her throes and anguish, and try only impartially to discover whether they are the throes of birth or of death; the anguish of an expiring race and people, or the anguish as of a woman in travail, whose joy is at hand—the joy that a *man* is born into the world. God grant that it be so! May the Celt gain at least the respect and admiration as he now has the compassion of the world; may he, by much suffering, learn those virtues which a kinder organization has naturally implanted in his Anglo-Saxon brother. May the real good-will and kind feeling which, in spite of the bitterness of disappointment and degradation and oppression, he yet feels to all those who feel kindly to him—work its way and produce—not a Union of legislative enactments, the child of corruption and parent of agitation and discontent—but a Union that may be felt, an acknowledgment in every Irishman's secret breast that it is good for him to be also an Englishman. May the visit of the Queen to Ireland secure that which must be the longing wish of her heart—a reconciliation and mutual kindness between the discordant members of her kingdom. May she be in a sense in which the most violent opponents of the doctrine will yet wish it to be true in fact,—may she be the head of Church and State, the point of union in which Roman Catholics and Orangemen, Celts and Saxons, may merge their disputes, and finding in their common loyalty to their earthly sovereign a common bond of sentiment and feeling—so come in time by mutual concession and Christian forbearance to common sentiments and feelings even to the King of Kings to the one God and Father of all.

Much the same things would we hope of another part of the British Empire where the Anglo-Saxon race seems not to harmonise with its fellow citizens who come of another stock and breed, though the course of the world's changes has brought them under the same political government. We would say to our Canadian kinsmen, that they have yet to display the more noble qualities of

the Race ; we would say that we read in their conduct about the Indemnity Bill much of that spirit and energy and independence which we hail as the stuff, the raw material which forms the staple value of the English character all over the world. But we see it in a very *raw* state. We see in it the instinctive impulse of conscious power, but also the ungoverned unreasonable wilfulness of childish selfishness. They too have to play the Man ! Not to talk foolishly and rebelliously of annexation and slander their own better feelings—not to commit, in fits of wicked violence, acts of destruction, whether of valuable buildings or more valuable political institutions, but to set their French brethren an example of magnanimous moderation and perseverance in well doing. Let the rebels be indemnified ! Let them be coaxed and patronised ! Heap coals of fire on their heads ! But you, loyal Anglo-Saxons, never stand still in your onward progress of industry and enterprise to quarrel on such a subject. Never listen to those interested Leaders who would make you believe that it is a struggle in which honour or gain is to be won. For your friends in Old England, believe us, while they are fully alive to your loyalty, and have not forgotten your suppression of the rebellion, they do not find it in their English hearts to be so jealous of this Indemnity. Your appeal does not hit their sympathies. They think you are hanging back in your appointed course of duty, industry, and success !

To our Brethren of the Great Republic, the Editors have expressed their good will and kind greetings by an acknowledged Herald, to whom, as already well known to many of them, they will listen with greater cordiality than to the humble address of our anonymous selves. We doubt not they will generously respond to his appeal for their sympathies and co-operation in furthering the best glory and highest destiny of the Race !—only we would remind them that they owe a reparation on many scores to English feelings. They have allowed themselves to talk quite as foolishly and unreasonably of their parent's old-fashioned pride, and bigotry, and selfishness, as John Bull may have done of the conceit and impertinence of his graceless offspring. They who undertake the task of reconciliation must speak plainly to both sides, and where there is fairness, and intelligence, and good feeling, reconciliation is always

attainable! We propose to our Readers all over the world one toast—were it to be the last that Teetotalism will sanction—  
 “ England and America—United States ! ”



## The Jubilee !



**E**IGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-NINE ! The Thousandth Anniversary  
 of the Birth of Alfred the Great, at Wantage in Berkshire !

Shall it pass away uncelebrated, unnoticed, unremembered by  
 grateful millions of the mighty Anglo-Saxon Race ?

Oh, No ! The Anglo-Saxons are not forgetful. The communica-  
 tions we have received from many different quarters, the grateful  
 congratulations of modern Politicians, the eloquent and heart-stirring  
 appeals of modern Bards, some of which will grace our pages, all  
 show that there are many warm English Hearts who would rejoice  
 in the celebration of this Grand Anniversary, and would delight to  
 honour the memory of the GOOD KING ALFRED !

It is with the most lively satisfaction we learn that a Committee  
 of English and American Gentlemen is in course of formation,  
 whose object is to organize a Grand National Jubilee to honour the  
 memory of “ *Alfred the Great*,” in the Thousandth year after his  
 birth, at his native town, Wantage in Berkshire.

It is proposed that this Jubilee should be held in the middle of October, at the close of the Long Vacation, when our restless countrymen begin to return from their annual migration to the four quarters of the earth, from yachting, shooting, fishing, sketching, and bathing, and prepare to settle down to their daily tasks, whether of trade, or law, or physic, or divinity.

We have been hearing of Scotch Festivals, Scotch Games, and Scotch Archery, which have attracted the people from all parts and from all classes ; and delighted alike the Queen of the Land and the Peasant competitor for the prizes.

Surely the good old sports and games of Merry England would draw together her Sons and Daughters to do honour to the Memory of their first Great King.

Wantage is easily accessible to all parts of the country, lying as it does in the line of the Great Western Railway, not far from Oxford and Reading. All arrangements are to be made by a Committee of Gentlemen, and Public Notices and Programmes of the Sports will appear in the Newspapers, and we hope in the Fourth Part of the "Anglo-Saxon," which will be published in October, and will complete our Year-Book for 1849, to give a full, true, and particular account of the Grand Family Gathering at the birth-place of Alfred the Great.

Another proposition has also been made in connection with this Jubilee, which appears to be worthy of recommendation. As it is hoped that all the children of the great English Family—English, Americans, Australians, &c., &c., &c.—will unite to honour the memory of their common Father, and as the one great Bond and common Meeting-Point for them all exists in their common Language—their Mother Tongue—it would be well to consecrate this Family Gathering by devoting all the returns, after payment of the necessary expenses, to the Royal Literary Fund, an Institution which has done so much to relieve the hard lot, and the too often bitter life of many who officiate as Priests and Prophets at our grand Language Shrine.

If we all meet together in the name of Alfred—all invoking the familiar names of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—as Anglo-Saxons, as English Speakers and Readers, we cannot do too

much, in attempting to help those who have helped us to Unity and Brotherly Good Will, by building-up and adorning that Temple of Letters in which we all meet as Brethren. And so we shall best honour the memory of the Scholar-King Alfred, the " Good," the " Wise," and the " Great !"

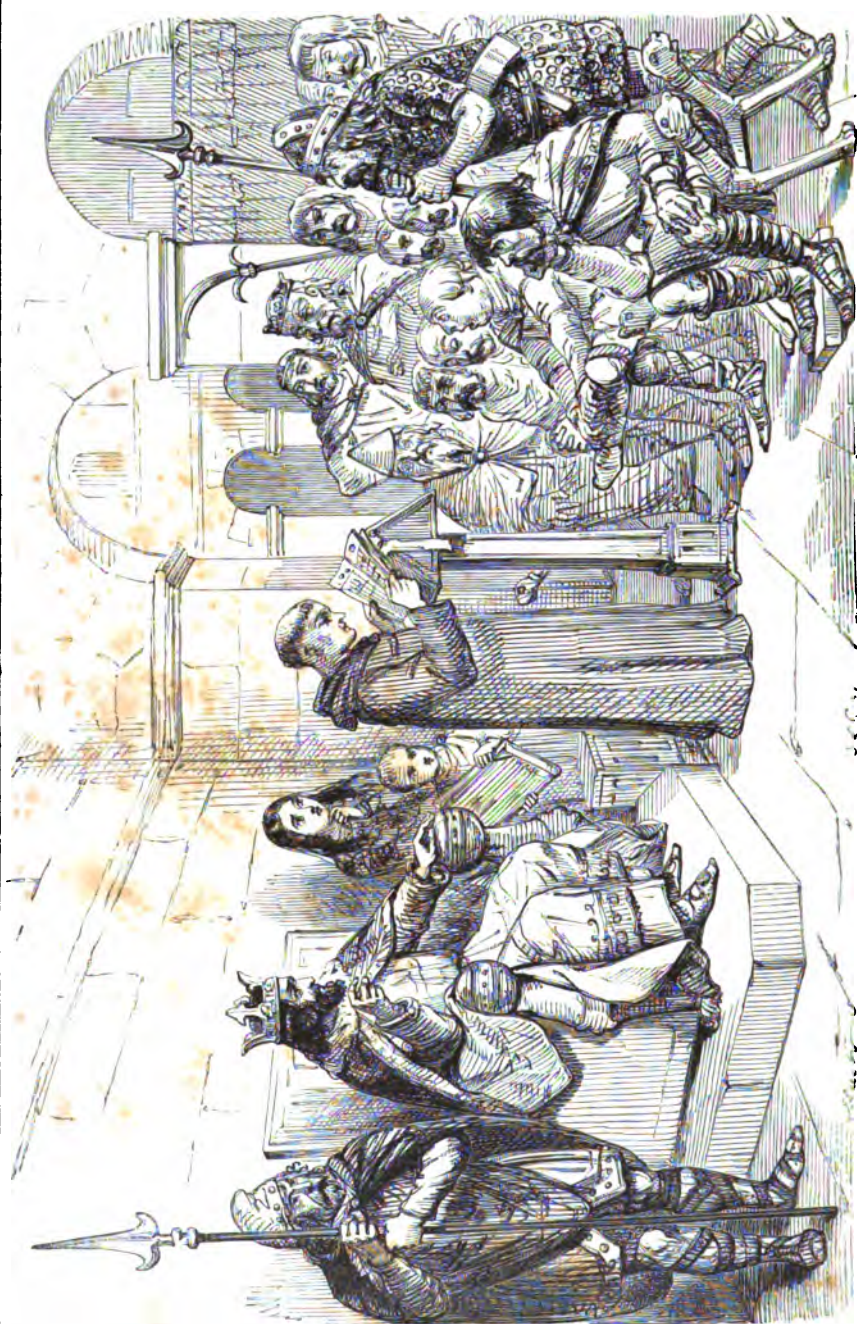
The Editors of the " Anglo-Saxon."

*July 1849.*



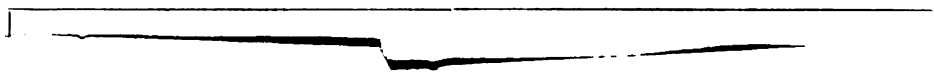






Alfred the Wise.





## Alfred the Wise.



" He inquired into almost all the judgments which were given in his own absence, throughout all his dominions, whether they were just or unjust. If he perceived there was iniquity in those judgments, he summoned the judges, either through his own agency, or through others of his faithful servants, and asked them mildly, why they had judged so unjustly; whether through ignorance or malevolence; i. e. whether for the love or fear of any one, or hatred of others; or perhaps for the desire of money. At length, if the judges acknowledged they had given judgment because they knew no better, he discreetly and moderately reproved their inexperience and folly in such terms as these: ' I wonder truly at your insolence, that, whereas by God's favour and mine, you have occupied the rank and office of the wise, you have neglected the studies and labours of the wise: either, therefore, at once give up the discharge of the temporal duties which you hold, or endeavour more zealously to study the lessons of wisdom. Such are my commands.' At these words the earls and prefects would tremble, and endeavour to turn all their thoughts to the study of justice, so that, wonderful to say, almost all his earls, prefects, and officers, though unlearned from their cradles, were sedulously bent upon acquiring learning, choosing rather laboriously to acquire the knowledge of a new discipline, than to resign their functions.

" It sometimes happened that Alfred's earls and prefects were too old or of too dense intellect to begin to learn to read. In such a case, Alfred took their sons or some more distant kinsman, whom he instructed to read to them; or if no other person could be found, he made one of his own men, whom he had brought up to reading, undertake the office of teacher, and recite Saxon books before the ignorant noblemen, whenever they could find time for so doing. The result of this useful but to us rather humorous process was, that the nobles, in the words of Asser, ' lamented with deep sighs, in their inmost hearts, that in their youth they had never attended to such studies; and they blessed the young men of our days, who happily could be instructed in the liberal arts, whilst they execrated their own lot, that they had not learned these things in their youth, and now, when they were old, though wishing to learn them, they were unable.' "



## Alfred the Good.

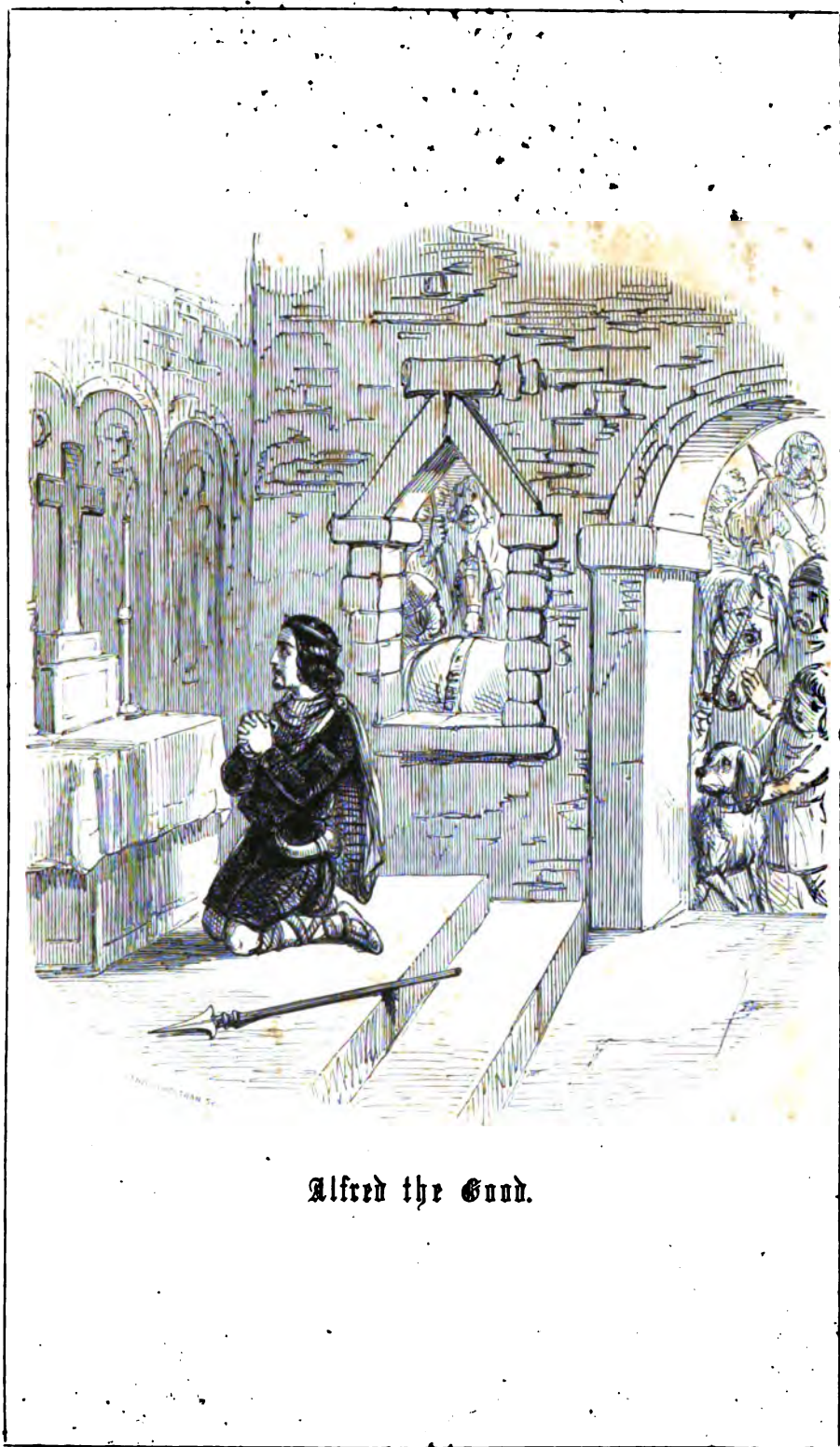


" When he afterwards led the Anglo-Saxon spearmen to battle, he was foremost in exposing himself to danger, which in fact was familiar to him under all its forms. As a youth he had led the chase through the wilds of Selwood forest, in the woods of Gloucestershire, of Kent, and of Sussex, and had even passed the border of Cornwall, a country still inhabited by the Britons, where perhaps the wild beasts which he ardently followed, were not the only enemies that he had to fear. It was, perhaps, in an excursion of this kind that he came to a church, near Liskeard, where reposed the body of a holy man, St. Guerir, and where, as tradition informs us, another holy man, St. Neot, Alfred's own friend and adviser, afterwards was buried. The prince dismounted from his horse, and entering the house of prayer, threw himself prostrate before the altar, and entreated of God's mercy, that he would exchange the malady with which, at his own request, he had so long been afflicted, for some lighter disease, but still with the same condition annexed to it, that such disease should not shew itself outwardly in his body, lest he should be an object of contempt, and so be the less able to benefit mankind; 'for,' says the Chronicler, 'he had great dread of leprosy or blindness, or any such complaint, as makes useless or contemptible those whom it afflicts. When he had finished his prayers, he proceeded on his journey, and not long after he felt within him that by the hand of the Almighty he was healed according to his request of his disorder, and that it was entirely eradicated.' "



[These Extracts are made from the "Life and Times of Alfred the Great," a valuable and interesting work, by the Rev. J. A. GILLES, D.C.L. late Fellow of C.C.O. Oxford.]





Alfred the Good.





# Alfred.

(Born at Wantage, in Berkshire, A.D. 849.)

Written A.D. 1849.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," &c.



COME, every true-born Englishman—Come, Anglo-Saxons all !  
I wake a tune to-day to take and hold your hearts in thrall ;  
I sing the king—the Saxon king—the glorious and the great,  
The root and spring of everything we love in Church and State !

'Tis just a thousand years to-day—oh ! years are swift and brief—  
Since erst uprose in majesty the day-star of our Chief :  
Since Wantage bred a wondrous child, whom God hath made the  
cause

Of half the best we boast in British liberties and laws.

Last-born of Royal Ethelwolf, he left his island home,  
Ulysses-like, to study men and marvels in old Rome ;  
And, thence in wrath returning, overthrew the pirate Dane,  
And, young as Pitt, at twenty-two began a hero's reign.

Oh ! Guthran swore, and Hubba smote, and sturdy Hinguar storm'd,  
And still like locusts o'er the land the red marauders swarm'd ;  
But ALFRED was a David, to scatter every foe,  
The shepherd, psalmist, warrior, king, unblamed in weal and woe.

Young maiden, modest as the morn yet glowing like the noon—  
True wife, in placid tenderness a lustrous silver moon—  
Dear mother, loving unto death and better loved than life—  
Where can the wide world match me such a mother, maid, or wife ?

Fair Athelswytha, Alfred's own, is still your spirits' queen,  
The faithful, the courageous, the tender, the serene,  
The pious heroine of home, the solace, friend, and nurse,  
The height of self-forgetfulness, the climax of all verse !

And now, Great Alfred's countrymen and countrywomen all,  
Victoria ! Albert ! graciously regard your minstrel's call !  
Up, royal, gentle, simple folk ! up, first, ye men of Berks,  
And give a Nation's monument to Alfred's mighty works !

In Anglo-Saxon majesty, simplicity, and strength,  
O, children ! build your father's tomb for very shame at length ;  
The birthday of your king hath dawn'd a thousand years this day,  
It must not die before you set your seal to what I say !

M. F. C.

ALBURY, GUILDFORD.



# A Word to the Yankees :

FROM THE AUTHOR OF "PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY," &c.



FRIENDS AND BROTHERS,

I AM bold to call you Yankees,—Yenghees,—Englishmen ! Not that this word would seek to rob you of a separate nationality, that wholesome pride of independence, undoubtedly your right as your boast ; nor that, among your multitudinous array, your gatherings from many countries, we can claim numerically for all a strictly British origin. Germany,—our honest cousin-germane Germany,—has great part among your swarming millions ; and, more to your cost than your advantage, that poor unwelcome wanderer the Celt ; and many other mingled stocks and races swell your mighty multitude : but it is still a proud and a pleasant matter of fact for us to note, that the mass of you are sons of Merry England ; that you are near kith and kin with us, Briton-bred, if not Britisher-born ; and, although some distinctions may be reasonably drawn between the two, there are still so many more similarities to be noted, that we seem but (as we are) brothers of one nursery. Young Columbia, full of vigorous health and masculine virtues,—what is she but the continental phase of England ? And dear Old England, though robed in ermine, and imperially crowned ; in spite of pride and prejudice ; in spite of faults and failings all her own, because distinctively John Bullism ; England, the land of our common ancestry, whose freedom is the germ of yours ; masqued though she may be in antique paraphernalia of aristocratic differences, (rooting oftentimes in reason, and founded on antiquity, pregnant too of many uses, though now and then corrupt, as human-nature wills,)—that dear old Home of ours, and of yours,—what is she but an Island America ?

I will not ask you if you love her ; I will not touch that tender spot upon your heart which throbs with the thought, *how dearly !* As the needle to the magnet, as the flower to the sun, as the hart to the waterbrook, as the child to its mother,—instinctive nature and intelligent affection have forged those secret chains that bind us unalterably together.

O yes ! your recollections  
 Look back with streaming eye,  
 To pour those old affections  
 On scenes and days gone by ;  
 Your Eagle well remembers  
 His dear old island-nest,  
 And sorrow stirs the embers  
 Of love within his breast.

Ah ! need I tell of places  
 You dream and dwell on still ?  
 Those old familiar faces  
 Of English vale and hill ;  
 The sites you think of, sobbing,  
 And seek, as pilgrims seek,  
 With brows and bosoms throbbing,  
 And tears upon your cheek ?

Yes, Anglo-Saxon brother,  
 I see your heart is right,  
 And we will warm each other  
 With all our loves alight ;  
 You, you are England growing  
 To Continental State,  
 And we Columbia, glowing  
 With all that makes you great.

Verily, no common ties are these around us two. It is not merely in the general, as descendants of Adam, believers in Christianity, or sons of civilisation ; but nearer, dearer, than so : as blood-relations, called by the same name, stirred by the same sympathies, sons or grandsons of the same stock, yearning towards each other across 3,000 miles of sea and land : as fellow-countrymen, speaking the same language, brought up in the same faiths, traditions, memories, and principles : as mates and neighbours, from infancy till now, in every nursery game, school contest, and college recollection ; in all the business, cares, perils, and pleasures of human life ; conversing always in the same kindly English tongue ; in every ethnological mark, idiosyncrasy, and power, moral, intellectual or physical, the same ; cherishing a Briton's pride in the past, an English sense of duty in the present, and an Anglo-Saxon confidence of all things honourable and successful for the future : energized alike, featured alike, charactered alike ; with brotherhood stamped on all we are, and on all we do. Go to ! there is country-love between us, home love :

There's nothing foreign in your face  
 Nor strange upon your tongue ;  
 You come not of another race  
 From baser lineage sprung :  
 No, brother ! though away you ran,  
 As truant boys will do,  
 Still true it is, young Jonathan,  
 My fathers fathered you !

In what department, friends, of art or of science, of literature or Religion, are we not continually interchanging benefits ? We Anglo-Saxons, on either side of the Atlantic, are both of us but half satisfied with the love and admira-

tion of a single hemisphere ; we claim and yearn for the other also ; we are each other's echo of fame, each other's reflection of glory !

What need of an array of modern instances to illustrate this position ? Why attempt, with feeble pen, to throw off rounded periods in record of those world-known names, the minted gold of either nation, interchangeably at a premium with the other ? O ye mighty intellects of the Anglo-Saxon race, who, each in his own orbit a particular star, shine out upon our brilliant modern harvest-night in a constellated galaxy, let me not invidiously linger to detail your earthly individual titles, but in one telescopic sweep survey your mingled fires. Remember,—each and all,—remember for yourselves, gratefully and reverently, the poets, philosophers and teachers, the orators, saints and sages, the heroes and the heroines, the noble, learned, pious, master-minds, who, through an English tongue, bless and teach and fertilize the world. Have we not both reaped liberally from each other ? and who can count up our mutual obligations ? We are partners, not rivals, in the best and wisest of mankind ; in everything excellent and ennobling, no less than in the more earthly fields of commercial enterprise : we glean knowledge from each other's learning, taste from each other's art, invention from each other's keenness, perfection from each other's skill. Time and space would fail me for a catalogue of instances.

No two nations under Heaven, are more naturally united, more providentially allied than we are. In truth, foreigners can discern no difference between us, and are puzzled that we can see any. Ask a Spaniard, a Swede, or a Greek, to distinguish between an American gentleman and an English one, between John Bull and Jonathan, when they meet in any company : nay, if it were not for the “ star-spangled banner ” floating from yonder flagstaff, and for the Queen's button on these naval uniforms, not foreigners, merely, would be found at fault, but the Yankee and the Britisher would mutually wonder which is which. And, call yourselves republican, if you will ; you are not French republicans : let us be counted monarchists ; we are not Russian serfs, nor Arab fellahs, but jealous freemen still,—clinging, not less sturdily than you, to a glorious constitution. Both of us are well agreed in giving the greatest possible amount of liberty to every man, thing, and thought that are good ; and in only making Government “ a terror to the evil.” Order, justice, property, conscience, these are household gods with you as with us ; honour and duty, philanthropy and godliness, are watchwords to us both ; and the inviolable principles of our common Race are everywhere bubbling up, as living waters, to refresh the wilderness of this world, sparkling from the well-spring of that heaven-stricken rock, our Anglo-Saxon heart.

Aye, let party-men quarrel as they must ;—let tenth-rate authorship elaborate its falsehoods, to earn lucre and notoriety at the expense of our mutual goodwill ;—let electioneering placemen, to serve some petty purpose, exaggerate, extenuate, and set down much in malice ;—let diplomacy with the best inten-

tions and reciprocal assurance of the very highest consideration, embroil governments, and entangle cabinets ;—let even the broadcast sprinkling among you of an alien element, a race (I will not name it) ever foremost in mischief among men, provoke as much hostility as possible against you, on the one part, and the poor old Mother-country on the other : still, America, still thy heart beats generously for England, and England still thinks tenderly of thee ! For my own poor part, I never meet a friend, thitherto unseen, who comes to me with the *ipso facto* recommendation that he is from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, New Orleans, or Memphis, but I seem to see in him a long-lost, long-loving, long-loved brother ; an exile from home, whose grand object in life is then daily being realized (through the favour of Providence), in re-visiting the hearth of his ancestors, and in discovering how kindly and yearningly his kith and kin receive him ; a son, once the wilful but generous-hearted youth who played truant from his father's house, (through the centrifugal force of unwise austerities,) but now travelling back once more, by land and by sea, over thousands of miles, in mature life, eager to be recognised again as a child, and reconciled to us, his brethren.

There is yet a tenderer feeling in our minds about you. We acknowledge that, in those old times for which our great-grandfathers are answerable, and possibly sometimes since, in many matters you were wronged and vexed, and forced into rebellion ; we grant that the obstinacy of Home-government has much to answer for in its intrusive harshnesses ; we admit that our colonies, even now (and you once were first upon the list) are treated with far too little wisdom, justice, or indulgence : therefore is it additionally pleasant to receive you graciously, when in some sort we ought to feel ashamed. As yet, Australia, Hindostan, New Zealand, and even the West Indies and Canada, have no irremediable reason to complain of us, beyond transitional conditions, and sundry inconveniences of time and distance ; as yet we have no urgent cause to blush for our total indifference to their welfare. The Home-government intends, at any rate, all things just and right ; although the various views of opposite parties may interpret these things differently ; neither is it at all an easy matter to please everybody. But with you, Columbia ! it must have been, nay, it was, far otherwise ; we must have been wrong and unjust, unreasonable and unmotherly, or how could Washington have been found fighting against us ? We must have been unwise and unkind, or Franklin would never have been yours. So then, Americans, we are in some sort your debtors as to rights of kindness ; and it is a chastened pleasure thus to find you amiably seeking us out, and professing to owe us many loves. Mutual faults, haste on the one side, and harshness on the other, provoke to mutual forgiveness ; therefore, we are all the more ready to receive you, and you to come over to us. So be it,—so be it.

Yet further :—your progress, children, has at once gratified and astonished us. Let fools laugh at your over-sensitiveness ; it is a generous trait in you to be

jealous of our love. But where is any longer need of this young feeling? The lion grown may well afford to repose quietly, as we do, in passive strength. Without conceding every absurd claim (for there are fools enow also among you), without admitting every empty boast to be mere unvarnished truth, still there can be no doubt that you have gone a-head surprisingly; you are a great people, and that's a fact; aye, and in the words of certain sonnets, well known to some among you, I would add,—

“ Go on, go on,  
 Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,  
 Boy Plato, filling all the West with light,  
 Thou new Themistocles, for enterprise,  
 Go on, and prosper, Acolyte of Fate!  
 And, precious child, dear Ephraim, turn those eyes,  
 For thee thy mother's yearning heart doth wait.”

Whether or not man is capable of self-government, is, in part at least, a theological question, and we will not here discuss it; but certainly you seem to have got nearer to that ripeness of humanity than any other race in history. The republics of Greece and Rome come not near you for moderation in prosperity; indeed if it were not for certain mixtures of race among your millions—to speak less enigmatically, if you were all Anglo-Saxons—our misgivings as to an enduring republic would, after such experience, be fewer. There can be no hesitation in admitting that, as things are, you are the most prosperous, increasing and improving people in the world; and England has a right to be proud of her old colony, and is glad to claim you for her son.

Many among you know, from sundry wide-spread ballads, that all this sort of talk is no new Word from me. And it may gratify you to hearken, for a minute, to a few notes from the many cordial Responses, wafted over to me by your Thirty noble Nations. One says, from Mississippi:—

“ We cannot dwell on England's page  
 Without a thrill of pride!  
 Her poets are our heritage,  
 Her statesmen are our guide:  
 And Barons, who, at Runnymede,  
 Stood firm, with shield and spear,  
 For England's right, then strewed the seed  
 Of Freedom's harvest here.”

Again; from Rhode Island, sings another:—

“ Join then the Stripes, and Stars, and Cross,  
 In one fraternal band,  
 Till Anglo-Saxon faith and laws  
 Illumine every land:  
 And in broad day, the basking earth  
 Shall thank the King of Heaven,  
 That dear Columbia, blessed birth,  
 To England's lap was given.”

A fair poetess from Philadelphia, tenderly answers thus :—

“ Aye, loving British brother !  
 With quickening pulse we’ve heard  
 Your Claim, and your Petition,  
 So tenderly preferred ;  
 Your sympathetic feeling  
 Has proved so strong a band,  
 That we could sit beside you,  
 And weep upon your hand !  
 Your claim, yes we confess it !  
 Atlantic’s wildest foam  
 Drowns not the recollection  
 That Britain is our home ;  
 And though she should regard us  
 Expatriate, self-exiled,  
 The reverence we bring her,  
 And duty of a child ! ”

And thus cordially am I met by a New Yorker :—

“ Ho ! brother John, my heart of oak,  
 Your proffered hand I clasp,  
 With one as strong in battle stroke,  
 As true in friendship’s grasp ;  
 And trust me, John, as proud of you,  
 And our old England home,  
 As ere we sought one out anew  
 This side the ocean’s foam ;  
 Yes,—haply should a haughty foe  
 Invade our Parent shore,  
 Together, John, our blood should flow,  
 As it was wont of yore :  
 Those brother banners, side by side,  
 Again, perchance, would wave  
 O’er warriors rallying in their pride,  
 Their Fatherland to save ! ”

And many more the like,—quick, hearty, loving answers, full of English feeling, and of old-country patriotism, have oftentimes rewarded my poor peace-making. Thanks, brothers, thanks ! It is a great deed, and a good, to have roused such noble echoes ; it is a happy thing, and full of happy recompence.

Whereunto, then, does all this word-spinning tend ? quoth Zoilus.—Even to brotherly kindness, and Anglo-Saxon unity : that is the moral. And now for an application of that moral, practically and personally, to both of us ; to me that speak, and to you that hear, my brothers.

Know, then, that this same “ Anglo-Saxon ” standard has lately been set up, in order to rally round its staff all the children of our common English family. A few gentlemen have undertaken thus to plant it in London, the metropolis of our race, and thence to unfurl its broad heraldic blazon throughout the world of our colonies and comrades. The object we propose is simple and unselfish ; UNION, between all Christian men, who speak our kindly mother tongue ; and with that view to put forth, from time to time, a volume such as this,—of no mean character, we trust, in any point of view,—full of matters interesting and



important to us all. Its pages are open to the contributions of every honest and able pen, which can interpret wholesome thought in the language of Old England. We expect the responsive beacon-lights of genius and affection to welcome our standard from every continent and island, from every sea and shore, where "the morning drum-beat of our troops, following the sun and "encircling the earth, keeps up a continual strain of the martial airs of England!" We look,—and, by this time, triumphantly and gratefully, for our looking is not vain,—we look for substantial service at the hands of the best men of the Anglo-Saxon Race, everywhere, from the Ganges to the Hudson, from Carolina to the Cape. And the reason wherefore (humblest monoliteral!) *I* have ventured in my proper person, thus frankly to address you, is, because, upon the unsought solicitation of those whose zeal has reared this standard, I have just accepted the honourable post of ambassador to you-ward. In this fair position, I desire to perform rather than to promise: more reasonably, because in an adequate measure to fill up the duties of International Editor, must, in the present case, depend very much upon the response which this call may elicit from America. Faithfulness, and kindness, and diligence, will be no more than intentional good properties, if they meet not *your* co-operation to make them of importance. I invite you, then, Anglo-Saxon brothers on the Transatlantic shore, to rivet with me these links of international friendliness: I offer to you thus a world-wide vehicle, for all that your best, and wisest, and most eloquent may have to tell us here: I call upon you, in no mercantile, far less in any factious, spirit, to close with the opportunity afforded you, through this medium, of intellectual communion with all your British kindred. The publisher will receive your literary contributions; concerning which, the only stipulation is, that they be, in every sense, good—to wit, high-principled, able, and *legible*—hieroglyphic writing must always rest uninterpreted, and obscurely remain in its normal state of unreadableness. For all else, names of writers can be published or otherwise, as they may desire for themselves, but nothing will be received anonymously: and (to redeem our "fine writing" from this very mundane bathos)—good fame, and good-doing all over the world will follow as a reward to all our fellow-labourers. We shall be extending Peace on Earth, and goodwill towards men. Who would not press forward to take rank among so blest a brotherhood, whose Duty towards their Neighbour tends to glorify God in the Highest?

And this climax again brings me to add a word or two as to our reasonable aims and ends. Let no man ridicule or malign these humble efforts to overthrow prejudices, or to eradicate evils, by exaggeratively suggesting that, to its full extent, such success is possible. We think not to regenerate this wicked world, nor to bring about the new birth of universal love throughout creation. Mere man is not permitted to do that; neither, were the office his indeed, is this bad age the season: so, let none discourage the effect of what really can

and may be done, by imputing presumptuous impossibilities. Nowadays, however, as always, "England expects every man to do his duty;" even if he cannot work miracles, he must energize for good, as much as may be, in his own small sphere; but in wisdom he may sadly rest contented with the fact that this hard old world, as a mass, will be but little softer, little better, notwithstanding all his efforts. It is quite consistent with strenuous exertion in every good cause, to acquiesce in the truth that now is "the day of small things," the scarce and scant "gathering of first fruits," the "here a little and there a little," the modest attempt to do individual duties; without proposing to anticipate the wide-world blessing of Millennial perfection, or fanatically yet to look for Universal Peace.

Yet one topic more, and I have done. I had been led to hope that one among yourselves—in particular a very able and eloquent diplomatist, (whom I do not name, solely, because it is not fair to praise a friend to his face)—would before this have acted upon the idea which our "Anglo-Saxon" has now for some time since embodied. It tells well indeed for both Mother and Child to find that the thought was unintentionally coincident. The noblest hearts of America and England were reciprocally yearning towards each other; and (in spite of trifling outbreaks of ill-blood, as will sometimes occur in large communities), the two nations, represented in their wisest and their best, were preparing to extend the right hand of fellowship to welcome each the other over the Atlantic. This was a good sign, and prophetic of success: and, during many months of delay (in order to obviate forestallings), I once and again urged my eloquent friend to initiate the matter. Since, however, for a considerable time past, this "Anglo-Saxon" had commenced without me, and that its appearance has been "hailed with delight" by your Chrysostom in question, the delicacy which interfered with my personal cooperation is fully satisfied, and all hesitation at an end. It only remains for me to add how gladly any "New York International Magazine" will be welcomed, either as a tangent or a parallel—either in union with our columns, or as a friendly but independent band elsewhere. Whether any such enterprise has been determined on, I know not; if it has, let it cooperate with us: if not, let all the good American blood which would have circulated there, help to enrich our pages: so, contending for the same objects—Union, Peace, and true Fraternity—let us fight under one banner,—a banner sacred to our Race from the birth-day of its Religion,—the Golden Cross of Egbert's Anglo-Saxon!

Cordially your friend,

Martin F. Copper.

ALBURY, GUILDFORD,  
May 30, 1849.

## “*Non Angli sed Angeli.*”

In Illustration of the Anglo-Saxon Map in the Introductory Number.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “*PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY,*” &c.

— 363 —

Ho ! ye swift messengers out of the North,  
Mercy's ambassadors,—haste to go forth !  
Speedily let your broad sails be unfurl'd,  
Winging your errand all over the world,  
Wafting your message of peace and goodwill,  
Brotherhood, godliness, science, and skill !

Ye are the salt of the earth, and its health,—  
Ye are its gladness, its wisdom, and wealth,—  
Ye are its glory ! O Britain, thy sons,  
Thy stout Anglo-Saxons, thy resolute ones,  
Ever triumphant on every shore,  
Are only triumphant for Good evermore !

Ministers bright of the bounties of God,  
Where is the land by these Angels untrod ?  
Tell it out, Africa, China, and Scinde,  
And Isles of the Sea, and the uttermost Inde,  
Tell out their zeal, and their grandeur of soul,  
From the sands of the Line, to the snows of the Pole !

Tell out the goodness, the greatness, the grace,  
That follow their footsteps in every place !  
Tell it out, thou, the first cradle of Man,  
Teeming with millions, serene Hindostan,—  
Tell how fair commerce, and just-dealing might,  
Have blest thee with peace, and adorned thee with light !

Boundless Australia, help of the age,  
And heirloom of hope on Futurity's page,  
Lo ! thy vast continent, silent and sad,  
With the song of the Saxon has learnt to be glad ;  
Rejoicing to change the wild waste and the fen  
Into wide-waving harvests and cities of men !

Mighty Columbia, Star of the West,  
See, 'tis a world by the Saxon possest !  
Glorious and glad, from the North to the South,  
Your millions praise God with an Englishman's mouth ;  
And all love a land where at home they would be,  
England, old England, the Home of the Free !

Dotted about on the width of the world,  
Her beacon is blazing, her flag is unfurl'd ;  
Not a shore, not a sea, not a deep desert wild,  
But pays its mute homage to Energy's child,—  
Not a realm, not a people, or kingdom, or clan,  
But owns him the chief of the children of Man !

The foaming Atlantic hath render'd its isles,  
And the dark Caribbean its tropical smiles,  
And Southern Pacific those many-hued flowers,  
And Europe's Mid-Ocean these temples and towers,—  
Their tribute the Seas of Old India bring,  
And Borneo is proud of her new British King !

Yes ! for dear Britain, the Mother of Men,  
Rules all, under God, by the sword and the pen :  
She is the Delphi, the heart of the earth,  
The rock-rushing spring of humanity's worth,  
And, if two hemispheres prosper, the cause  
Lies in old England's Religion and Laws !

Yes ! for her realm is the Goshen of light ;  
'The wings of these Angels have scatter'd the night !  
Duteous and daring, as beauteous and strong,  
They are helpers of Right, and avengers of Wrong,  
Fair in their souls as their eyes and their locks,  
Stout in their hearts as their oaks and their rocks !

M. F. C.

ALBURY,  
March 20, 1849.



# The Rookeries of London.



- " Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ;  
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom  
Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.  
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom ?  
See, left but life enough, and breathing-room  
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,  
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,  
And Childhood's self, as at Ixion's wheel,  
From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal.
- " Is this Improvement—where the human breed  
Degenerates as they swarm and overflow,  
Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed  
And man competes with man like foe with foe,  
Till death that thins them scarce seems public woe ?  
Improvement!—smiles it in the poor man's eyes  
Or blooms it on the cheek of Labour ?—No.  
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,  
We banish rural life and breathe unwholesome skies."——CAMPBELL.



## SECTION VI.

**I**F you have accompanied us thus far, gentle reader, whilst we praise your patience, we must endeavour to reward it. You will say, you never knew even a Rookery, so long as ours ; though our forefathers were wont to estimate their importance in the social scale by the length of the avenue which separated their residence from the public road, and, therefore in some degree by the size of the untuneful colony which built there. Witness the avenues of Longleat, Badminton, and others. Have we not beguiled the way by old world stories about Inigo Jones, and domestic architecture ? Have we not traced Rookeries to their very cradle, when they were as babes in the wood ? Have we not given the vendor of old clothes a patent of nobility ? When he looks round on the massive stair rails, does not imagination picture the Merry Monarch, handing down to her high-backed chair, some cynosure of his court ; some star from that galaxy who loved, not wisely, but too well ; or leaning, indolently, on that very balustrade which now props shelves, redolent of left-off garments ?

Be not ungrateful, then, companion of our urban walk. Have we not,

for your sake, penetrated, at the risk of losing caste among birds of a higher feather, those dense nests, tenanted by their sad-coloured inhabitants? Has not Holinshed doffed his antique garments, and Stowe spoken in tones of our times, for your sake? And when we told you that the gallant Monmouth lived, and the gay ones of the age ruffled where now savoury but amphibious pies perfume the atmosphere of Seven Dials, did you not cry with the poet, "Stop, for thy tread is on an Empire's dust." Confess, learned student of the law, we have beguiled the way, of old so dreary, between Leicester Square and Lincoln's Inn, and that the dim office seems to lose a portion of its grimness, because old Inigo spent his skill on it, and the noble and the gay once tenanted it.

But still, for we love to be consecutive, what has all this to do with Rookeries?—much indeed. We do not say with Fadladeen, of side-aching memory, that, to understand what a Rookery now is, it is necessary to consider all the Rookeries that ever existed, but still we like to know something of their birth, parentage, and education; and we don't know how otherwise to meet the objection that these haunts are peculiar to our times, and, therefore, a disgrace to our boasted civilization.

But when we last journeyed together, I think we had pressed the inimitable Hogarth into our service, and he had illustrated Seven Dials for us, as it was some eighty years since. Gin Lane, with its back-ground of tottering houses, its coffin-maker, its spirit shops, (for in that innocent or Saturnian age, gin-palaces were not,) and that self-same spire which is still amidst even such a neighbourhood as this, an omen of better things, are pictured so that these times may know the scene. Close at hand THE Rookery, but four years since, still was; we doubt whether some traces of it may not linger yet. True, a strange cento of architectural caricatures has arisen on the spot, as though some master in the craft, being asked to furnish a medley of designs, had sent the crude exercises of his different pupils, instead of sitting down himself to the work; as if some lofty spirit, indignant at the absurdity which conceived such a combination, had borrowed a builder's scrap book, in lieu of tasking himself to a labour he loathed: and yet there were still, a few months since, some crumbling houses, their windows mended with old clothes, bearing evident marks of the once famous Rookery.

Let us see, then, what this colony was, and how far the neighbourhood has benefited by its removal.

Charles Knight thus describes it:—

"Here is the genuine and unsophisticated St. Giles's; its limits are not very precisely defined, but we shall not be very far from the mark, if we describe it as the triangular space, bounded by Bainbridge Street, George Street, and High Street, St. Giles's. It is one dense mass of houses, 'so olde, they only seeme not to fall,' through which narrow and tortuous lanes curve and wind. There is no privacy here for any of the over-crowded popula-



“ tion, every apartment in the place is accessible from every other, by a dozen  
“ different approaches. Only at night, when they are asleep, and not always at  
“ night, can their redundant numbers find room ; for so long as they are lively  
“ enough to turn, and be aware that anything presses them, there is squeezing  
“ and jostling, grumbling and cursing. Hence, whoever ventures here, finds  
“ the streets, by courtesy so called, thronged with loiterers, and sees, through  
“ the half-glazed windows, rooms crowded to suffocation. The stagnant gutters  
“ in the middle of the lanes, the accumulated piles of garbage, the filth choking  
“ up the dark passages which open upon the highways, all these scarce leave  
“ so dispiriting an impression on the passenger as the condition of the houses.  
“ Walls of the colour of bleached soot, doors falling from their hinges, door-  
“ posts worm-eaten, windows where shivered panes of glass alternate with  
“ wisps of straw, old hats, and lumps of bed-ticken or brown paper, bespeak  
“ the last and frailest shelter that can be interposed between man and the ele-  
“ ments. Shops are almost unknown, in the interior of the district quite  
“ unknown. In this desolate region, many of the windows announce lodgings  
“ at three-pence a-night, and the transient population is almost as numerous as  
“ the regular indwellers.”

Thus far the modern Stowe. But, before we enter further into detail, we would premise somewhat in explanation.

Know then, gentle reader, that much of what our friend describes, is seen only by night ; true, by day there are the dingy alley, and the thievish-looking population, women with their bloated faces, and men who fill every intermediate occupation between green-grocer and bird-catcher ; true, that thieves lurk here, these very employments being, in many cases, but semblances worn to conceal a less reputable calling. Dog-breakers, dealers in birds, marine store-keepers, men whom indolence and dissipation unfit for more regular employment, throng these haunts even by day : but night alone witnesses the real condition of our Rookeries ; then the swarm of beggars, who have driven their profitable trade, return to their lair ; trampers come in for the night's lodging ; the beggars' operas, as they were wont to be called, then open their doors, to those whom necessity has made skulkers or outcasts. So that, not in St. Giles's alone, but in most London parishes, are rooms where chance lodgers are gathered at nightfall ; these are crammed by those whom poverty assembles, and the landlord derives a large revenue from the necessities of his customers : so that you cannot judge by the day-light aspect of the Rookery, what face it wears by night. You would be startled to witness the crowding of inmates even in *favoured* localities ; to see the industrious mechanic, his wife, and five or six children, huddled into a single apartment, by day the common sitting-room, by night the common dormitory ; you would be startled to find that such is the rule among the working classes, the meed of honesty and diligence, so that it has few exceptions. But in the genuine Rookery, even this remnant of decency,

this slender rag, which yet betokens a lingering regard to the proprieties of social life, is removed; men and women are brought together in the same apartment, whom no marriage tie unites, and who have no other bond than that of common want. So that because all are taken in who can pay their footing, the thief and the prostitute are harboured among those whose only crime, perhaps, is poverty; and there is thus always a comparatively secure retreat for him who has outraged his country's laws. Sums are here paid, a tithe of which, if well laid out, would provide, at once, a decent and an ample lodging for the deserving poor; and that surplus which might add to the comfort, and better the condition of the industrious, finds its way into the pocket of the middle-man.

In the report of the Statistical Society, we have the following remarks, respecting the district visited by its members, which was one of the most densely populated in St. Giles's:—

“ The Inhabitants may be classed as follows:—

“ 1st. Shopkeepers, lodging-house keepers, publicans, and some of the under-landlords of the houses, who make a considerable profit by letting the rooms, furnished and unfurnished.

“ 2nd. Street dealers in fruit, vegetables, damaged provisions, and sundries; sweeps, knife-grinders, and door-mat makers.

“ 3rd. Mendicants, crossing sweepers, street singers, persons who obtain a precarious subsistence, and country tramps.

“ 4th. Persons calling themselves dealers, who are probably thieves, and the occupants of houses of ill-fame.

“ 5th. Young men and lads, of ages varying from ten to thirty, known as pickpockets, and thieves of various degrees.

“ About one half of the inhabitants are Irish, chiefly natives of Cork, who for the most part have been long resident in London. About one eighth are of Irish descent, born in England; the remainder consist of English, some of whom have been in better circumstances.” This last remark must be taken with some allowance, because of the obvious difficulty attending such classifications.

You are much struck in visiting the rooms and houses where the poor live, by the absence, not merely of the comforts, but almost the necessities of life. Take, for instance, a family consisting of man and wife, and five children, they are lucky if they have one bedstead and three beds; in many instances, there are no bedsteads; in some cases, in the worst districts, there is too much reason to fear that straw furnishes the bed, and the day clothes the covering by night. The houses of the poor are, for years together, guiltless of paint; and even whitewash, cheap as it is, is sparingly laid on. The inmates suffer much, too, from want of water, with which these courts are very inadequately supplied, even where it is turned on, and this takes place, in many instances, but twice a-week, though the companies have a plentiful supply at command, and few in-

vestments have turned out so profitably as those made in the shares of these different societies.

## SECTION VII.

Nor should we wonder that such dens as we have described exist—that several persons unconnected by birth, or even by similar occupation, are massed together in the same room, for the independent labourer, the artisan, the mechanic, seldom rents more than a single apartment for himself and his family;—below him in the scale of Society are several degrees; the man of uncertain occupation, the beggar, the thief, the felon, each a grade in itself, and that grade distinguished not only by more reckless habits than the one above it, but also worse clothed and lodged. But you say, *the Rookery* is no more, a spacious street is in its stead. Shall we not laud the philanthropy of the age? The poet would say, the cup of retribution was full, Rookeries had their day; a kindlier spirit breathed through the Nation; at one blow this hideous den was felled to the ground, and in its stead a street of palaces arose as by an enchanter's wand! All very pretty to read; it sounds mighty well. We don't know which we shall most admire, the plaster or the red brick, the pugnacity of the architects who built in juxtaposition the three rival chapels, or the pugnacity of the congregations, who jostle one another in envious rivalry, as though one form of worship could only exist by throttling the other. But seriously you will ask, do we deny that an improvement has taken place? Suppose the proto-Bainbridge could rise from his grave, would he not be thunderstruck at the change? Seriously do you mean to say that the removal of the Rookery is not a benefit, and the building of New Oxford Street a blessing?

Doubtless as an experiment, as a step, it has its value; Rome was not built in a day. Lord Carlisle, or any other Woods and Forests, must go through his accidence as a child ere he break his leading-strings as a man.

A nuisance is no more, granted; a pest-house is destroyed, granted; but will you tell us that any poor man has benefited by the change, that any section of the Working Classes has reaped an advantage, that any band of ruffians are dispersed, that middlemen have felt a mortal blow, that Rookeries have vanished, that vagabondism, pauperism, alms-asking, or any other *unlicensed* trade, has been broken up? We think not, but half the work is done—there must be poor, and they lodged and fed, how or where the Legislature must provide. You have not *destroyed* several species of the genus Rook, God forbid you should think of it, but neither have you converted them; they—the flesh and blood, the mind and soul, the unfeathered bipeds—still are; you have only destroyed their homes—and as policemen are unfavourable to street dormitories, and London stones not beds of eider down, and frost and snow, contrary to the creed of the King of Siam, “*raal things*”—these people must lodge somewhere. No act has passed to turn Whitehall Banqueting House into a

Refuge for the Destitute, Utilitarian as the age is—it still chooses to commit Mr. Vernon's bequest to the *oubliettes* of the National Gallery, rather than to fit them up with straw for the houseless;—and although the Plymouth Brethren still exist, they have not yet consigned their attics to the poor: so that, to make a long story short, the Rookeries which are still uninvasioned are crowded where even before they were thronged—and in many cases the number of inmates each house contained is doubled by this wholesale dilapidation. You have driven away the tenants of the Rookery—only more thickly to people other colonies, to increase the gains of the landlord, to raise rents, to abridge the space men retain, and the air they breathe.

We take the following from the Report of a Committee of the Council of the Statistical Society of London:—

“ The Council consider that a main cause of this evil is what are falsely called the improvements, which have recently taken place in this part in the formation of New Oxford Street. It would seem to raise a suspicion of the sanitary value of that kind of improvement which consists in occupying, with first or second-rate houses, ground previously covered by the tenements of the poorer classes. The expelled inhabitants cannot, of course, derive any advantage from new erections, and are forced to invade the yet remaining hovels suited to their means; the circle of their habitations is contracted while their numbers are increased, and thus a large population is crowded into less space. Church Lane consists of twenty-seven houses. The Council proceeded in their examination from No. 1 to No. 18, passing over No. 1 as a corner-house and shop, and 11, 12, 13, 15, and 16, as lodging-houses, and therefore no fair specimens of the ordinary population. The number of houses examined were thus reduced to twelve, and the population of each was compared with that of the last census in 1841—the great increase of overcrowding since is exhibited in the following most remarkable table:—

	Population in 1841.			1847.
No. 2	.	.	33	61
„ 3	.	.	14	49
„ 4	.	.	27	61
„ 5	.	.	35	47
„ 6	.	.	29	32
„ 7	.	.	29	62
„ 8	.	.	13	48
„ 9	.	.	25	26
„ 10	.	.	17	13
„ 14	.	.	17	19
„ 17	.	.	12	26
„ 18	.	.	26	17

“ The increase of population in twelve houses being thus 186. Dividing the  
 “ number of cubic feet of air in these twelve houses by the number of indi-  
 “ viduals found in them, the average supply for each individual was only 175  
 “ feet—while 1000 is the number deemed necessary for a single prisoner in  
 “ England. The largest supply of air in these twelve houses was 605 cubic  
 “ feet, and the smallest was as low as fifty-two.”

The conclusion one would think is obvious ; if you pull down Rookeries you must build habitable dwellings for the population you have displaced, otherwise you will not merely have typhus but plague, some fearful pestilence worse than Cholera or Irish fever, which will rage, as the periodical miasmata of other times were wont to do, numbering its victims by tens of thousands. If you please to indulge your taste in architectural absurdities we cannot help it, for our boasted freedom seems in this country to consist in letting abuses alone and sanctioning anomalies in every department of the State : if you please to run up plaster caricatures, we cannot stop you, our only hope is that the Woods and Forests may one day be sent to school to Mr Barry, and that as these local habitations of diseased fancy are as short-lived as they are offensive, their place may one day be supplied by more tasteful structures.

#### SECTION VIII.

To return to our subject. We must have an Act of Parliament which, discarding as much as possible that technical language which renders so many of these documents inoperative, is compiled by practical men. Let nuisances, Rookeries, fever courts, *et hoc genus omne*, die the death, but let them be replaced not by shops for the tradesman but by dwellings for the working man ; let the number of inmates for each house be fixed, the due supply of water regulated by some provision which shall bring Water Companies to their senses ; let each family have a sitting-room and at least two bed-rooms. And that this may be done not merely at little cost, but at a remunerative outlay, has been proved by those lodging-houses which have been lately erected in St. Pancras and other parts of the metropolis. On the adjuncts to such colonies we will not dwell, doubtless there is here a noble field for ingenuity, philanthropy, and religion, but our space only allows us thus generally to allude to the subject. We do not say that the Legislature has done nothing, doubtless there is great opposition to contend with, it is obliged to wait for the impulse of some popular movement to display its energies rather than volunteer a measure to meet the difficulty ; but it has not done well what it has done. In 1845 an Act of Parliament came into operation, which forbade henceforth that any kitchen should be inhabited which had not an area of seven feet to each window, making also many other judicious regulations and vesting some powers in the parish officers. Doubt-

less for a time these pauper landlords were alarmed, their province invaded, their gains abridged, but only for a time. Why? Because the poor themselves were bribed to connive at infractions by the supposed cheapness of kitchen-lodgings,—the parish officers, instead of being required to make periodical visitations, or keeping a person whose duty it was to do so, were obliged to wait till their interference was called for. We know how much the old adage is acted on, that an Englishman's home is his Castle, there is then a difficulty in getting access to houses—the jealousy of the landlord, the independence of the lodger, is soon aroused, so that it is scarce possible to make the necessary inquiries; paid informers would find it difficult to ply their calling here, and the efforts of the philanthropic are of course futile. It is only when disease breaks out, that the surgeon called in finds how the law has been broken, and for a while remedies the evil; even then there are difficulties in his way—he must lodge a formal complaint, the parish must take the matter up, indict the refractory, and be at some expense to enforce the law; and after all there is no guarantee that, when the tumult has subsided, the landlord and lodger alike shall not return to their old practice.

In any reform proposed we have to encounter the cry of interfering with the liberty of the subject. We shall be told that the poor have gone on hitherto very well as things were—that they desire no change. We shall be called humanity-mongers. That *laissez faire*, that unreadiness to act but in great emergencies, which is the bane of the English character, will impede us. Yet recollect, at one blow rotten boroughs fell; the Corn laws, backed by the most powerful aristocracy in Europe, are no more; let us then take courage. All legislation is to some extent an interference with this liberty of the subject, but that interference which a mother exercises for the welfare of her offspring, which the doctor wields for the recovery of the patient. This same Palladium, which is so fearfully misconstrued, this ægis which is too often used to destroy rather than protect, might be indeed the stronghold of those who resist all interposition, but the practical absurdity of such a theory has ever been too powerful for its adoption; we do interfere, are always interfering, sometimes most dangerously, witness the Window Tax; sometimes suicidically, witness the National Debt; sometimes to the perdition alike of taste and comfort, witness the Building Act, or at least some of its provisions: the very republican calls for interference, knows it is necessary, sacrifices his favourite theory to it, and shall you hesitate when a nation's character and a nation's safety are at stake?

But suppose that we throw up our cards in despair; because every inch of ground won from the selfishness or indifference of the mass is won by protracted struggle. Suppose even good men, like the late renowned Dr. Arnold, tired of a continual antagonism, grew weary of the contest,—if we dared to appeal to lower motives, there is much to encourage us in improving the dwellings of the working classes. The lodging-house lately established in St.

Giles's finds that it can give each man a separate bed, a place to cook his victuals and wash his clothes in, a common room, where he may read and converse with others, for 2s. 3d. a week—that such a charge remunerates the proprietor. In St. Pancras parish the apartments let at 5s. a week consist of a bed-room, sitting-room, and kitchen, and yet the scheme is organised by a company, who have shares, and who consider it as a profitable investment, inasmuch as it yields them five per cent.; so that, supposing the plan to be carried out, and an adequate trial given it, the annuitant would consider one of these societies a better means of investment than the funds.

In one instance where lodging-houses have been established, it is believed that the owner is an eminent builder, who has erected them for his workmen, and who lets them at a remunerative price, though for size, cleanliness, and cheapness, they are most favourably contrasted with the usual dwellings of the poorer classes.

Shall it then be said that we shrink from the task which humanity imposes, when it finds favour in the eyes even of the capitalist?

Is it not the province of Government to set in order the anomalies which now are,—has not each industrious labourer a claim on them even in virtue of the taxes he pays, had he no higher or nobler title? Or is it decent to leave to the tardy and impeded effort of individuals, the task the nation is bound to accomplish, which, when accomplished, would bind hundreds of thousands to the ruling powers by bonds which a sense of benefit has knit, and spread far and wide the blessings of a civilisation now in many respects but an empty name?

#### SECTION IX.

You are tempted to ask under what landlords these anomalies exist; some one must be much to blame; men cannot thus be traded with as though they were corn, molasses, indigo, or any other marketable article, without some grievous neglect of duty, of fair dealing we had almost said, in some quarter, but here we involve ourselves in discussions about price and value, &c. Well, then, we will say, such things are a disgrace to a Christian country and to our boasted civilisation. The system, if system it be, manifestly halts somewhere—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*—hence disease, sacrifice of decency, disgust with the ruling powers, and a host of ills.

Few, perhaps, are aware that some of the most densely peopled localities in London are owned by men of great property and high rank,—that some of the

most wretched streets in the metropolis, if you went deep enough to find the real owner, swell the income of an opulent speculator who has bought them as a good investment; that in many cases they are the hereditary estates of some country magnate, who maintains upon them the proceeds his costly establishment of hounds and horses; that some, again, belong to Corporate Bodies, Public Charities; some to Deans and Chapters, to endowed Schools—in short, they are owned by various landlords, whose occupations are of every description. Some of them have been in possession of their present owners' family for two or three hundred years; others have been more recently acquired.

You ask: Are these landlords the recipients of the 5s. a week per room or story, as the case may be? do their stewards superintend the repairs, take the rents, levy distresses, in the name of their masters? In most cases they do not. Originally, the landlords only leased the ground on which the houses were built for a term of years: two hundred years since great part of the West End of London was in fields; cattle strayed—and it might be said in the words of the poet,—

“*Passimque armenta videri  
Romanoque foro—et lantia mugire Carinis;*”

the owners let out plots of ground for building at so much a foot for ninety-nine years; at the expiration of these leases the ground and the houses erected on it came into possession of the family, and the descendants of the original owner found themselves enriched.

The collection of rents from many of the tenants of these Rookeries would be difficult, tiresome, and from their very number expensive. It would not sound well to hear that some man of influence had distrained upon one of these hewers of wood and drawers of water; the necessary communication between landlord and tenant would be next to impossible,—in short, without tasking the imagination, we can readily suppose some method of obviating these impediments would be invented. And most injurious has that system been, which, to save trouble, litigation, and notoriety, has been put in the stead of the natural relation between the lessor and the lessee, which has broken a bond honourable to the one, invaluable to the other. As things are now, we have a large class of Middlemen even in the mildest form the case admits of;—in many instances, the houses are let out and under-let again and again, so that there are several links between the owner and the occupier—the latter perhaps not knowing the name of the former. No one supposes that a Middleman sees any abstract beauty in long rows of dingy houses, or that there is anything peculiarly elevating in the occupation of letting lodgings. The man who by



heaping manure upon land doubles his produce, may have at the same time food for thought; he may bring chemistry to bear upon his art, if he be learned in Liebig, and every acre bear an increased crop; but few will be hardy enough to argue that a love of Science is kept alive, although a love of Gain may be pampered by quartering the greatest number of human beings within a given area, so that every square foot should yield an increased rental.

There is, then, the strong motive of gain in these transactions! The Middleman supposes that he shall be more than indemnified for his trouble by subdividing these tenements into floors, or those floors into single rooms; but if such an occupation be lucrative, competition will increase in the same ratio, there will be several Middlemen in the field whenever a Rookery is to be let, the ground landlord will have no difficulty in disposing of his houses. The only questions with him are, who is the highest or the most solvent bidder? This very competition puts money into his pocket. But from what source must the Middleman who ultimately obtains the lease be indemnified for the high price he has obtained? He must wring it from the hapless poor who tenant the apartments which he lets out! they are the real victims. Thus a carpenter will be a candidate for a number of houses which are to be let; these houses will be very much out of repair—the landlord unwilling to lay out the money necessary to make them tenantable—the carpenter considers that at a very small expense he can render them habitable;—he takes the property on a repairing lease, and repays himself by the rents he exacts. Or suppose, as is often the case, that the first Middleman, the actual tenant, dislikes the trouble of collecting rents, he underlets these tenements to Middleman No. 2, as we will call him for the sake of distinction. No. 2 is himself a working man, more thrifty, more cunning than his brethren,—he has gained the ear of No. 1, is in some degree connected with him, pleads plausibly, in some way or other induces No. 1 to give him what we will call an under-lease. But who is No. 2? One who has been for some years the victim of the system he is now about to administer; on whom at length the conviction has flashed that he has been egregiously silly to pay rent, where he might not only live rent free, but put something into his pockets besides. He enters upon his new trade, he finds that the interests of the tenants have been habitually set aside. You can scarce expect this man, with the recollection of his own wrongs—the force of custom strong upon him, with his imperfect education, with that absence of religious or moral restraint too, which is so fearful among the working classes—you can scarce expect him to be more conscientious or more feeling than his brethren. He will grind others as he has been ground, prey upon his species as he was preyed upon; their loss will be his gain; he will indemnify himself at the expense of others for years of oppression. Oft unconsciously—as

by mere force of habit, because others do it, because it is the rule,—not by nature an unkind man, for, after all, the English are a generous people—not unsympathising, but adopting the creed which prevails, not reasoning about it,—well nigh unconscious, and quite forgetful that it is wrong,—looking at it as a trade—considering his gains payment for his trouble—only doing to others what they would not scruple to do to him.

Yet this man wields a fearful power: he can turn out his tenants at a few days' notice, his caprice or his resentment guiding him; he can prevent them from obtaining other lodgings, for the next landlord will come to him for their character. This man wields a power which the best and wisest might shrink from exercising, which is environed with difficulties, so that many a conscientious man would dread it, lest he should be betrayed into injustice or oppression. And this, our Middleman, has been the victim, though now to be the victimiser. Think what a catechism he has imbibed—under what a system he has been trained! Does not the heart insensibly harden, as we read of persons long immured in prisons, who have at length lost the sympathies of their kind? Does not some such process go on within one thus oppressed?—His nature is to some extent transformed, just as men, looking at vice for a long time, by degrees forget it is hideous, begin to sympathise with it, so that it becomes, at first, bearable then pleasing, at last, indispensable; as habit, so metaphysicians tell us, is that facility which the mind acquires in all its exertions, in consequence of practice. Suppose a man of indolent habits to become a Middleman—one fond of low pleasures and debauchery—this occupation furnishes an excuse for neglect of his business, whilst, because other aids are withdrawn, he is thrown back upon the gains to be obtained by sub-division of the property he controls. If thus to sub-let be a source of profit, is not this of itself an argument against the system? Is not the poor man *the* victim? Does it not show that, if men would reflect, they might lodge the poor both better and cheaper than at present? Should the *tenant* be called on to pay for each separate link between the landlord and himself? Just examine this system: Take a house which, because of its size, its dilapidated condition, its want of yard behind, and the scarcity of its accommodations, would be dear at £.25 a-year, yet, by this system its first tenant pays somewhat more than £.30, this house contains ten rooms, these are let out at an average of four-shillings each per week, in other words £.104 a-year; but deduct from this bad debts, which may be supposed to be many, take the general average, at which these are calculated, at 25 per cent., there will still be a surplus of about £.78.—Is not this monstrous, when you consider the class of society from whom, and from whose ill-paid and precarious labour, these rents are levied? Is it not fearful? Shoemakers and tailors, perhaps, who, during the season, earn good wages; yet who have an interregnum of five months in the year, during which trade is almost at a stand still.

## SECTION X.

We do not find the evils of this system peculiar to our country or our times, for it is instructive to call to mind that some of the great social disturbances of ancient Rome may be traced to the same source: the patricians having obtained large grants of conquered lands, rather than be at the trouble to cultivate them, leased them out to their clients or dependents, who again wrung a large revenue from the labours of those who really tilled the soil; these men were scantily paid—were always in debt; the client could enforce payment by the harshest punishments, and hence the famous assemblage of the people at the Mons Sacer—the seditions of the Gracchi—and many other tumults which shook the State.

Yet this needs explanation. We admit that the wages of the tenants are precarious, their employment fluctuating, must not the losses of the Middleman be greater than we have allowed? It may be very well to say that men would not be so anxious to get leases if they were not lucrative, and yet that the gains may be much less than we have supposed, though quite sufficient to tempt cupidity. In answer to this, we can only say the Middleman has his remedies, and they are many. He ejects the insolvent, yet this insolvent must be lodged; he goes to some other locality, but before he can get a room he must pass an ordeal,—Where did he come from? Why did he leave his last quarters? Can he get a recommendation from his last landlord? Can he show any resources wherewith to pay his rent? Is he a decent and orderly person? If he has children the difficulty is increased, for Middlemen have a Malthusian horror of children, though, in most cases, they are the adjuncts of the poor.

Is not this, rather are not these several checks upon the poor, all tending to make them careful in their payments? But suppose all these terms fail, there is a very Cerberus in the background. It would seem to be enough that the tenant is at the mercy of one who was once a tenant himself, and who knew well a tenant's wants, the diseases to which that body are subject, their several little lets and hindrances,—the tricks and customs,—in short, that one, a member of a body corporate, should understand the wants of his own corporation. But there is yet in store for the refractory, a minister of no ordinary wrath—*The Broker!*

You will urge that, in rooms scantily furnished, there is little for him to seize. Should the poor man, on whom the distress is levied, get free from his embarrassments, he cannot repurchase even that little, but at double or treble the price, which has been put upon it by him who seizes. Bedsteads and bedding are costly things too, even to the poor. But yet, again you will say,—Is not the broker obliged to submit the goods seized to auction—to give

an account of their sale? Is he not precluded from bidding himself? We believe the law runs thus; but how often, we would ask you, is this law evaded, which may be so easily evaded? Where the poor man so often forbears further inquiry—where this inquiry may be so easily eluded,—where recourse is so seldom had to the magistrate; and where, even with the best intentions, it is so difficult for the magistrate to unravel the complications of the affair; where magistrates undoubtedly are favourable to the poor, yet are checked and hindered by laws in which there are so many loopholes?

How easy it is for the broker to swell his expenses—how difficult to tax his bill—even when inquiry is made, and but too often the recklessness or ignorance of the tenant forbid it.

An execution is put into a dwelling—a broker's man quartered in the premises, as the first step, at five shillings a day, with certain attendant expenses—an endeavour is made, for a time at least, by the tenant to compromise, to borrow the money, or otherwise to meet the demand. It is futile. The furniture is then seized, the rent paid by its sale, whether that be nominal or real, the expenses of the process swallow up the surplus. We said that the broker is forbidden by law to buy the goods upon which he distrained—but ask if it ever happened that the broker was not at the same time a dealer in furniture—kept a shop for second-hand goods, so that his trade of broker was only a sort of subsidiary adjunct to his real occupation. Is not the connection obvious between the goods seized and the goods exposed in the shop? Suppose a *bonâ fide* sale to take place—and we cannot but doubt whether such is commonly the case—how easy it is to get a second party to bid for these goods, and then to hand them over again to the broker.

There are not wanting kind Middlemen—there are not wanting, on the other hand, refractory tenants, whom it is difficult to eject, even when the rent owing by them is forgiven upon the stipulation that they leave the house. But we cannot take refuge in these individual cases. We have shown you what powers a broker has, how easily he may abuse them, what temptation he has to do so—and these are fearful engines in the hands of a vindictive, an angry, or a covetous man—fearful stimulants to those who would uphold the system we decry.

Many of these brokers, at best, are but harpies who prey upon legalised food. A Christian would loathe such a trade—would shrink from it in disgust. It must demoralise those who exercise it, deaden their sensibilities, rather sear their hearts—vultures of the body social preying upon ruin, fattening on the carcasses of nobler beings, gorged by the distresses of their brethren, they live and thrive amidst scenes of sorrow which would poison another man's existence—seize the bed upon which consumption reposes—and, as the writer of this

paper knows, the agonies of childbirth have been enhanced by the bare boards upon which the patient lay, as she brought her offspring into the world.

## SECTION XI.

We may not be able to scare away these evils for ever; we may mitigate them, we may provide against their frequent recurrence, we may narrow the circle in which they can occur, we may do away with Middlemen—and there are few, we may believe, who pretend to the rank of gentlemen, or the dignity of the Christian, who as landlords or agents would evoke the law under circumstances such as these, or sanction the *abuse* of enactments already too severe. The broker, confined within proper limits by statutes which were founded upon present experience, would have less temptation to overleap his bounds, and his occupation would languish when he was called in only in cases of confirmed obstinacy or reckless frauds. They who used their power would use it wisely, because an act of cruelty would recoil with a force proportioned to the station of him who perpetrated it.

We do not anticipate, under a better system, a Saturnian age; but let us not rest upon that stronghold of indolence, that because we cannot do all we wished we must fold our arms. There are several degrees between the serf of Russia and the servant of England, though both, perhaps, be capable of improvement.

And here we shall be pressed by the assertion that the working classes are prone to drunkenness—that if they can find money for this purpose they could find better lodgings. Comparisons will be instituted between the comparatively sober character of the French and ourselves—Alison the historian be quoted, to show that the Northern nations are more prone to intoxication than those of the South. It will be said to be the fault of our unmerciful climate, rather than owing to social neglect. Strange, this—that thirty years ago the vice was prevalent among all classes of society, and is now banished from all but the lowest. Does that prove that climate is in fault? Do you wonder that the hard-worked mechanic escapes from the only room where he and all his family eat, drink, and sleep, to the public-house, when, either as a refuge from domestic disagreeables, or because he can enjoy the society of his own sex there, the rich and powerful joins the club, and spends there much of his time.

Has any attempt been made, in connection with better lodgings, to elevate the tastes, and open sources of intellectual amusement to the working man—for

recollect Mechanics' Institutes are calculated for the *tradesman*, not the *mechanic*. You cannot stroll through the Champs Elysées in Paris, in the evening, but you remark groups collected to see some mountebanks perform a vaudeville; bands playing, fountains glancing in the setting sun, picturesque cafés, lend an interest to the scene. At the same hour in England, walk down the Blackfriars Road, and before dingy brick houses, at the side of a dusty road, are artisans besotting themselves with beer. Which is the most innocent amusement, the Frenchman's or ours?

Some one will say we are straying from our subject. We might, perhaps, in this place, speak a word about the necessities of the poor during the seasons when work is slack; then, it is well known, recourse is had to the Pawnbrokers. We do not accuse these tradesmen of injustice; the interest they may levy is fixed at 20 per cent.; at first sight this appears enormous, but then many of the articles are perishable, they suffer much by fraud, and, on particular occasions, Saturday night for instance, such is the rush to the Pawnbrokers, that they are particularly liable to make mistakes. If they advance money on any articles which have the Government Mark, they are liable to heavy fines, and these are often offered to them at night, by way of bait; undoubtedly many of them make large fortunes, but many of them fail; but would it not be better to establish some Loan Societies (the *Monts de Piété*, of Paris, are an instance of this), where the interest required was only sufficient to pay the expenses of working the Society?

We admit then, I hope, that these Rookeries are a disgrace to our age; that they have sprung up in part from neglect, in part from the tide of fashion setting in another direction; that unless legislation check them, by fixing the number of inmates to a house, according to the number and size of its rooms, such things will always be. Our selfishness may be alarmed by fevers there generated, and thence wafted to wealthier streets; our humanity shocked by this very slight and imperfect sketch, which aimed, not so much at a statistical account of Rookeries, as at a description of their effects, which has been, perhaps, rather an historical essay than a sanitary report.

All, however, agree in this, the remedy is difficult. Though *why* should it be thought so? Why not hope better things of our national character—generous in the extreme, kind, sympathising, charitable?—of our land the hospitable refuge for distressed foreigners; the rich spending much of their incomes in a wise benevolence, the merchant and the noble often vying in generous ardour to surpass one another, in the number of their charities; most men thinking they are bound to do something for the poor, many giving a considerable portion of their income in charitable donations, notwithstanding the many private claims upon them. Would to God they would consider this vast social question; that they would superintend their own property, instead

of committing it to needy middlemen, and leaving to their tender mercies the dearest interests of their poorer brethren : they little know or think how much misery is caused by their neglect and even ignorance, their obedience to bad custom and unhallowed tradition ; so that, because the Fathers did wrong, the sons cannot emancipate themselves from the paternal trammels. And what shall we say to those who are the owners of large factories, makers of steam engines, &c., men who employ commonly at one time five or six hundred workmen, some double or even treble that number ; if these men were sensible of their duty, would they not form little colonies in which those employed by them would be decently lodged, with some attempt, too, at innocent relaxation, when the business of the day was done ? Is it just or right thus to bring together large bodies of men, merely to wring from them, at a certain price, a certain amount of labour, and then to consign them and their families to Rookeries ? Are not the consequences in the prospective fearful, with our teeming population and increased intelligence ? Is it not the grossest selfishness, or the most criminal indifference, thus to treat men as draught horses, or beasts of burden ? And shall we be checked by a homily, on the danger of interfering with capital ? What is capital to the value of men's bodies and souls ? Can they be put in competition by the Legislature ? although, if we spoke to individual avarice, we have little doubt to which side the balance would incline.

Is not Brotherhood the very essence of Society—all freemasonries living by it, all corporations proceeding upon this as a foundation, all religion teaching it, the savage feeling its need, and civilised man for ever forming new combinations. And yet how is it set aside in establishments such as these ?

And Europe is heaving as with the swell of a revolution, a Jacquerie too, a social revolution, the war of opinions as Canning predicted ; yet at the bottom of it all, men stirring up the fire, who feel that they are not clothed, lodged, paid as they ought to be. What a time for us to shake off our unreadiness, with which the historian reproaches us. When our fears are not easily moved, and we seem to stand firm as a rock, when all around is trembling, what a time for us to organise a social change, such as is implied in bettering the condition of the working classes ; with our practical good sense, and business habits thus to set an example, which other nations may imitate, if not from love, yet from conviction of its utility.

Oh that these, our feeble hands might lay one stone of this vast reform, that our eyes might be permitted to see some part of that good work done in this our age ! We stand deservedly high amongst the nations of the earth. Though many question its utility, we alone, among the people of Europe, support a law for the relief of the poor, undeterred by the sneers of the selfish, unconvinced even by the syllogisms of political economists. Let us do more ; let us remove, in some degree, the necessity of a state assistance, by teaching

the poor man to respect himself, and to be proud of his own independence. Let us cherish that love of decency, which is still a home plant, by lodgings ample enough for its indulgence. Let us teach men to care for their minds, by showing we are not indifferent to their bodies. Education will be valued by those who have means to improve themselves; Religion thrive in proportion as it makes our rulers alive to the wants of the poor; and in a happier day Rookeries be remembered not by what they are, but as the dungeons of an ancient castle, whose horrors tradition records, yet custom has long superseded, like monoliths and cromlechs, relics of an elder age.

G.





## The Spirit of Romance.

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Beautiful Spirit, that in days of Eld  
From Fancy and pure Love didst claim thy birth;  
Whose silken chains have age so gently held  
The rude untutored nations of the Earth!  
In the wild wood, or by the social hearth,  
All crowd to hear the magic of thy tale,  
Thy many varied tale of Love and Mirth,  
Till the ears tingle, and the cheek grows pale,  
And every sound is hushed, of laughter or of wail!

Through the cold regions of the rugged North  
Thy Fancy's wild magnificence would stray,  
Gifting each wood, each stream that bubbled forth,  
Each boundless desert waste, each mountain gray,  
With some lone Goblin, or some love-lorn Fay!  
Nor did the warmer climes thy charms refuse,  
The spreading palm trees echoed to thy lay,  
That oft the way-worn traveller would amuse  
With all its rainbow shades of many softened hues!

Still where Palmyra crumbles to decay,  
Where Desolation has her dwelling found,  
The untamed Arab wiles his weary way  
With some old desert lay's romantic sound,  
Some tale of Genii, or Enchanted ground,  
Till the stern group, the desert's hardy race,  
Start to the breeze that whistles hoarsely round,  
Fearing to see the while some spectre face,  
Amid those tattering halls, its ancient resting place.

Inspired by thee, the gallant Troubadour,  
Alone and wandering by the pale moonlight,  
Oft sang how Valour bowed to Beauty's power,  
Or some heart-thrilling tale of ancient fight,  
Of Paynim Giant, and of Red Cross Knight;  
But 'mid his dreams of war and gramarye,  
His thoughts still wandered to his Ladye bright;  
For her, the "Ladye of his Thoughts," would he  
Oft tune his sounding lyre to loftiest minstrelsy.

For there's a charm in those old lays of thine,  
To rouse the warrior and enchant the fair,  
Such Blondel sang in fields of Palestine—  
What throbbing breasts, what echoing hearts were there;  
Like the young Lion springing from his lair,  
The youthful Knight would grasp the sword he wore,  
And, while his eager courser snuffed the air,  
Would now to flesh it mid the battle's roar,  
And bear himself in fight like those brave Knights of Yore.

Ah! Youths and Maidens! they would gladly view,  
This life's wild Pageant aided, cheered by thee;  
To these young dreams they would not bid adieu,  
For thou art like a sunbeam on the Sea,  
With the bright beaming of thy radiance  
Gilding the dark flow of the Ocean's swell;  
But now, alas! it cannot, may not be,  
From leaping rill, dark grave, and mossy dell,  
Sweet Spirit of Romance! for ever Fare thee well!



## A Sonnet to Anglo-Saxons.



"*NON AGELI SED AGELI*;" This is praise  
Higher than mortal may deserve or earn,  
And as through lapse of long since vanished days,  
Our backward glance inquiringly we turn,  
How should our hearts with shame within us burn;  
To mark the little we have done, to raise  
The lofty pile that ages may discern,  
With lining splendour of Good Deeds ablaze :  
Something you 've done, but more remains to do—  
Far more, O, Men of Anglo-Saxon race !  
If to the promptings of your hearts but true,  
Who shall contest with you the foremost place,  
In the progressive march of human kind ?  
To *TEACH*, to *BLESS*, to *REASSURE* *WRONG*, such  
is your work assigned.



# Old England, and Domestic Politics.



"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players."



THIS summary description of individual life—its stages, and its progress—its "entrances" and "exits," is as true of "all the world," as of the "men and women" in it. The picturesque outline, as accurate a delineation of the species as of the individual, is still more vividly truthful, when human life is viewed historically or politically, and more especially nationally—in the vicissitudes of remarkable periods, when the ordinary progress of things is, as it were, suspended or upset by some unforeseen crisis, which kindles new ideas, and brings to the birth, from the womb of Time, novel scenes and momentous changes.

Never was the story of Humanity, acted on the "Universal Theatre," more dramatic than at the present eventful period in which it is our lot to move upon the "stage." Whether we view all the world—civilised, semi-civilised, or barbarous,—or all the Christian world, or the European, or the national world, the theatre of our own political existence,—or the little world around us of self, family, and neighbourhood,—it is no tranquil, ordinary, unruffled scene presented to our view—but the Drama of Life. The rapid changes are sometimes so exciting, and at others so depressing, that common language seems unsuited to description, while common feelings and common sense drift like shattered vessels from their moorings in a storm, in peril of shipwreck on dangerous and hostile coasts. Still true-born Englishmen must

indulge and encourage the confidence, that these valuable craft, so stoutly built, so well found, and so bravely manned, will outride the overhanging tempest, come safely into port, unlade their treasures on peaceful shores, and circulate them among friends and foes, for the general happiness of the brotherhood of Man.

But while the danger lasts, and the storm still rages, who would hesitate to volunteer his services, to bear a helping hand, and join the philanthropic crew who are launching their life-boats on the dashing waves?—or, if through want of skill or strength, we should be useless, or worse than useless in such hardy and daring enterprise, who can linger on the shore without helping to provide rafts, and ropes, and other little contrivances, which humanity has invented for such benevolent purposes? Who could look upon such scenes, and not wave some ensign of sympathy, or join the common cheer to encourage the brave and generous efforts of the adventurous salvors? While we daily read of shipwrecks on almost every coast, we may well be solicitous for the safety of the fleet that is riding out the storm on our own shores; and those,—who like ourselves are constructing safety-rafts, and coiling safety-ropes,—may be preparing no unseasonable help, should the anchors and the cables fail.

Some grave Reader will say:—“ Why these metaphors, when we ourselves “ are safe? Why, if you wish to discuss domestic questions, make foreign “ allusions? Why, if you would check ambition, make speeches like the “ demagogues of the day? When you are attempting to refute grotesque “ errors in others, why indulge fanciful humours, dream dreams, and comply, “ in manner, at least, with the fantastical conceits you would expose? If your “ simple design is to make useful suggestions, why not introduce prudential “ considerations in the plainest possible form?”

Our answer is—there is a new way to York and Lincoln. The Great North Road is overgrown with grass, and there are no post-horses and post-boys to be found upon it. A man would be thought crazy who should attempt the journey to York in that old-fashioned way. It might formerly have been a crazy idea to have thought of travelling thither by steam; but what was craziness formerly, is common sense now—and, *vice versa*, what was common sense is craziness. So, grave old-fashioned friend, when the world is crazy, as we fancy, it is difficult to take any part in the Drama of Life and to be sane ourselves. A Pamphlet, a Homily, Considerations, Suggestions, an Inquiry, a Letter to a Noble Lord, a smart Review, and such like productions, are like the Great North Road, and the post-boys, and the coaches. Ordinary reasoning, in times of excitement and delusions, will be like a coach without a passenger, or a post-boy without a turn. Of all delusions, none is more delusive than that which conceives that plain common sense will, in such seasons, be palatable and popular.

We trust our old-fashioned friends will find out before we have done, that we have a secret liking for common sense, and as grateful a recollection of the North road and the coach-box, and the change of team and coachman, as any man alive; but, nevertheless, we have taken a day-ticket to York and back, and we are off by the express train, with common sense in our portmanteau, to be unpacked on our return, or at the first and fittest opportunity.

It would be arrogant to deny that we live in an age of progress, and uncharitable to assert that men are more wayward and self-conceited than their forefathers: but it is not inconsistent with the truest modesty to plead that parable and fable were never more appropriate, and that remote allusion and dramatic representation may be the safest, if not the only avenues to the perception and attention of those we wish to reach. In such times as we live in, new ideas are as stubborn as old idolatries, the graven and the molten images of passion and delusion. What appear fantastical, and even childish, may be the best, perhaps the only means of inducing the Idealists, as the Idolaters, to solve problems for themselves which they would never allow others to demonstrate for them. As the world, therefore, is still a stage, and men are still, notwithstanding revolutions, reform, and progress, the creatures of passion as well as of reason, sketches and representations may be as necessary as ever to prepare the way for argument, the refutation of folly for the lesson of wisdom, the confutation of hypothesis for the safe position of acknowledged truth. In short, as the scenes of life are changed, and events are dramatic, and men and women players—and as we, though amateurs, would act a humble part upon the stage, we must be stage-players too, must attend to our toilet, and change our costume with our company. If there are giants in our day, we must act with giants, and wrestle like a Hickafric\*. If there are fairies we must, till the cock crow, play with fairies. If the scene should shift again, and tractarians (not Oxonian), gipsy pilgrims, political fortune-tellers, those who dream dreams and see visions of futurity, should be the *dramatis personæ*, we must play our roll, and take our part accordingly. Many may regard these visionaries as a more harmless race than the usurping and tyrannical giants and the meddling fairies, the instruments and agents of modern over-government: but they are not harmless; they are a

\* Hickafric, vulgarly and in modern times called Hukatrif, or Hukathrift. He was a genuine Anglo-Saxon: his story is familiar throughout East Anglia. We have heard it said of a late judge, that he would hardly have considered an Englishman well-informed who had not read the life of Tom Hickathrift. The learned judge would not have presided in the trial of a common right case without an admiring recollection of this patriotic giant, whose superior power and courage were never employed but in defence of his own rights, and those of his neighbours. His achievements and generous deeds in Marshland Smeeth, and in the Isle of Thanet, tradition and story have handed down to us; and we believe the story of Hickafric has had its influence not only on an English judge, but on many an English jury. It has also helped to form the character of many an honest yeoman, many an independent peasant, as well as to preserve the athletic sports and games of Anglo-Saxons. We are glad to see that "Gammer Gurton's Story Books" have revived the "History of Tom Hukathrift the Conqueror."

great and increasing multitude ; they have made many encroachments on the national territory ; they becloud the vision and bewilder the sense ; they not only hover around us like ærial and invisible beings, but take an active part in the most important scenes of real life. They may seem irregular and flying squadrons, but they act with design and effect in the political campaigns of the age.

They may, perhaps, be the creatures of a morbid imagination rather than the progeny of a reckless ambition ; and, in this view of them, it would be Quixotic to furbish the spear, bend the bow, or whet the sword against them. They seem rather to invite the healing art, that part of political therapeutics, which may be properly called curative, which restores the patient to health, and removes or mitigates the diseases which actually afflict him. Our main design is rather to recommend the art of preserving health than the art of restoring it ; but when and where there is actual malady, the curative part of science must be applied before the conservative can be relied upon with prudence.

But, as the battle is doubtful and the law doubtful, so also is the healing art. The most learned seem to differ. Soldiers, lawyers, physicians, theologians, scholars, and statesmen, all differ, adopt different theories, and divide into opposite parties ; so that laymen are never without excuse for doubt and scepticism. As to the curative art, there is an angry controversy as to the doctrine of sympathies and antipathies. Without attempting to discuss or decide this altercation speculatively, we propose, in our attempt to cure the visionaries, to follow the law *similia similibus curantur*. Romance and dreams have been the elements in which many of the actors now upon the stage have hatched their social theories, and brought their projects of existence and of happiness into life. Many of these visions have been silly and mischievous—silly when they represent futurity, and mischievous, often false, when they depict the present. Still there have been romances as interesting as true histories, and dreams of the past and the present which are instructive, and, in the case of dreamers, may be curative. Some have been so rational as to stagger the metaphysicians, who assert that in sleep the intercourse of the brain with the sense, and even of the soul with the body, is suspended. No wonder, then, that ordinary persons who have experienced vivid dreams of passing events which, on waking, take a whole day and even the following night to divest of the idea of realities, should be absolute sceptics.

Amidst the scenes of horror which have been enacted in Europe, it has been said that an unusual number of our fellow-creatures have been seized with madness—the terrible excitement of the occasions upsetting, in many cases sympathetically and in others organically, the vessels of the brain. These are extreme cases ; but, doubtless (if the metaphysicians are in error, as they may be), these convulsions which, like the blazing furnaces of so many volcanoes,



are desolating the fairest portions of the Western world, may well be supposed to have excited extraordinary and, perhaps, instructive dreams. A collection of the remarkable dreams of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, the Eternal City, and even of London, in the years 1848 and 1849, might form a very popular novel for the libraries and the drawing-rooms.

It would, however, be a very imperfect recognition of dreams which would confine them to miraculous or intensely exciting circumstances. Everyone has known some remarkable dreams, either in his own experience or from the confessions of his friends, which might be said to be dramatic representations, comedies and sometimes tragedies of real life. A friend, who has frequently discussed these speculative points with us, has sent us the narrative of a remarkable dream, which was neither a comedy nor tragedy, but rather a mingled drama, approaching nearer to the appearance of real history or real life. It was communicated to us with a Letter; and, as we conceive that both the Letter and the Dream may have a curative and, subsequently, a conservative effect upon the extraordinary number of patients who are at the present time predisposed to dream politically and socially, we subjoin them, with an earnest hope that the therapeutic effects may be such as we desire and anticipate.

### The Letter.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ You will recollect the conversation we had on the subject of dreams, arising as it did out of an animated discussion on the politics and social prospects of Europe, and especially of our own England, at the present time. You will remember that we both agreed that the definition of a dream which is founded upon the etymology of the word, is the most natural as well as the most ingenious *Αραμα τα Βίη*.—the comedies of life. We thought the definition good, because in dreams, as in the modern drama, the unities are not preserved, but time, scene, character, are all confounded, and a long and laborious dream may be enacted in a moment of time. You argued still further, that this rapidity of execution is not confined to sleep, but is equally common in the ordinary processes of the wakeful imagination. You gave many instances of this, and particularly illustrated it by the effect of a familiar landscape, or sudden and pleasing sounds upon the fancy and the memory, particularly the delightful sound of village bells on a summer evening, quoting the verses which so well describe it:—

‘ Whenever I have heard  
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,  
And with it all the pleasures and the pains;  
Such comprehensive view the spirit takes,  
That in a few short moments I retrace  
(As in a map the voyager his course)  
The windings of my way through many years.’

So that the dreams of sleep, like the recollections of fancy, are often historical and the dramas of real life. Dreams and fancy may sometimes, with the achromatic power of dramatic illustration, bring into view the hidden and the most essential parts of social life.

The night after that interesting colloquy I had a remarkable dream, which comprehended an immense variety of subjects, the impressions of which were so vivid and lively that I could not resist the temptation to write it down. I send you an epitome, and but an epitome, of it, as it relates to subjects which interest you. Like most dreams it probably arose out of previous and recent impressions which our discussion had made. The short sketch I now send you comprehends the principal scenes and subjects, but at other times I may more particularly reveal to you others which it seemed so remarkably to represent, and the impressions of which can never be effaced from my memory.

“Your's faithfully,

“*Sarulf.*”

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### *The Dream of Arthelinger.*

In the midst of a deep sleep I dreamed, and found myself on an Island formed by the confluence of two rivers, over neither of which could be observed bridge or ferry. When I found myself without companion, guide, or means of escape, shut up in the island thicket, a cold sweat came over me. In all the perplexity of this solitude I wandered from river to river, through thicket and brushwood, and sometimes through swampy places. Here and there a deer or wild goat crossed my path, but there was neither habitation, nor indication of the presence of man. Noxious weeds had overrun the surface of the ground, and undrained marshes made the air damp and unwholesome. Had the island been thickly peopled, it would have been an abiding place of the cholera, and a case for the visitation of the Board of Health.

Wandering, and weary, and puzzled (as the brain often is, sleeping and waking, with the bye paths and no paths of life), suddenly I espied an habitation, which had the appearance of an Indian bungalow, or rather of a piratical Malay palace. It was evidently a place of refuge and concealment, surrounded by the dense thicket and the inundations of the confluent rivers, with a very small area of clear ground and green herbage around it. On approaching nearer the building, which I did with haste and trepidation, it appeared much larger than at first sight. It was built on piles, and the spacious roof was thatched with reeds. The walls were covered in a fanciful manner

with squares of clay plaster between wooden studs, while rough uprights striking up under the overhanging roof as pillars, supported the frame.

The portico was concealed by a winding pathway through the thicket. Though there was an appearance of long neglect and decay, there were traces of design and decorative magnificence. Over the doorway was written, in large letter Saxon character, "*Æthelingæ*." Under this inscription, on a brass plate, the following translation from the Latin verses of an old poet, were inscribed :—

" Allay'd with grief his cautious joys appeared,  
And when he hoped the most, the most he feared.  
Conq'ring still h' expected the rallying foe,  
Conquer'd he arm'd him for a second blow.  
His toil-worn hands, and garments stain'd in blood,  
Show that a Crown is but a noble load\*."

These verses were affixed to the palace of Alfred (for such was *Æthelingæ*), as descriptive of his anxieties when he fled to this hiding-place from the bloody incursions of the Danes. They were originally a description of the feelings of Marius, when he fled from the rage of Sulla, and skulked in the Minturnensian marsh, as was indicated by a various reading, and another Latin verse. The fancy immediately flashed across my brain that there was something historically analogous to the events of the present times. The island thicket, the noxious jungle, the inundations and the swamps, the flying deer, and butting goat, seemed a sketch of the social confusion of Europe. The reference to the struggles of Alfred, the civil wars of Sulla and Marius, and the sanguinary conflicts, seemed to run a parallel with the civil and bloody commotions of the present era. "A Crown is but a noble load,"—a truthful description of the perils and anxieties of the princes of the present day—confirmed the conviction that this poetical description of royal power a hundred years before, was a faithful delineation 878 and 1848 years after the Christian era. This was brought home still more vividly by the appearance of a triple crown, with this inscription—

" *Exul limosâ Marius esput abdidit undâ,*"

with the following paraphrase—

" Now to Minturn's marsh the Pontiff fled,  
And hid in oozy flags his exil'd head."

The marsh to which the inundations of *Æthelingæ* were compared having been the hiding-place of the Roman Pontiff as it had been of the Roman Consul.

\* The original verses were :—

*Mixta dolori*  
Gaudia semper erant, spes semper mixta dolore  
Si modo victor erat ad crastina bella pavebat,  
Si modo victus erat ad crastina bella parabat,  
Cui vestis sudore jugi, cui sicca cruore  
Tincta jugi, quantum sit onus regnare probarunt."—*Camden's Britannia.*

I seemed gently to approach the door, which opened of its own accord. The footsteps and the voices of mortal men were heard within. Suddenly I was ushered into the presence of several remarkable personages engaged in earnest dialogue. Their general appearance was that of noble born, answering to the inscription *Æthelingey*, or the palace of nobles. Such was the dignity and majesty of the principal personage, to whom the rest looked up with reverence, that I seemed to be in the presence of the Consul himself; and could well imagine how the Gallic or Cimbrian soldier, sent to assassinate him, would have been so daunted by the dignity of his manner, that the dagger must have dropt from his hand, and his heart have shrunk from the deed. But this was the figure of King Alfred, surrounded by an Earl, a Sheriff, two Thanes, a Knight, the Herdsman, and a Churl, with an attendant Monk. The King, turning to observe the stranger, "Godlike, erect with native honour stood." Care had deprived him, though young, of some of the charms of youth; but his form was vigorous, his eye brilliant, his figure handsome, his air royally majestic, and his physiognomy naturally lofty and severe; but there was withal a sweet philosophical benignant expression, which I afterwards learnt from the Monk St. Neot was not natural, but the grace of Christian baptism, and the happy fruit of afflictions.

Æthered, the Earl, or Alderman; Heording, the Sheriff; Sagered and Segeric, the Thanes; Wulfic, the Knight; Gurth, the Herdsman; and Madding, the Churl; and St. Neot, Kinsman and Confessor, formed the King's council. The King was, in private affairs, his own Secretary; but in the Witan, or public discussions, St. Neot was the Amanuensis of the King, and of the noble and ignoble attendants who were wise and politic, as many princes and peasants have been, though they were not book-learned; a proof that a knowledge of books and tracts is not enough to make wise men, and that men may be wise without books, as were Æthered, and Heording, and before them Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and the twelve Patriarchs. St. Neot was brought up at Medeshampstede, afterwards called Burh, and now Peterborough. His appearance bespoke the scholar, christian—gentleman. He had professed the order, and observed the rule of the blessed St. Benedict, "the father of all "monks," who went to heaven in the year of our Lord, 509. St. Neot was a good man, and well beloved of all the people. All these surrounded the King, as a group of flourishing oaks, in some woodland glade, stand around the tall and broad Father of the Forest.

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I saw the Lords of human-kind pass by,  
Intent on high designs—a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashioned—fresh from Nature's hand.  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul—  
True to imagined wrongs, above controul.  
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
And learns to venerate himself as Man!"

The King seemed to perceive my confusion, and having conferred for a short time with St. Neot, that benevolent monk, with a voice "the sweetest that ear ever heard," and with an affability that shewed the kindness of his heart, entered into a long and varied conversation with me, the particulars of which, though they related to high questions of Church and State, I shall not now advert to. Having returned for a short time to the King, St. Neot again approached, and addressed me with these parting words and instructions, which, were evidently uttered under a conviction of their importance and authority. "Friend and Countryman,—We expected that our retreat had been unknown, and that here, unseen and uninterrupted, we might have perused and corrected our register of this eventful year; but the King perceiving, in your form, figure, and speech, the identity of our race, welcomes you to Æthelingey, and offers you all the rights and privileges of royal hospitality. The King considers your visit opportune and providential.

"You look around you with an eye of curiosity on these documents, (the room was filled with maps and caskets,) you shall know their history; and if you take an interest in the welfare of our land and folk, and can render our experience and observation of any benefit, I am authorised by the King, who has just completed a tour of inspection through the length and breadth of Old England, to put into your hands these caskets, which contain, besides other state papers on social questions, the Royal dialogues with the several attendants of all ranks and orders, whom you have seen around the King. They were taken down faithfully by my own hand, as the appearance of the country in all its provinces and localities, as well as the social condition of the folk of the land, were, from time to time, discussed in familiar, but earnest colloquy.

"With these documents and caskets I entrust you, also with an instrument which will enable you to decipher the illustrative drawings on each casket, as well as the papers and dialogues which each will contain. It is a kind of politicoscope, or oblique perspective glass, designed for bringing into view objects which do not lie immediately before the common eye. By taking this crooked glass in the right hand, and placing the left hand to the crown and back part of the head, leaving the upper and forepart of the cranium untouched, and, covering the mater dura, under which the cerebellum is placed, you will be able to decipher these original dialogues, with the notes and commentaries, which, if they fell into the hands of a stranger, would, without these instructions, be quite unintelligible. You will find, between the lines in black ink manuscript, considerable interlineations in red ink, which may not be so manifest at first sight, the red ink being made of a material which can only be legible after a time, and then only with the careful use of the politicoscope. These interlineations are my private notes and commentaries.

“ The dialogues relate to social questions which are convulsing foreign countries, and perplexing our brethren and descendants, who, imitating the perfectionist statesmen of other nations, less accustomed to free habits and institutions, seem to have fallen into some strange hallucinations respecting the internal government of free states. You are at liberty to use and arrange these papers in any way which may seem most convenient and edifying.

“ If you are interested in such inquiries, as, from your appearance—from the few words which have dropped from your lips; and, from your eager attention to this address, I presume you are, I assure you with all sincerity that the independent, impartial, and, I may add, deliberate opinions of the great and good King and these true-born Englishmen may be of no small benefit to the Land and Folk we love.”

In a moment the Monk, the King, and all vanished, and I was left alone in the palace of nobles, with the official caskets. Rapt into a reasonable trance, the scenes before me seemed not the visions of a dream, but a true history, and the pleasure which arose from these remarkable manifestations, was not an enthusiastic rapture, but the tranquil, sober, humble joy, of one who had been permitted to look on the glorious Architect of the constitution, laws and liberties of Englishmen. For some time I seemed entranced, in the consciousness of the responsibility under which these treasures committed to my care had placed me, as well as of the good and benevolent design which there might be in making these revelations in the royal palace of Æthelingey, in the year 1848.

Still sleeping, I seemed to awake from this moral ecstasy, and my curiosity was at once directed to the caskets and the politicoscope. On applying this curious instrument, with a scrupulous attention to the instructions of St. Neot, it is impossible to describe the delight which the complete success of the first experiment excited. I know not how anatomists would explain the effect produced, but it seemed as if an outward thick coat was removed from my eyes, and that I could see through thinner coats, and clearer mediums, the pictures and objects which were represented before me. As the eyes were closed in sleep, these impressions could not have been produced by any motion which propagated them along the fibres of the optic nerve to the brain, the natural cause and process of vision, but must have been the effect of some subtle immediate action, of which I am not aware that Opticians, or Natural Philosophers, or even Mesmerists, have given any satisfactory explanation.

In pursuing the experiments (I call them experiments, for there was all the effect of actual trial), the pictorial representations were most clear and lively, and I regret that—not being an artist, and never having practically cultivated the instinctive love of nature, and pictures of nature, descriptive or historical, so strong in most of us—that I should not be able to send you

more than verbal sketches, and these, at the present time, brief and imperfect. With respect to "The Dialogues of Alfred," I cannot feel myself at liberty to publish them, without mature deliberation; but I shall take care that no authentic copy of them shall pass from my own hands. Should any of the literary and political writers of the day seize upon the dream of Æthelingey, and the Royal Dialogues, as a popular subject for a political or national romance, I feel sure that a publication of the originals would, at any moment, more effectually silence the piracy than any injunction of the Lord Chancellor, or any threat of legal damages.

You know well, however, what is the effect on the strongest minds of those incidents in our lives which are so inexplicable as to appear supernatural to ourselves, and incredible to others. Many peculiar events we can tell and often repeat, but there are some which no influence can prevail upon us either to deny or to relate. It is now more than a year since our discussion and this dream, which I must consider a consequence of it, took place, and yet, notwithstanding the succession of kindred events, I have not been able to prevail upon myself to give an outline of it, or even to mention it to you. Feeling, however, very doubtful whether I could prevail upon myself, even under strong inducements, to publish the Dream of Æthelingey, and the Royal Dialogues, more in detail, I have now forced myself to give you a brief verbal sketch of the subjects, or rather some of them, which are interesting to so many benevolent and patriotic philanthropists.

On applying the politicoscope to the first casket, the picture upon it was in the form of an outline map of England, in which were Saxon figures of all ages and costumes with one common figure and physiognomy. The motto which indicated the subject of the dialogue was "The Land and the Folk," inscribed in the middle of the picture, which was filled up with miniature designs.

On the cover of the second casket was a picture also in the shape of a map like one of the English Counties. The title inscribed on this was "The Shire and the Shiremen." Around this picture there were a number of flags, "Drapeau," with the names and arms of each shire. I counted fifty, and imagine there must have been fifty-two. There were also some curious designs and buildings placed in curious perspective.

The third had a more modern appearance and was complicated. There was a fine English figure of a Lord Chief Justice with an African negro on one side, and a curious figure with a sort of helmet covering face and eyes on the other; both of which the Lord Chief Justice seemed to regard with an air of dissatisfaction. The other Judges appeared also to have before them the word "Incarceration," which they were earnestly considering.

On the next was the picture of a magnificent river and harbour, with a number of large ships, with the words "Australia," "Canada," "The Cape,"

"The Punjab," on the sails, evidently not merely a representation of maritime life, but also of the subject of Emigration or Migration. At the foot of this design was written "Systematic Colonisation,—the Mother and the Children "indissoluble."

On another we observed some magnificent colleges and schools, and some also that were neither humble nor magnificent but very eccentric. The collegians and scholars without caps or gowns, or even decent clothing. There was also a large and curious but an attractive device, under which was written "Privy Council," and "Swaddling cloths for babies, boys and girls, and "grown-up people."

The subjects, indeed, were numerous, giving scope for the most voluminous discussions. I will only mention a few more of them: "The Free and the "Unfree;" "The Military and the Maritime Life;" "Floating and unfunded "Philanthropy;" "Civil and Religious Institutions;" "Men and Institutions "make a great country;" "The Witan—a *Vestry for the Relief of the "Poor!!!!*" The words, "Secular, semi-secular, and holy," under a common bracket. Also the word "Sodalitium," with various Guilds, Clubs, Agricultural Associations, Odd Fellows, Foresters, and Cottagers and Labourers. These were all illustrated in so positive a style, that the delineations might have been ascribed to "H. B.," except that there was an absence of caricature.

This imperfect outline of the most important social questions may serve you as a model and a theorem in the practical examination of the political problems connected with them, which interest you and our countrymen generally. Your own sentiments are so much in harmony with "these originals "and fountains," that I cannot but hope that they may serve as texts for your own pen, and strengthen you in the difficult discussions you have ventured upon.

Such was the dream of Æthelingey, which our friend Saxulf has communicated to us. We deeply regret that he could not prevail upon himself to publish the original documents, or such of them as he could accurately decipher. Our regret is the greater, because the outline which he sent us of the principal subjects proves that the dream of Æthelingey must have opened to Saxulf a golden opportunity of handling, in the most effective manner, the social phenomena which the events of the present age have brought so prominently into view. Our friend, however, is so genuine a specimen of the Anglo-Saxon breed, that if he cannot prevail upon himself, no earthly influence can prevail with him to publish the royal dialogues.

We are grateful to him, however, for his epitome, and for the light he has thrown upon the subjects we are considering in relation to domestic policy. He has revealed a *Theorem*, and sketched a *Model*, which may direct our



thoughts and suggestions into practical channels. We can perceive, though he pertinaciously refuses further disclosures, that the dream has cleared his apprehension, elevated his thoughts, and settled his judgment on many points; and it has been a satisfaction to us to find that our own views and suggestions (imperfect as we are aware they are), are in entire unison with his more enlightened convictions. The opinions we express are not the thoughts of yesterday. They have not had their origin in the convulsions which are blazing around us, or even in the dream of Æthelingey. When ruminating on these subjects, as has been our habit for many a year, we have often imagined how an individual, or a number of intelligent individuals of the Anglo-Saxon race, would have felt on witnessing the vicissitudes which have passed over Old England and her inhabitants in the revolutions of a thousand years. Though we may ascribe to the great and good Alfred more virtue and policy than human nature or history would warrant, yet the imaginary conception of his political wisdom, transmitted in the admiration of his descendants from age to age, is a proof of the value of the institutions which we trace to his illustrious name, and of the importance which is justly attached to them. And now that a thousand years have passed since his remarkable life and reign, and that millennial period has launched us into existence under a reign equally glorious, and an æra equally remarkable—and more momentous—we should be glad to see some national monument reared in Old England, as a grateful memorial of our veneration for our heroic forefathers, and a living testimony of our loyalty to a Queen who so worthily wears the crown, and cherishes the institutions of Alfred. Some have recommended that this millennial epoch should be marked by a conspicuous monument in stone or brass. We would venture most humbly to suggest the foundation of a *Royal Civil Order of Merit*, confessedly a desideratum in the internal government of this great country, especially in an age when the weal or woe of States must turn upon a wholesome and vigorous social policy. The subjects which lie in our way, and the suggestions we shall endeavour calmly to propose, will naturally lead us to bring this idea more prominently into view hereafter.

For the present, we were imagining how the great and good king, and his loyal associates in council, whom the dream has represented to us, would have felt, had they been eye-witnesses of the eventful history of their country for so many centuries; and with what gratification they would have traced in our language, and even in the form and physiognomy of their descendants, a succession, a duration, and a permanence. In the physical form, the intellectual powers, the energy, the habits of thinking and acting, the migrations and conquests of Englishmen in successive generations down to our own, they might trace with pride the great outlines of the original stock. If such imaginary observers were to discuss the progress or degeneracy, the advantages or disadvantages of

each succeeding age, that discussion would compose a history more graphic and accurate than has ever yet been compiled from the most authentic chronicles. If, moreover, we could imagine these unerring eye-witnesses bringing with them their original character, and the experience of so many centuries, present among us at this day, we should doubtless all bow to their authority, and admit that they were most competent to explain the real causes, and suggest the best remedies for the social evils which perplex the wisest, degrade the humblest, and grieve the best of Englishmen.

Imagination sometimes suspends the office of sense and reason, when too often it is a deceitful and mischievous guide. But, when sense and reason fail, fancy sometimes steps in and supplies the void, and, like a true light, dispelling the clouds and darkness, reveals some welcome messenger, monitor or friend, to lead us from our wanderings into the right and safe path. Who has not felt and found what an unforeseen imagination, a sudden thought, and even the phantasm of a dream has done for them in doubt and difficulty? Centering then the idea of a race, or the history of a race, in one individual, or a few prominent characters, may be a means of supplying us with a test of the congruity or incongruity of suggestions and remedies, as well as of the real force of combined causes in producing perplexing effects. Transforming the dream of *Æthelinge* into a history, (would that we had the original dialogues,) and that history into a theorem, we have full scope for examining, in a new and interesting manner, the social questions of the day. They may be treated of by a relation to a venerated standard, and may be referred, not only to ideas, but to facts. The various eccentric phenomena, which are rapidly and unexpectedly rising above the political horizon, may be reduced to known laws and principles.

We have thus, not only a *theorem*, by which to solve particular problems, but a *model*, which we may hold up as a mirror to the politicians of the day, "to shew the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure." The Roman annalist drew up his historical sketch of the Germans, not as a romantic episode in the history of his times, but as a faithful picture (as doubtless everything that came from his graphic pen was) of manners and customs, virtues and free institutions, which were in perfect contrast with the corruptions and vices of the disgusting tyranny, which it was his misfortune to witness, and his painful task to delineate. That masterly and candid record of the simplicity and policy of reputed barbarians, was, doubtless, intended to be a satire on the wicked effeminacy of his civilized but degenerate countrymen, and a solace to his philosophical mind, while registering scenes and deeds from which his noble spirit shrunk with shame and abhorrence.

To that chronicle we are indebted in no slight degree, for our knowledge of the social institutions, and policy of our patriarchal forefathers. If the

contrast of two different and hostile nations,—one barbarous and the other civilized,—drew an historical moral, which the most degenerate, at the time, could not read without rebuke, and which we, at this distance of time, cannot contemplate without instruction : a parallel (not a contrast we hope) between the domestic policy of our ancestors and our own may teach us lessons of wisdom, and teach them in an impressive manner. We may thus be led into a way of thinking and of observing the social phenomena of the day, with a patriotic earnestness which must make us willing to do whatever has been left undone, which the public weal requires, and to undo whatever has been done amiss.

With this fountain theorem of internal government in our mind, and this model in view, we may, by historical analogy, trace errors to their sources, and social evils to their causes and their remedies. The circumstances of the times and more especially the shaking and threatened demolition of feudal aristocracies throughout Christian Europe, may naturally turn our thoughts to a period prior to the introduction of feudal government into England. The fictions of that system are gradually mouldering into dust among ourselves. Year after year various legal forms of it are consigned to oblivion. The time is not far distant when Copyhold tenure will be unknown among us, and all the land of England will be free, and more readily transferred from one possessor to another. In France, these institutions have been subverted, or fallen headlong, involving society itself in ruin, from which a chaotic, and apparently unfathomable socialism seems to be struggling into being. In other countries, the crisis is equally precarious and formidable. If one aristocracy is destroyed, there seems to be no theory or model of another. The feudal system in other countries seems original and fundamental, and its decay, removal, or destruction, appears, at once, to lead the way to a turbulent and truculent democracy. With us the case has been, and we trust will continue to be, different. Feudalism, in England, was an importation, and has been an overriding addition, which, being gradually and carefully removed, will only reveal the more ancient and substantial edifice of an aristocratic constitution, of which the Crown is the head and ornament, and the estates of the realm partly hereditary, and partly elective, with the offices, and administrations, and professions open to the ambition, the thrift, and the merit of all classes of a free people, are the soul and substance.

Changes, which in other countries shake and subvert the foundations (such is the elasticity of our Anglo-Saxon commonwealth), only bring more prominently into view our ancient institutions, which, like the solid oaken beams of many years growth, originally introduced into the constitution, sustain the frame of society. The decay or removal of the slighter, more recent and superficial additions, only reveal more gloriously the strength and durability of the

original structure, and manifestly show us, that the cracks and fissures are confined to the lath and plaster decorations with which the ambition of individuals, at sundry times, or modern effeminacy has bedaubed the unshaken edifice. Had not recent convulsions detected these dilapidations in time, civilised conceit might have proceeded to saw asunder the beams and undermine the arches, as nuisances to modern convenience and progress, or as the clumsy contrivances of mediæval ignorance and the puerilities of a bygone childhood.

The falling away of the stucco and fine plaster has brought to light the solid stone-work. History is no longer an old almanack. Historical analogy is beginning to be admitted as legitimate argument. Antiquarians, even ecclesiastical, dare to show their faces, and are becoming fashionable. Archæology bids fair to be ranked among the sciences of the Universities. Human nature that was, is felt to be human nature now. Old Antiquity receives veneration, and those who search for her treasures and reveal her wisdom, are no longer idlers and theorists, but the trusty watchmen on the ramparts, and the faithful guards of the gates of the city. History and experience are again joining hands in exposing the same errors, confuting the same wayward ideas, and confirming the same immutable truths. A few years ago, Mr. Kemble's valuable work, "The Saxons in England," would have been considered a curious, fusty, uninteresting chronicle, by many, who may now be disposed to view it as we do—not merely interesting as the tracings and researches of an ingenious and philosophical intellect, but as a practical political treatise, peculiarly appropriate to the present time, and calculated to strengthen the loyal and patriotic sentiments of all who read it. That work is dedicated, with permission, to the Queen, and might, with equal propriety, be dedicated to the People of England, for, with the fidelity of an historian and the spirit of an Englishman, Mr. Kemble has traced out and exhibited to view the genuine Anglo-Saxon scheme of order and liberty, loyalty and independence, in a system of personal relations and not feudal law\*.

\* Should these observations happen to fall under the notice of Mr. Kemble, it may be some satisfaction to that gentleman to know that similar sentiments and conclusions to those which he has arrived at from his earnest investigation of the manners, customs, and free institutions of our forefathers, naturally arise from a practical observation of the circumstances, the inconveniences, and wants of society at the present time. The sentiments we have expressed, and the suggestions we venture to make, have had their being in our thoughts for no short period, and long before we had any acquaintance with Mr. Kemble's work, which dates only from the brief notice of it in the last number of the "Anglo-Saxon," which was chiefly confined to the centralising Bretwalda theory. We regret that space will not allow us to quote at large from his valuable storehouse, but we shall esteem it no slight privilege to find that our unlearned discussion could in any degree encourage the fulfilment of his intention "To lay before his countrymen the continuation of his history, embracing the laws of descent and purchase, the forms of judicial process, the family relations, and the social condition of the Saxons as to agriculture, commerce, art, science, and literature." We most willingly and heartily enrol ourselves among the disciples of his doctrine, and the believers of his

But our brother politicians, and especially our neighbours the squires and the yeomen, will wonder where in the world we are got to. Certainly we must have gone a good way beyond York, and lost our return ticket. As fanatical preachers of common sense we have preached one thing, and, as is too often the case with fanatics, practised another. Such is our honest confession. We have indulged our fancy, and must now pay for it. We went to York by the express, and returned by the romantic country to the station, where we are glad to find ourselves in the company of our old country friends. Though we make this discovery by their grumbling and dissatisfaction, we hope that we have not lost our time, if our rambles and pastimes have quickened their appetite for a meal of plain food, the roast beef of Old England and the genuine Saxon beverage—the true types and supports of the political *bon sens* of which foreigners accuse us, and of which we boast ourselves. So now, good countrymen, let us look at Old England and the English, as they were, as they are, and as they ought to be. We will at this time confine ourselves to two topics : *First*,—The Land and the Folk ; and, *Secondly*,—The Shire and the Man of the Shire. You must allow us, then, a little breathing time for other important social questions, such as Incarceration, Crime and Civil Injury ; Emigration not Expatriation,—the Mother and her Children ; Education, Church and State, or the quarrel and divorce of Man and Wife, for want of consent of Parents ; the Swaddling Clouts, the Tracts, and the Prizes ; but, above all, Education, or the art of living well and usefully, or of doing “ Our duty in “ that state of life to which it shall please God to call us,” as Old England’s good old Catechism has it.

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### The Land and the Folk.

The Land and the Folk, the cultivation of the territory, the condition of the inhabitants, and their relations to each other, are the criteria by which the social state must be examined and ascertained. These are the data, the fountains, from which investigation must begin, and the originals to which facts and results must be referred in order to determine the degree of happiness and security enjoyed. *The Land* is a comprehensive term, which embraces

creed, which will become more and more the popular faith of the country. “ I believe these things to “ be worthy of investigation from their bearings upon the times in which we live, much more than “ from any antiquarian value they may be supposed to possess. We have a share in the past, and “ the past works in us ; nor can a patriotic citizen better serve his country than by devoting his “ energies and his time to record that which is great and glorious in her history, for the admira- “ tion and instruction of her neighbours.”——“ *The Saxons in England*,” Preface.

almost everything which is permanent and substantial, not only the surface of the territory, but everything above and below that surface, or in any way attached to it, or derived from it. Agriculture is the origin of occupancy, the foundation of rights and titles, which afterwards convey, not only the fruits of the earth, but mines, hereditaments, houses, cities, villages, rights, dues, ports, and trade to and from the land, which, in this view of it, includes rivers and waters, and even the sea. Old England thus regarded, though small in magnitude, by position, soil, climate, seasons, tides, minerals, factories, ships, and colonies, and, above all, by the character, energy, and industry of *the Folk*—Princes, nobles, freeholders, cultivators, tenants, merchants, manufacturers, traders, artisans, labourers, soldiers, and sailors, all united in the love of Father-land, and living under one harmonious system of law, liberty, and Religion,—has become, under the blessing of Providence, great and glorious among the Nations of the World.

All of us—the Crown, the Noble, the Commoner, and the Commons, look to this Old Land, as our Nurse, the element and the theatre of our existence, the source and bond of all our interests and relations. Good feeling is good policy. Patriotic attachments, not inconsistent with the spirit of independence and enterprise, embedded in local administration, as well as local rights and duties, have been the pride and the wisdom of Englishmen. In the dream of Æthelingy, the Land and the Folk were emblematised by a map of Old England, the symbol, we suppose, not only of its natural and physical, but of its political and social geography. Importance has been attached in every eye, to the delineation of the surface of the earth, and its natural and political divisions, both by the contemplative student, and the man of the world, of every profession and of every calling. The present age has extended the sphere of this department of science, to the physical attributes of the globe, and has rendered it still more instructive, by making the whole earth, which “God has given to the sons of men,” a map of Humanity; and, again, its several parts, maps of policy, territorial administrations, and social well-being. It is in this view that we regard the map of England, engraved on the first casket in the dream of Æthelingy\*. There is a dignity in the graphical delineation of the habitable globe, which gives a depth to our sentiment of universal benevolence, and there is a simplicity in the chart of our own Country, which strengthens and elevates those patriotic associations which are the guarantees of our domestic harmony, and the impregnable bulwarks of our national defence.

\* When we received the epitome of his dream from our friend Saxulf, and had written this commentary, we were ignorant of Mr. Petermann's interesting prospectus (which has just been sent us through the R.G.S.) of his series of hydrographical maps, “which will consist of physical, historical, “statistic, commercial, industrial, and administrative maps.”

The chief object of our discussion is to examine the evils, and even the scandals of Society, yet it is not our intention to confine ourselves to the ulcers and sores which vex the eye and grieve the heart. It is too much the fashion "to lead the devil in a string," and so to isolate these questions, as to represent England as a land of criminals and paupers, and the people of England as made up of rich and poor, the rich all luxurious and selfish, and the poor all vicious and mean spirited. There is indeed enough of selfishness, and crime, and misery, to offend, to perplex, and to endanger; but the isolation of these questions for the purposes of political exaggeration and morbid excitement, is not only mischievous in its general consequences, but has a specific influence in aggravating the evils themselves, and barricading the public mind against the wisest and best remedies. The dream of *Æthelingey* (the palace of princes and nobles, and the council of all ranks around the throne) interested us, as indicating that remedies must come from the union of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, in sustaining and invigorating the national life,—and that the reformation of the worst, and the elevation of the meanest (that is the diminution of each of these masses, the only means of diminishing the enormity as well as the number of crimes, and the intensity as well as the area of pauperism), can only be effected by multiplying and strengthening the links which unite the highest with the lowest. "The lowest knit to the highest, by that which being introjacent may cause each to cleave to the other, and so all to continue one."

Were a stranger to pass over the length and breadth of England (we are taking no party, no free-trade, or anti-free-trade, or temporary views of these subjects), he would pronounce the Land to be fair and fruitful, and the Folk who inhabit and cultivate it to be wise and diligent. There would be no appearance of old age or decrepitude in the land we live in, for cultivation is everywhere extending and advancing, and the fertile fields are adorned with the splendour of youth. Thistles and briars are more and more exterminated from the ground, and with rain and fruitful seasons, the blessings of heaven, the scene is continually renewed and embellished by the skill and industry of the inhabitants. The animals and the cattle are well bred and well fed; the mansions of the noblemen and gentlemen are the palaces of princes; the homesteads of the farmers are the mansions of gentlemen; while the neat and commodious cottages, with their gardens and allotments, which bestud the country, are like the homesteads of ancient yeomen, and the peasantry who tenant them are apparently well clothed and well conditioned. To a stranger, the whole business of agriculture would appear replete with order and wisdom, while fruitful fields and abundant harvests would be proclaimed the glory of the cultivators of the soil. He must conclude that the people of such a country lived under a system of laws and administrations, which easily regulated

the habitual action of Society for the benefit of the whole, and he must be assured that everything betokened comfort, happiness, and improvement.

"*Fronti nulla fides.*" Let such a stranger attend the debates, or read the blue books of Parliament, examine the statistics of crime and pauperism, hear the speeches of popular philanthropists, read the reports of county meetings, or the leading articles of public writers, and he has before him an inexplicable paradox. What would King Alfred and his council say to these things? and to the seven or eight hundred Union Workhouses, about the number of ancient monasteries which the Christian piety and charity (of which he was so bright an example), in his age and succeeding ages, munificently founded and endowed? What would be their report of old and juvenile offenders, the summary convictions, the murders, the cutting and maiming, the incendiarisms, and the poisonings of relatives; and the bastardy, and the unutterable bestialities, and the enormous gaols, and the substitution of a strange kidnapping police for the ancient mutual guarantee? What could they think of ten or twelve millions a-year of local taxation spent upon such things as these? Would not the wise and good King and his council suspect some capital errors in internal government, some mistaken change of policy, some "*corruptio optimi quæ fit fere pessima,*" some contempt or perversion of the ancient administrations which they so zealously instituted or acquired for themselves and their posterity?

Would that our friend Saxulf had had the courage and the nerve to decipher and publish the Royal Dialogues! His politicoscope might have revealed the mysteries which our discernment fails to penetrate. We might then have had some satisfactory solution of this inexplicable paradox, which might be repeated in a hundred forms and contrasts—the Land so fair and highly cultivated—a Folk so industrious and enterprising—the classes more numerous and graduated than in any other country—family ties and domestic virtue, on the whole, so undegenerate—emigration so full, free, and large, that the offshoots and their progeny exceed in number the original stock—schools and instruction so abundant and cheap—the Sabbath so much observed—Religion and the Clergy so much respected—trade, commerce, and wealth so ample—the military and the maritime life so full of enterprise and glory—Capital spent in the wages of labour so beyond all precedent and example—the Throne so beloved and respected, and the people so loyally attached to it—variety so multiplied, and association so strong—charitable institutions so numerous, and combinations for mutual aid so universal—with the schemes and efforts of philanthropic benevolence, and religious zeal, crossing each other at every turn:—yet, withal, a cry of want and misery—an organized system of secret disaffection, and seditious agency—crimes, especially heinous and disgusting crimes, increasing—criminals irritated, reckless, and daring, and the poor depressed into a hopeless caste of paupers—the contagion of cities and



towns extending to villages—the infection of vice and misery spreading over the healthy parts of Society, and the paralysis and gangrene of the extremities so rapidly making way over the body, that the vital parts are endangered!!

Patriotism would willingly gloss over this unreasonable appearance of things, “striving to make the ugly deeds look fair,” but the circumstances and humour of the times will not allow, in this discussion, a concealment of the regret and the apprehensions which every thoughtful person must entertain. The age is sensitive and that is a reason not for concealment, but for candour and truth. If the conflict is to be between civil society constructed on principles of law and religion guided by regular government, and other unnatural, undomestic, gregarious, anarchical forms, we must not shut our eyes to the dangerous doctrines, and visionary dreams of political and social change, which are becoming the creed of millions among our neighbours, and of too many among ourselves. These doctrines have charms for the idle and the ignorant, and more for the miserable and the neglected. There never was a time in which Law, “the true harmony of the World,” was exposed to greater danger from the unhumbled pride of individuals on the one hand, and the effeminate and unconscientious following of leadership, from the lowest club to the highest party, on the other.

We have reason to thank God that the religious, patriotic, impartial love of society, as developed in its laws and institutions, is still so strong and vigorous in Old England, and among the English of all orders and degrees. To cherish that love and expand those institutions, true unselfish patriotism will direct its attention. While the political economist on the one side is absorbed in his calculations for the increase and augmentation of national wealth, and the philanthropist, on the other, recoiling from the vice and misery which follow and accompany that wealth, busies himself with the alleviations which too often become the temptations of poverty, and is absorbed in the sympathies which wretchedness cannot fail to excite; the christian patriot and the wise statesman will endeavour to redeem from the exaggerations and excitements of these conflicting influences, the real life of the commonwealth: those institutions and administrations of Law and Religion, which are the only effectual barriers to the tyranny and selfishness of the few, and the ignorance, the idleness, and the no less tyranny and selfishness of the many.

A crisis has overtaken the nations of Christian Europe, in which they must decide between Religion and Law, and an organized police, or, rather, swords and soldiers. Too many modern statesmen—trusting to fictions and regulations, commonly called statesmanlike, and neglecting that conscience which God has planted in the poorest breast, and which, under the divine light of Christianity, while it fears God, honours the King and all in authority, ties the perfect bond of charity around the Christian commonwealth,—have

found out to their cost, that, in great convulsions, these artificial regulations are utterly useless, and that reason and conscience, too long neglected, will not come at their call, to resist depraved suggestions and enticing allurements. How much do we owe, in England, to the Christian Religion, and to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, who so cordially accepted it, made it the foundation of a national life, originated a system of religious administration in entire harmony and unity with the civil, and carried it out to the remotest and smallest districts of the Kingdom. Illustrious men ! who could perceive that Religion and Law had the same origin ; that Church and King were indissoluble ; that the Earl of the Shire and the Bishop of the Shire should sit side by side in the Shiremoot ; that courts secular in a christian country should be courts christian, that Religion and Law, as they had one common origin in the throne of God, should have one common end—the unity and the welfare of the brotherhood, and be, in fact, identical.

But what kind of law was that ? The Common Law of the Land and the Folk, not founded on abstract ideas engrossed in statutory refinements, interpreted by metaphysical judges, and summarily executed by a mercenary executive ; but the national rule, corresponding to, and arising out of the social and political life of the commonwealth, like the great main laws of nature, to which aberrations and disturbing forces are chained down and ultimately obedient. The great principles of nature and matter, are inherent in nature and matter ; and though we may most usefully, and with wonderful results, apply abstract science to those principles, yet, for practical purposes in astronomy, in optics, in mechanics, we must return to the natural phenomena, and the material objects themselves. The Common Law may be, must be, scientifically interpreted by learned lawyers, who must educe its reason, explain its causes, and determine its consequences, and to that interpretation all, with one consent, are willing to bow, not only because we believe it to be learned, wise and just, but because we all know that no English judge would separate the common law—the law of the land—from the Folk ; or from the customs, the proof of fact, the evidence of witnesses, the verdict, the common sense decision of those for whom, among whom, and by whom it is administered. We hear, and we delight to hear judges, learned and patriotic, protest against the infinite number of statutes, on the ground that the Common Law is amply sufficient to preserve the public peace, abate public nuisances, and protect private interests, against which protest, laymen, on the other hand, assert that the Common Law has lost its power. The Common Law cannot lose its power, for it is supreme ; but when it fails, in a case of sedition, or nuisance, or private injury, it must be from the weakening or suspension of its natural agency,—the people themselves.



## The Shire and the Men of the Shire.

Michael Drayton, in his "Chorographical Description of the Delicacies of England," poetically, as Alfred politically

"Into several shires his kingdom did divide,"

and dedicated the songs of Poly-Olbion to those shires—Camden, in his geographical "description of the flourishing kingdom of England;" and Speed, in his "Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain," and other works; and that Worthy of Worthies, (in his "History of the Worthies of England, 'endeavoured by') Thomas Fuller, have all followed the theorem and the model of the Dream of Æthelingeay (with the maps and the heraldic illustrations) in the Anglo-Saxon division of Old England, into "Shires and men of the Shires." England may not unfitly be compared," says Fuller, "to an *House*, not very great, but convenient, and the several shires may properly be resembled to the *rooms* thereof. Now, as learned Master Camden, and painful Master Speed, with others, have described the *rooms* themselves, so is it our intention to *describe the furniture* of those rooms, such eminent commodities which every county doth produce, with the persons of quality bred therein, and some other observables coincident with the same subject;" and the son, in his dedication to the King of the posthumous publication of his father's most literary work, adds this sentiment,—“ If the age abound with the like, it is their glory; if not, the perusal of them may perhaps beget in them a noble emulation of their ancestors.”

What motives of taste, honour, necessity, charity, or policy, could have induced the Lords and Commons, the lawyers and the bishops to alter the chorographical outline of Old England, from shire, hundred, and tithing, and diocese, deanery, and parish, into the deformities of workhouse unions, (the excrementitious palaces of a degrading policy,) we are at a loss to conjecture. For our parts we had rather look on a map of England with castles, and ways and walls of a military conqueror, or the tracings of an imperial itinerary, or the temples, baths, and ports of commerce of an enlightened Roman lieutenant, than on these test and pest contrivances of modern policy and charity.

But we may now turn away from, and pass by (as we willingly do) these eye-sores of our country, which must necessarily fall under contemplation, when we examine the subject of incarceration, the gaols and workhouses, the dungeons and the dens of modern policy, falsely called Christian civilization. But we may not pleasureably indulge our fancy, with the old Gothic furniture;

our mission is, to endeavour, and to invite others to use their endeavours with ours, to save the *old furniture*, and the old *fixtures* too, from being put up to a Dutch auction, and to try to stay the dismantling of the *rooms* of the old national *Mansion House*, associated as they all are with the history of Old England, the achievements of famous families, and the biographies of illustrious men, and what is more precious than the histories or the most splendid actions of individuals, the liberty and security, the social life and social happiness of the English people.

But we must proceed a step further from the divisions and subdivisions of the land, to the orders and degrees of the Folk, and from the cultivation of the soil, to the administration of the laws. The administration of the laws in a mode and manner conformable to the habits and associations of the body of the people is as important for the public tranquillity as the laws themselves. In some respects more important, for it cannot be expected that the mass of the people, who are chiefly affected by the criminal and the poor law, and who are actively and laboriously employed, should speculate on the equity or necessity of statutes. They will form a favourable judgment of the law and give their affection to it, in proportion as they witness the fairness of its administration, and especially when they are the official instruments, however humble, of producing the good results of its power. It has been this homefelt administration of the law which has manifested as intelligibly to the poor as to the rich its nature, and made the English artisan and labourer assensible of its value as the most substantial yeoman or the wealthiest landlord. This homefelt administration has its effect not only on the mass of the people but on legislators, who, if they can make laws and appoint an administration unconnected with the people, will be very apt to forget their feelings and sentiments. In legislative assemblies, where the suffrage is the most unlimited, we often see how little influence the feelings of electors have on the representatives, and the consequent complaints of the deception of statesmen, who profess one creed on the hustings, and another in Parliament; but when the popularity of laws is tested in their administration, an effectual check is given to the passing of obnoxious and frivolous statutes.

Throughout modern Europe charters have been granted and constitutions framed more liberal than Magna Charta, or the Bill of Rights, and the other great bulwarks of English liberty,—but these theoretical frameworks, wanting the mainspring of national character and manners, have been worse than fruitless. Ireland and England at the present moment have the same charters and the same laws; but the constitution, which in England results in happiness and security, fails to secure either to the people of Ireland, and solely because the administration in its machinery and instruments is congenial and efficient in one country and fails in the other. To excite, or to encourage where it

exists, a public opinion in favour of the law, extending from the highest to the lowest, is of the utmost importance—for if Society would have all classes, and especially the most numerous, obedient to her control, she must recognise and honour all in their several degrees. Refractory and discontented individuals may be punished or pardoned, but when disaffection spreads to masses mere external restraint and coercion (unless the discontent be frivolous and mistaken, as in the case of the lamb-like rebellion in Ireland), will only aggravate the evil, either in the form of irritation or prostration. We have, therefore, the strongest proofs and evidences that admission into the pale of the constitution and the enjoyment of its blessings, is not so much by suffrage as by office and the administration of the laws, which secure the rights of Person and of Property, and a very clear lesson to teach us that if authority is to be respected among all classes, and the laws of the nation are to be universally revered and beloved by those whom they are to control, *a share in the administration of those laws must be entrusted to all classes.* This brings us again to the theorem and the model of the administrations of our ancestors as a touchstone of our own.

The social condition of the country under the Anglo-Saxon Government was dependent on the division of the Land, or on the rights in land, and on the distributive government of the inhabitants according to their orders and degrees. Their social welfare was made up of the welfare of the parts, and that of the several parts, again, of the welfare of individuals. In this view of the English constitution good government, now, as then, must be, as Mr. Burke expresses it with reference to another subject, “Closely connected, in its most essential parts, with individual feeling and individual interest.” It is important, also, to observe that the great body of the people were not only free but conscious of their freedom, and of the value put upon it not only by themselves but by their superiors. A sense of degradation is always irritating, and when whole classes feel that they have no chance of securing some position in advance, however humble, we must expect envy and evil passions, of which the evil disposed will take advantage. The social system of our forefathers was not one of equality, but of proportion and of degree. All classes were not equal, and each of each class was not equal, but to some of all classes and of each class was committed the practical business of political life, which was the means of making the separation of the classes as imperceptible as possible, and of manifesting the union of all. Thus all orders and degrees were united in a common affection for the laws by a common participation in their just administration. A patriotic loyalty to the sovereign was connected with a democratic love of freedom, the privileges of power and property with the rights of person, and the noble with the churl, in a manner and to a degree difficult perhaps now fully to explain.

A brief and popular sketch may not be here out of place of the system of our forefathers as far as it may illustrate the questions before us of degrees and local administrations. The Head of the Shire was the nobleman next in dignity and importance to the Crown. He was called Ealdorman or Duke. The name of Ealdorman, or Alderman, denoted civil as well as military dignity and pre-eminence, but not always particular functions; whereas the term Duke always implied well-defined powers. The Earl of the Shire was the highest rank connected with territorial government when territorial and political divisions went together. The Earl with the Bishop (for the Bishop was the Bishop of the Shire,) superintended the administration of the civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical laws in the county court twice in the year. The Earl was the military as well as the civil leader, and could command the *posse comitatus*, or levy of the freemen, and could ensure their services not only to repel invasion, but (a point to be well observed) *for the discharge of all the duties of the higher police of the county, as well as of the local police of their respective districts.*

#### THE SHERIFF.

The Scirgerefa or Sheriff, or Reeve of the Shire, stood at the head of the county as now, in many offices, judicial, executive, and fiscal. He was the holder of the county court, for in this respect the office of Earl might only be called into occasional exercise, whereas the Sheriff was a necessary officer in the regular business of the county. He was always a considerable landowner in the Shire, and generally one of the greatest. He had probably large patronage, privileges, and considerable revenues to support the influence and dignity of his office, which was important not only for the purposes of offence and defence, but for the support *of the majesty of the Law*. The Sheriff's courts also were distributed through the hundreds and tithings. Besides there were other Sheriffs distributed through the forests, the boroughs, and the localities, down to the

#### TU'NGEREF, OR SHERIFF OR REEVE OF THE TOWN OR VILLAGE.

*He was the officer of the Crown for the maintenance of the law upon the spot.* Holding such a commission he was a person of some consideration, as then every village supported its own criminals as its own poor. The object of this court, or view of frank-pledge, was to view the freemen, who, according to the institutes of Alfred, were mutual pledges for the good behaviour of each other. All freeholders and inhabitants could be summoned and obliged to attend. They could present and even punish by jury all *trivial* misdemea-

nours,—and justice was thus brought home to the door of every man by the ancient constitution of England.

We give this sketch of the Shire and the Officers of the Shire, in the narrowest form, and only with reference to the Theorem and the Model of the Dream of Æthelinge. Had our friend Saxulf prevailed on himself to publish the Dialogues, we might have had more perfectly than we have at present the substance of the lost Dome-Book of Alfred\*. But let us pause and observe the ruins, for even the ruins of “this master-piece of judicial polity,” like many other ruins of antiquity, are becoming interesting now that modern architecture is a little out of conceit with itself, and modern statesmanship and political economy, and even philanthropy, are hanging down their heads at the aspect of the social evils and dangers which surround us. We shall notice these dilapidations hereafter, with a view to social and political restorations, which we hope will be in good taste and in harmony with the original.

With this view let us proceed another step with our Theorem and our Model before us. The component parts of Society under the Anglo-Saxon system were important, and some hopeful resemblances may be traced out on the present structure of Society. Of course it would be pedantry and folly to argue as if the divisions of land and the degrees of the possessors, were all existing realities. We should rather argue more wisely by assuming that the last step in the changes of tenures and rights had been accomplished—that all the land was free and enclosed—and that we had before us a map of Old England, according to which all titles, and purchase, and inheritance, were fixed in the fee-simple of the Land. Still there may be analogies and realities in the divisions of the Shire, the Hundred, and the Parish; and there may again be some analogies and even realities in the Owners, the Occupiers, and the Free Labourers. This is an interesting point, but we have not space to examine it, arithmetically or politically, as it ought to be examined. There appear to be some imperfect and mistaken apprehensions upon this subject. Of course the occupier can have no claim to the land, till he is thrifty and skilful enough to buy it and pay for it; but with respect to Society and for the sake of Society, the position of the occupier of the land ought to be well examined. The territorial government of the Anglo-Saxon economy had immediate reference to ownership, but that ownership was varied by conditions and shares, and divisions of rights in many ways. But there was always

\* *Dom. bec.*, or *Liber Judicialis* of Alfred. “This he compiled for the use of the Court Baron, Hundred, and County Court, the Court Leet, and Sheriff’s Tourn, tribunals which he had established for the trial of all causes, civil and criminal, in the very districts wherein the complaint arose.” Again, Blackstone observes, not dreaming of the Chorographical Poor-Law Unions: “To him (Alfred) we owe the masterpiece of judicial polity, the sub-division of England into tithings and hundreds, if not into counties,—which wise institutions have been preserved for near a thousand years unchanged from Alfred’s to the present time.”

an opening for advance in Society ; the Churl, by thrift and an addition to his acreage or his hides, might become a Thane, and a Thane by the same process might become an Earl : so that the life and energy of Society was kept up. As the rights of markmen, socmen, copyholders, and leaseholders on lives, are done away, the position of the occupier, the tenant farmer, and especially the gentleman farmer, becomes of greater importance in a social point of view.

In very large districts of England, probably the greatest part of England where agriculture is carried on with spirit, it may be stated as an approximation to fact, (we use a probable approximation to avoid tedious details,) that the capital invested in the cultivation of the soil and by the occupier is in proportion to the fee-simple as 1 : 3, or 1 : 4, or 1 : 5, according to the value of the land, and the mode of tillage. Whatever be the ratio, it is so considerable, under a high cultivation of arable, as also pasture, land (especially as the value of the fee-simple is enhanced by the employment of that capital when there is skill and industry) that we must think that, with reference to territorial government, to local taxation, and much more with respect to social position, the influence of the classes on each other, and especially of the classes above the lowest on the lowest (the political consideration we are entertaining), the occupiers of the land have a stake and an influence in the Shire, which cannot be neglected without great loss to Society ; and that, instead of setting gentleman farmer against landowner, and landowner against gentleman farmer, and introducing tenants' rights bills, it would be better at once to introduce a certain proportion of that class, for well-defined purposes, into the equestrian order of the Shire. A pound, shilling, and pence view is the worst that can be formed on such subjects, and pettifogging co-ordinate financial boards would only end in confusion, perhaps in hatred, where now we are persuaded there is the greatest and most grateful respect for the magistracy of the country

We will carry our Theorem and Model a step further. It is common with the demagogues, in the rich-and-poor cant of the times, to put the artisan and labourer entirely *hors de combat*, on the principle of—no capital no consideration. But speaking socially and politically, as the capital of the occupier has a relation to the fee-simple of the land, so also has the value of the labour of the labourer some relation both to the capital and the fee-simple ; and this without any communism, by the natural business of agriculture and the necessary relations of capital and labour, when they are unfettered. In this view the agricultural labourers in England have a capital, or, at least, a revenue from the land so long as it is cultivated, and in proportion to the capital and spirit of the cultivator, which is an important consideration to him and to the political society of which he is a member. In this point of view the



agricultural labourers derive a revenue (speaking approximately and moderately) equal to the rental of the kingdom; or, if the fee-simple of the whole territory were converted into capital, equal to the interest of that capital, and equal to three times the interest of the capital of the occupier.

We do not put forth these observations as arithmetically accurate, but there is sufficient truth in them to make them worthy of notice in our argument. As in the Anglo-Saxon government of the Shire, the classes, the Noble, the greater and the lesser Thanes, the freemen, socmen, markmen, all comprehended under the name of Churl, were recognised in certain proportions in the administration; so, according to the Dream of Æthelinge, and the Theorem and the Model of that Dream, the Landowner, the Occupier, and the Labourer, the Squire, the Gentleman Farmer, and the Doughty Men, have their respective positions in the territorial economy of the Shire—that is, ultimately, of the Kingdom.

But let us look at the old ruins again; The Earl, the Scirgerefa, the Tu'ngerefa, the Lord Lieutenant, the High Sheriff, the Parish Officer, or subordinate Sheriffs and Magistrates. We designedly avoid any notice of the High Courts of Law, the Assizes, and the Quarter Sessions, and that most important part of our judicial system, partly because there is neither space nor occasion before us for so doing, and partly because it is most important to confine the views we are taking to a particular line of administration, which need excite neither confusion nor jealousies. This will more clearly appear when we consider these administrations in detail, as applied to incarceration, systematic colonisation, and education, which there is good reason to think can never be harmoniously or effectually carried out, but by the proper influence of the structural parts of Society—not by the false position of the “National Society,” which we are glad to find the Bishop of London has had the good sense to pronounce not to be the Church, and not by the false position of the “Privy Council,” which we hope Lord Lansdowne or Lord John Russell will have the good sense to declare not to be the State; and so end the strife of Church and State on that question.

According to the Institutions of Alfred, the whole militia of the Shires of the kingdom was directed by the Earls; and under the Norman rule, when the hides were supplanted by the knights'-fee, the 60,000 armed men at the disposal of the Crown were summoned by the Earls; and when, through the Statute of Winchester, the commission of array was under the inspection of the Constables, it was by a similar direction; and when the knights' service was altogether abolished and the commission of lieutenancy was substituted for the commission of array, the military and police regulations for domestic tranquillity and foreign defence were all carried into effect through the Lords Lieutenants. Within the memory of most, the Militia, the Local Militia, the Volunteer

Corps, and the Yeomanry Corps, have been all under the government of the Shire. The last remnant of this array for the defence of the realm, the Yeomanry Corps, partly from the indisposition of the principal yeomanry to act in a corps where so many enter solely for the purpose of avoiding a tax on their horses, and partly from the general indifference to local duties, to which no honour is attached, and partly from the economical temper of the times,—are about to expire; so that the ancient defence of the kingdom, through the energies of the different Shires, is about to be lost in a standing army and a scattered roving police, aliens from society and offensive to the people.

The office of High Sheriff also is rapidly falling into disregard. We can well recollect the splendid equipage, the full attendance of all the noblemen and gentlemen at the Grand Inquest of the County, the Judges' dinner, and the Sheriff's dinner, and the full display of pomp and majesty with which the administration of the Law at the County Assize was conducted. Early in life, on two occasions, we can remember the Lord Lieutenant, the Noblemen, and the principal Landowners of the Shire, bearing a conspicuous part on those great occasions. Now, in our retirement, we continually read such announcements as the following in the provincial journals:—"We are sorry to say the "Judges' dinner was very thinly attended, only three or four magistrates present, and those chiefly clergymen;" "The Sheriff's equipage, a pair of horses, was very unlike what we remember in former times;" "The Sheriff proposes to give and receive no invitations at the next Assize;" "The *posse* was very insignificant\*." And as to the poor Tu'ngerefa, the Parish Reeve, he exists not; and the Parish Constable is a dying skeleton. These are the ruins of the administrations of the Shire, and no wonder that the public writers of the press begin to predict the entire abrogation of the Anglo-Saxon judicial policy, and even the probability of county courts being reduced to the skeleton condition of judges and policemen.

But these things have a greater effect on crime and pauperism than many imagine. Then as to defence against domestic faction and foreign violence? where is it? What organisation? what registry? what array? what skeletons for array? The whole of Europe in arms—the great mass of the population in some countries arrayed for war, civil or foreign,—and England, in this respect, a *tabula rasa*. The ascendancy sought in Europe for military array in internal government, is no inconsiderable argument for some endeavour to revive in our country a system of honour and reward, without arms and military display. Not that our military and maritime force can, under existing circumstances, be safely reduced, or that we can ever look upon a soldier or a sailor without

\* We ought to state an opposite fact respecting the County of Hants:—"The Duke of Wellington has left Apsley House to meet the Judges." This is true heroism!

grateful admiration of those brave men, who have fought and are ready to fight for the safety and honour of their country ; not that we would grudge their honour and reward, but we would rather have them employed in any service, as we are sure they would rather be employed in any service, than in the guarding and watching their fellow-citizens.

In regarding the civil administrations, therefore, it becomes necessary not only to take into the account institutions of law, of custom, of necessity, and charity, but of honour. In the eye of a patriot we know distinctions are not so much for honour as for use ; but such distinctions, on public grounds, are not to be estimated by their influence on the individuals so distinguished, but by the general effect on the community at large. The local institutions are manifestly neglected, and incommensurate with the wants of Society and the inclinations of the people. The increasing number of voluntary associations professedly designed to remedy these defects, and the unquiet position of the middle and lower classes, invite the consideration how far the administrations of of the State may be extended through these classes, so as to perpetuate what is good, and supersede or consign to oblivion what may become detrimental to the public welfare.

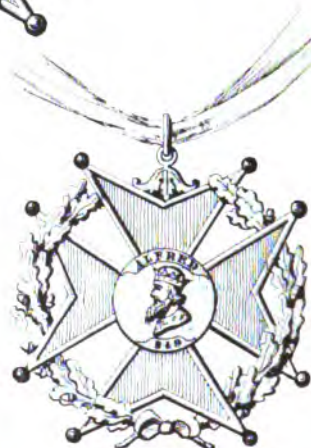
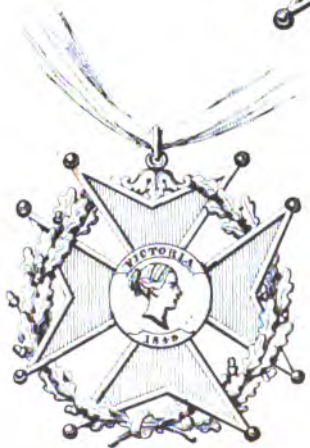
The military orders of merit are more than full, and the order of Knights Bachelor, partly from its being unconnected with professional and official duty, and partly from its being without classes and degrees, is generally unsought and unvalued. We believe the Judges now often, and perhaps very naturally, grudge the fees, and many who are dubbed (to use a Saxon phrase), are half-ashamed of their honour. But this is not good for the public service for the Colonies, the Professions, or the Administrations. Some high road to honour, passing through all ranks from the highest to the lowest, and connecting the rewards of the rank and file of Society with the honour of its highest officers, may be the means of making some effectual and permanent inroads on those masses of vice and misery which have baffled Economy, Philanthropy, Religion, and Law. While we should rejoice to see the People of England, at this particular period, erecting some noble national monument to the memory of the great Architect of our Institutions, we should rejoice also to find that by the Queen of England, the fountain of honour, a Royal Civil Order of Merit should be founded after the memory and experience of a thousand years.

### The Royal Civil Order of Alfred.

We cannot claim to ourselves the merit, whatever it may be, of this suggestion, which we frankly acknowledge must be traced to Saxulf's remarkable dream. The Royal Civil Order of Alfred was in its outline found among the Red-Ink Commentaries of the excellent monk St. Neot. Our friend Saxulf seems to have conceived less scruple in revealing the light he has obtained from the Commentaries than from the Dialogues. From what cause this scruple has arisen we know not; but though, in the one case, he observes impenetrable secrecy, in the other he has allowed us, by his affirmatives and negations, in answer to our queries, to arrive at conclusions with tolerable certainty. Moreover he has put into our hands some original memoranda which might be of use to us in the present discussion, and two of these red-ink Documents we now propose to lay before the public. It is evident that the benevolent ecclesiastic viewed with dissatisfaction the false position of the classes, and that he traced to this source many of our social evils—the increase of crime and pauperism, and especially the painful state of civil excommunication, to which so many of our fellow Christians are reduced as criminals and paupers in gaols and workhouses. It would seem, also, that his opinion was, that democratic degeneracy and discontent might best be met, and the character of the masses most effectually regenerated or preserved by expanding the subordinate democratic institutions of England, which were formerly (in proportion to the population) more numerous and more pervading, and consequently more beneficial, and at the same time infusing more of the old Saxon aristocratic, that is, loyal and patriotic, spirit into the administration of them.







Colonists.

Eminent Men of all ranks.





MEMORANDUM I. 1848.



THE CIVIL ORDER OF MERIT;

OR,

THE ROYAL CIVIL ORDER OF ALFRED THE KING.



First Class.

KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS, G.C.A.

*Cross and Collar.*

The Sovereign. The Royal Princes. The Lords-Lieutenants of the Shires. All Noblemen and Gentlemen who have been Prime Ministers, or Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments. The Lords Chancellors. The Twelve Judges. And One Hundred Members, Magistrates, Colonists, Yeomen-Lieutenants, and eminent Men who have been K.C.A.

*(Honorary Members.)*

PRELATES OF THE ORDER.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

Second Class.

KNIGHTS COMMANDER, K.C.A.

*Cross and Ribbon.*

One Hundred from the Magistrates (particularly High Sheriffs).

One Hundred Yeomen-Lieutenants of the Shires.

One Hundred Mayors and Magistrates of Cities.

One Hundred Colonists.

One Hundred eminent Men (particular regard being had to those brave and benevolent men who so often hazard their own lives to save the lives of their fellow-creatures—the Physicians and Surgeons).

*(Honorary Members.)*

Third Class.

COMPANIONS OF THE ORDER, C.A.

*Bâton and Ribbon.*

Magistrates of the Shires.

Yeomen-Lieutenants of the Shires.

Magistrates of Cities and Boroughs.

Colonists.

Eminent Men of all ranks.

" I have mentioned particularly Yeomen Lieutenants as an important link  
" in the political chain. The Militia, the old plan of our own Alfred, the  
" array of the Shire by Constables, and the array by the Lieutenancy, a sub-  
" stitute for the array of arms under the statute of Winchester, are practically  
" extinct. The Volunteer and Yeomanry Corps, the Tu'ngerefa and Reeves,  
" have all either ceased to exist, or are about to disappear. The extent of our  
" colonies and the military array of all other countries require a standing army,  
" which, for a people of industrial habits and occupations is a relief and a  
" blessing, as well as a necessity and security, if the soldiers of the army are  
" also citizens of the country. But Old England seems to be without the  
" constitutional security which our laws provided for the public peace and  
" public safety, and a knot of magistrates and a knot of policemen with their  
" lock-ups, in times like the present, is no protection—as those who have  
" relied upon them most can testify—against foreign or domestic violence, or  
" the progress of crime and pauperism. The only officers who come in contact  
" *with the working classes* are the policemen and the relieving officers, both  
" unknown to our Anglo-Saxon Constitution, and both, however well-con-  
" ducted, offensive to the people. Some restorative process seems to be  
" necessary, or indolence and personal vanity may invent all manner of  
" schemes, inconsistent with the liberty, the virtue, and the loyalty, that is,  
" with the happiness of the people. Renovation, not innovation, is required  
" to restore to the middle class, and to the ' whole commons of the realm,' a  
" share in the government of the Shire, and in that self-government which  
" their fathers acquired for them, and left them as a statute and an inheritance  
" for ever. To supply this void, I suggest that Yeomen (elected by the  
" parishes), Yeomen Commanders (elected by the Yeomen, and with certain  
" regulations, presented to the Lord Lieutenant and through the Lord Lieu-  
" tenant commissioned in the lieutenancy by the Crown), and Yeomen Con-  
" stables, appointed by the Yeomen (with certain regulations), and Civil  
" Pensioner Constables, elected (partly by seniority and partly by merit) from  
" the Yeomen Constables, should form the civil array of the Shires, which, in  
" extreme emergencies, might be formed into a military array. Thus the  
" administration of the Shire, and the administration of justice, and the defence  
" of Old England might be connected with the Crown, with the Lords Lieute-  
" nants and Nobility, with the Gentry and Magistrates, with the Occupiers of the  
" soil, the Yeomen and Yeomen Lieutenants, and with the People of the land,  
" the Yeomen's Constables and the Civil Pensioners. Again inverting the  
" scale, the labouring class, or considerable portions of that class, being incor-  
" porated in the brotherhood of the Royal Civil Order of Alfred, and connected  
" with a well-secured system of Pensions and Benefit Clubs, would associate the  
" prospect of their independence with their character, public duty, and poli-  
" tical usefulness. In the spirit of Old England's constitution (a con-  
" stitution to be envied by those who have it not, and to be cherished by

“ those who enjoy it), the Aristocratic, the Middle, and the Labouring Class  
 “ would be united and knit together by the strongest associations, traditional,  
 “ official, and personal. The monarchy and the aristocracy will have a  
 “ stronger hold on the hearts and affections of the people. Thus the safety of  
 “ the person, the security of property, and a stronger aversion to crime and  
 “ dependence, would be secured by that which is above all price, the character  
 “ and virtuous pride of the people.”——NEOT †.



## MEMORANDUM II. 1848.



## THE THREE CLASSES OF OLD ENGLAND—

## THE ARISTOCRATIC, THE MIDDLE, AND THE LABOURING CLASSES.



“ The history of all ages—of our own olden time, no less than the experi-  
 “ ence and urgent necessities of the present era—point to the working classes,  
 “ and to those classes immediately connected with them, as those which, for  
 “ the well-being and the safety of society, ought to attract the confidence of  
 “ rulers—share, down to the humblest gradation, the administration of civil  
 “ government—be encouraged in the path of patriotic usefulness—and enjoy,  
 “ in the lesser honours and rewards of our great commonwealth, a familiarity  
 “ with the noble and the aristocratic. I have heard too commonly a contempt  
 “ expressed of the narrow views and contracted prospects of the yeomanry and  
 “ the middle state, as incapable of discerning the political interests, and pro-  
 “ moting the progress of society. English agriculture, no less than English  
 “ commerce, is a refutation of this opinion.

“ Again, I have heard too many politicians estimate the character of the  
 “ artisan and labouring population of Old England by the gaols and work-  
 “ houses, and so express an unfavourable and unjust opinion. The fields, the  
 “ cities, the shops, the manufactures, the industry, the accumulated wealth,  
 “ the mining, the engineering, the brave soldier, the hardy sailor, are again a  
 “ refutation of any unworthy estimate. Virtue is not confined to any class.  
 “ The highest instances may be in the highest; but there is enough of virtue  
 “ and of merit in the parishes of England—enough of the fear of God—of

“ dutiful allegiance to the Queen—and of brotherly charity to each other, in  
 “ the middle and the humbler classes, to entitle them to be entrusted, as for-  
 “ merly, with their proper share in the preservation of order, and of the main-  
 “ tenance of the law.

“ It might not be desirable to influence the middle classes by honours, if  
 “ those distinctions would separate them from the class above, or the class  
 “ below, or their own class, and thus, as in some other countries, render them  
 “ dangerous to the aristocratic, and odious to the working classes. They must  
 “ know, that if they attempt to trample down their superiors, they stand a fair  
 “ chance of being trampled down by their inferiors in degree. If the farmer  
 “ rebels against the landlord, the labourer will soon rebel against the farmer.  
 “ If the wealthy manufacturer will slander and envy the nobility, he will have  
 “ measure for measure, and in the end, as in the case of the bourgeoisie of  
 “ France, have envy, and slander, and something more.

“ On the other hand, if the three great classes be united by honour, where  
 “ honour is valued, and by reward, where reward is due, the foundations may  
 “ be more firmly secured, and the social edifice more steadily balanced in all  
 “ its parts. The local will be reconciled to the general interests—the subordi-  
 “ nate administrations to the general government—while the national life, and  
 “ the social vigour, will resist tendencies to decay, and Habits and Experience,  
 “ the results of the wear and tear of ages, will be a barrier against the novelties  
 “ and the sympathies, of which no one knows the consequences. The relations  
 “ of class to class will correspond to the relations of man to man. Patriotism  
 “ will exhibit itself, not in sectarian warfare, civil or religious, but in the  
 “ Alfredian fraternity of all ranks and orders, strengthened by law, and har-  
 “ monised by religion.”—NEOT †

“ With this Royal Institution of Merit and Honour (of which there should be a branch  
 “ registry in every Shire), may be connected a Benefit Association, with its badges and its banners,  
 “ consisting of honorary members and members contributing for relief in sickness, medical attend-  
 “ ance, honourable funeral, and a pension to the widow of every Yeoman Constable; to which  
 “ Association may also be admitted all the sons and sons-in-law of the Yeomen Constables. Perhaps,  
 “ also, hereafter a system of affiliation of other Clubs, provided they adopt the true Old English  
 “ principle of no secrets, and sound principles of calculation, may be arranged. All these to be  
 “ under the guardianship of the Witan or Court of each Shire—the re-construction of which for these  
 “ purposes, and other objects not judicial, is a matter of the highest importance—the County Court,  
 “ and not the Hundred Court, being the proper point at which the Landowners, the Noble, and the  
 “ greater Thanes, should be incorporated with the Land Occupiers and Gentleman Yeomen Lieuten-  
 “ ants, for practical business as well as for the purposes of the higher police, and to which might  
 “ properly be admitted members of the Medical Profession as a Medical Board of Health to assist  
 “ in their council chamber, with the Bishop of the Diocese as the Prelate of the Shire, and the Dean  
 “ of the Cathedral as the Cathedral of the Shire, and some other Clergy as might seem expedient.”



It is evident from these memoranda that St. Neot took an historical review of the internal government of the Shires from Alfred to the present time, and that his object was to trace out the old ways in order to mark out a plan in harmony with the spirit of the laws and the habits of the people. In this view his suggestions appear to take up what was valuable in the ancient *Folcmote* of the Shire, the array by constables, and the array by a commission of lieutenancy, so that there might not be innovation but rather revival in his proposed reform. Moreover the memoranda were accompanied by schedules and statistics relating to the structure of Society at the present moment, so that his scheme was not the mere enunciation of an idea, but a practical calculation of the working of a principle which is designed to fortify Society itself against those various forms of Socialism, Communism, or Phalansterianism, or Clubism, to which so many countries seem to be destined, and to which our gaols and workhouses, and mis-applied local taxation, seem to be stealthily but surely conducting Society even in England and Ireland.

We have no space on the present occasion to give these arithmetical calculations at any length, or the various schedules which relate to these subjects. But as the pocket is a serious consideration with all Englishmen, and especially with squires and farmers, at the present time, as well as with statesmen and demagogues, we will give a specimen or two as to the numbers of persons who would be registered in the new provincial array, under the influence of the Royal Civil Order of Alfred, as the Yeomen Lieutenancy, Constables, and Civil Pensioners.

First calculation : The number of divisions taken in the population returns are between 1600 and 1700. Presuming that these will be extended by the proposed parochial subdivisions, St. Neot seems in one schedule to have taken the basis of his calculation at 20,000, and reckoning the great number of very large towns not municipal\*, and the large villages, he concludes that the appointment of two Yeomen to each division on the average, and three Constables to each Yeoman, and one Civil Pensioner to each ten or tithing of the Constables, and one Yeoman Commander Lieutenant to each fifty Yeomen, would be about the right proportion.

\* It ought to be stated that there are also calculations for Burgher Lieutenants, but as in cities and boroughs there are Mayors and Corporations, and numerous officers who bear office in these communities, the cases are in some respects different. But a class of honourable men associated on principles independent of local politics and local contracts, and elected for other purposes for life, might be equally beneficial in cities, and have a more salutary influence than the present commissions and committees, with which the citizens and freemen have little or no connection. Lord John Russell has more than once expressed his wish that some civil arrangement might be devised, by which the loss which the working class have sustained in the representation, by the disfranchisement of freemen, might be recompensed ; and perhaps the admission of the Yeomen, and Constables, and Civil Pensioners, and the corresponding Burgher Lieutenancy, to the right of suffrage in virtue of office, might supply some such compensation.

Thus :—

20,000 Divisions.
<hr/>
40,000 Yeomen.
120,000 Yeomen's Constables.
12,000 Civil Pensioners.
800 Yeomen Commander Lieutenants.
<hr/>
172,800 Men of the array.
<hr/>

In this calculation the proportion of Civil Pensioners is probably too small, and the following instance may be more satisfactory. It is the instance of a Shire in which there are between 700 and 800 parishes, and the calculation stands thus :—

1500 Yeomen.
4500 Constables.
450 Pensioners.
30 Yeomen Commander Lieutenants.
<hr/>
6480 Men.
<hr/>

Or, taking this large Shire to the fifty-two Shires of England and Wales, as one to forty, the registry will stand thus :—

60,000 Yeomen.
180,000 Yeomen's Constables.
18,000 Civil Pensioners.
1,200 Yeomen Lieutenants.
<hr/>
250,200 Men.
<hr/>

#### THE EXPENSE—STATEMENT FOR ENGLAND AND WALES.

The yeomen would be volunteers. The constables would be a slight charge when their services were specially required, as the ordinary business would be performed by the civil pensioners. For the benefits of the Royal Alfred Brotherhood Association, and the prospect of a civil pension and superannuation, each constable would give one day's service in the year, *if required*, out of the parish. For these, and other reasons, the roll might be further increased beyond the estimate of 250,000 men. Taking the civil pensioners for England and Wales

at 20,000, and £.10 for each civil pensioner, with an extra allowance for a titling of head constables and high constables out of that number, we reckon :—

	£.
20,000 Civil Pensioners, Constables, at £.10 .	200,000
For Head and High Constables' extra and other expenses . . . . .	50,000
	<hr/>
	£.250,000
For Heralds' Office, in lieu of Fees . . .	3,000
For 52 Registries of Counties, at £.300 . . .	15,000
	<hr/>
	<u>£.268,000</u>

or about £.1 sterling per head for the whole roll.

STATEMENT FOR THE SHIRE.—Array, 6480.

	£.
400 Civil Pensioners (Parish Courts*) at £.10	4000
40 Civil Pensioners, Head Constables (Hundred Court) at £.20 . . . . .	800
10 Civil Pensioners, High Constables (Quarter Sessions and County) at £.40 . . . . .	400
	<hr/>
	£.5200
	<hr/>
As Yeomen-Lieutenants will have no clerks, and some necessary expenses at the Quarter Sessions and Assizes, and with the comitatus for the Sheriff, of Civil Pensioners, supplied by the County, allowing £.50 to each of the	£.
30 Yeomen-Lieutenants . . . . .	1500
Registrar . . . . .	300
	<hr/>
	<u>£.7000</u>

It appears that there is now in this county a modern Rural Police, the cost of which has averaged £.12,000 per annum for 112 men, leaving a balance of £.5000 on the above estimate for a civil array of 6480. A reduction of

\* The duties of the Yeomen, and the province of these Courts, will be considered under the subject of Incarceration.

county expenses, as we shall see more clearly when we examine the subject of Incarceration in gaols and workhouses, must be the result of a more ample and more structural organisation. The pay to the Civil Pensioner Constable, Head Constable, and High Constable, leaving them the opportunity of pursuing their lawful calling, would be considered a substantial salary. Of course, in many cases, expenses would be payable by parties, and fines incurred to a greater extent, where civil injury may be substituted for crime, must be taken into the account of resources.

Making allowances for incidental expenses and fines, it would appear that an array of 250,000 men might be formed for £.250,000, or of 500,000 men for £.500,000, thus registered and appointed for public service, public reward, and public honour, and associated for mutual support and independence with the middle and aristocratic classes. So many families, with their relations, would form a social and political barrier against the criminal and pauper-creating system which is threatening to deluge society. At present clubs and benevolent societies, by a system of compromise with the Poor Law Agency, fail to effect this great object. But a spirit of pride and security might be effectually raised up, and a more healthy state of independence be preserved among the people, who, we doubt not, would earnestly and gratefully co-operate in such a system of law, order, and brotherhood. We must content ourselves with this outline on this occasion, but other opportunities of considering this subject in detail will occur, with respect to the Administration of Justice\*, National Defence, Incarceration, Emigration, Education, and especially with respect to the Benevolent Incorporation of the Alfredian Brotherhood, for mutual protection and support, as well as for public service.

It will naturally be observed, that this civil array would incorporate only the most healthy part of society, the best men, and that those only could be admitted within the ages of twenty-three and thirty-five. This, however, is an important gain. But it appears that St. Neot had another design for another roll of labourers and parishioners through the surveyors of England and Wales. To this roll persons may be admitted, who, from infirmity or defect, might not be admitted to the higher order of the Alfredian Brotherhood, and also labourers who, having failed to be members of that higher order, should have attained the age of sixty years. The principal features of the plan (for we can only mention the principal points) were, that this roll might contain the names of about 200,000 labourers, of whom 20,000 should be civil pensioners of the surveyors, each labourer having a claim for a certain number of days' work in the year, within the province of the surveyor's office, now so important, and each pen-

\* In the execution of the law, the duties of this Lieutenancy and Constabulary will be in subordination to the Magistrates.



sioner, not disabled, rendering a certain number of days' work, having the rest at his own disposal, according to his age or ability, if not disabled by age or infirmity, when he would be entitled to the pension, without work—the labourers and the pensioners cancelling all claim on the overseers, except in case of continued sickness, and provided no benefit association in affiliation with the Royal Brotherhood of Alfred on a smaller scale of pay and allowance should be arranged for the fraternity. Allowing a pension of £.7 per annum to these pensioners would constitute a claim of £.140,000 only on the surveyors' rate of England and Wales, for which a considerable part of the work would be done. Thus we should have a sinking fund on pauperism—independent, respected pensioners over the face of the country, in contrast with paupers—and we should have respected age in contrast with juvenile offenders. Society can invent no more efficient means of corrupting youth than by dishonouring age—and no better means of checking and reclaiming juvenile offenders than by paying respect to honourable old age.

Thus the way would be prepared for another important social agency, Colonisation applied to the superabundant able-bodied labour, in connection with separate arrangements for the appropriation of separate Colonial Grants to each shire, and, in a manner, (by the association of sons of gentlemen, clergymen, and yeomen,) which would divest Colonisation of the appearance of hard-hearted expatriation of the Poor by the Rich, and give it a new character of Migration from the different ranks of Society, and of a rational and a justifiable test of character. Again, we should see our way more clear for a better and cheaper administration by the Overseer, the Churchwardens, the Clergy, and the Medical Profession, for the needy, the sick, the destitute, and the dying; as well as for the widow and legitimate orphans, with respect to whom St. Neot seemed to indulge the hope that a Sisterhood, not only of maidens of mercy and charity, but of the married ladies of the shire, might be formed and effectually contribute their valuable aid; and thus place virtuous widowhood and innocent orphanage in contrast with a demoralisation which is threatening the vitals of Society.

We have said enough to indicate that the main object of the suggestions of the benevolent monk, was to undermine and cancel, as much as possible, the corrupting, peculating, degrading, expensive system of Contracts, and all the diagramatic and dietetical contrivances, of modern policy, which have generated rather than prevented crime and pauperism. It is well known that the Anglo-Saxon Clergy used their influence for the manumission of the Serfs, and the elevation of the People. They not only prayed, but acted "for the body as well as the soul." Tradition tells us that St. Neot, while he taught the People to fear God, honour the King, and love one another; by counsel, and even reproof, taught the King, his Kinsman, and the Great Men of his Court, to fear God, abate their Pride, and love the People.

We have made a practical use of the Dream of Æthelinge, and of the Theorem and the Model which it revealed. We cheerfully lay it before our countrymen, trusting, that, in this new-fangled age, it may read some useful lessons to those who are given to changes which have no historical or constitutional analogies. Let us walk about the old Ruins, observe their beauty and strength, and improve our good taste and good sense at the same time. The old *fixtures*, the old *furniture*, the old *rooms*, the old *Mansion House*, of Old England, if we will only clear away the lath and plaster, the stucco and the daubings, are still to be traced out and restored, and we trust we may still see old games, rural sports, and rural pleasures, through the length and breadth of the Old Land as in olden Times—

“ When none was for a Party,  
When all were for the State ;  
When the Great Man helped the Poor,  
And the Poor Man loved the Great.”——MACAULAY.

¶.



# That Day!

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## I.

It is coming, Anglo-Saxons, it is coming, sure and fast,  
The birth-day of the future world—the death-day of the Past.  
The day when One, to judgment, the race of Man shall beckon—  
How think you, Anglo-Saxons, are you prepared to reckon?

## II.

The day when every thought and deed, aye, every idle word  
Shall start up into life and light, and no excuse be heard;  
When conscience-stricken, stark, and wild, each frantic wretch  
shall call,  
“ Fall down—fall down—ye mountains, and hide us in your fall!”

## III.

When fresh and vivid every deed—as when that deed was done—  
Shall burst its veil of dark disguise full in the searching Sun;  
When the shriek that once struck horror, shall then be shrieked again,  
And the slighted prayer of Orphans, and the want that cried in vain.

## IV.

It is coming, fellow-mortals, though we be doomed to die,  
Though hushed must be each cheery voice, and dimmed each  
glancing eye;  
Though earth be mixed in kindred earth, and dust in dust forgot,  
Yet Death is but a Journey's stage—the Grave a resting spot.

V.

Man may, and must, revive and rise—the Spirit cannot die—  
Else Reason is but Folly—and all our Faith a lie—  
And Faith and Reason tell alike there is a world to come,  
Where the Evil shall be punished, and the Good be welcomed home.

VI.


What shame, then, Anglo-Saxons, or what glory may be yours,  
To whom so many noble gifts a bounteous Mercy pours ;  
To whom on every league of land beneath the blaze of heaven  
A name, a tongue, for right or wrong, are gloriously given !

VII.

Oh ! ye so highly favoured among the Sons of Earth,  
Arouse, awake, while duty calls and show the world your worth ;  
Retrieve the past, and speed the time, when Myriads shall confess,  
“ When many came for strife and gain—the English stayed to bless ! ”



# Daily Life.



## I.


GREEDY search of sordid treasure,  
Groveling lust of soulless pleasure,  
Idle waste of surfeit leisure,  
Oh ! that these should fill the measure  
Of so many a Daily Life !

## II.

Oh ! that hunger past enduring,  
Foul disease beyond all curing,  
Dreary gaols all hope immuring,  
Glaring vice poor souls alluring,  
Should be things of Daily Life !

## III.

Let us pray that this be mended,  
Vice controlled and misery ended,  
Peace from one to all extended,  
Till with Faith and Hope be blended  
Charity in Daily Life !



# The Working Men of England.

## I.

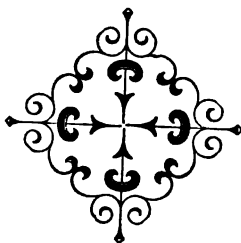
YE working men of England, who rise at earliest day,  
To toil in painful drudgery, and earn a niggard pay,  
To dig and reap in others' fields, build houses not your own—  
I fancy you're the happiest men, if all the truth were known.

## II.

For happiness and peace of mind—these are not bought with gold—  
Men never yet have gained them so—and now the world is old ;  
They grow from Labour and Content, and Humbleness alone—  
Then I think that you're the happiest men, if all the truth be known.

## III.

No doubt, no doubt, you've grievances ; it seems a cruel lot,  
Living to toil like burden'd beast, and, dying, sink forgot ;  
Yet One there is who ever claims the poor man for his own—  
And you'll be found the happiest men, when all the truth is known.



# Christendom.



" Then rouse thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,  
In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,  
And doest thy mind in durty pleasures moyle ;  
Unmindful of that deare Lord of thyne ;  
Lift up to him thy heavy clouded eyne  
That thou his soveraine bounty may'st behold,  
And read, through love, his mercies manifold !"——SPENSER.



**S**OCIAL SUBJECTS are the topics of the day. On these, philosophers are theorising, statesmen brooding, fanatics raving, and fools babbling. Among all classes of the religious world, the Church is the great Question that is knitting the brows of the thoughtful, or rousing the clamour of the unthinking. In the political circles, men are puzzling over subjects of no less importance than the very basis of Society itself. Man individual is merged, for a time, in the complicated interests of Man aggregate.—No wonder!—Crammed and crowded in portentous masses, till every sup of breath comes into body, soul, and spirit, tasted and tainted by lungs innumerable, men's wants and dangers, no less than their energies and influence, have assumed a new urgency, and demand an expanded development.

The Million! Think of Adam and Eve alone in Eden—and then think of London. Make the comparison. See Man in his original simplicity—the world before him; and then behold him in his tremendous development. Stand for a few minutes in one great thoroughfare, and try to count—not numbers, (for these are not posts and rails,) but faces and expressions; be rude for once, and stare—look in their eyes—read their Souls—all alike, yet all how different—all with the same keen anxieties, and desperate energies, yet none thinking of the same objects—of the same persons. Stand there, reader, for one half hour, and learn what social subjects mean. Confess that it is well that there are men whose days and

nights are set upon solving the fearful problems of our swarming Community, and give, if thou hast no thoughts of thine own painful producing—give at least, an earnest heed to such suggestions as may have occurred to those who have studied the evils, and difficulties, and dangers, if they have not discovered the universal remedy.

We have used the cant terms, “religious world,” and “political circles.” There is a certain antagonism implied by these expressions. When we speak of the religious world, we think of men who, with innumerable differences among themselves, are yet united in holding some common principles, founded on Divine revelation, or at least, in assuming such Divine revelation to be the one indisputable source from which all their principles of reasoning or acting should flow. Political circles imply men generally of another description. Individually, they are not to be supposed unaffected by any Divine revelation—but systematically, they do not make such revelation the ground of their arguments, or guide of their proceedings. Reason and human wisdom are the standards by which they try all things—the fountains to which they seek for remedies or refreshments.

The object which both these classes have in view, may be expressed by one term—though, of course, they severally would insist on very different explanations of it. Human Happiness is the ultimate Object for which they are seeking and struggling. We do not stop to analyse the different definitions that one party or the other would give of that for which they are aiming—but, practically, it must be the same thing, if it is ever attained, here or hereafter, for it is that which must finally satisfy man’s cravings.

Hitherto, this object has been pursued, more or less exclusively, with a view to Man *individually*; the pressure of his aggregate wants is only now (we speak of modern, and especially of Anglo-Christendom) beginning to be felt in so powerful a measure, as to compel a complete practical settlement of those controverted points which have not before pressed for a final and positive solution. Hitherto, the attention of religious teachers has been mainly directed to the perfecting of such a scheme of doctrine, as may lead the individual Soul to its haven of eternal blessedness; and so, also, the wisdom of the political guide has been chiefly employed in settling the rights of Man—that is, in restricting the power of one individual, or one class, over another, whether to oppress or defraud—in defining the limits and safeguards of individual, rather than public property. Of course, it would be absurd to assert, that great Theologians and great Legislators have ever narrowed their views to these ends. The Church and the Commonwealth are old ideas. All we mean is, that hitherto there has not been a direct practical pressure, which has compelled the definite solution of all the problems connected with these ideas. And here it is to be remarked, that the Question of individual happiness may be considered settled;



Men of all religious sects and denominations are agreed, generally, upon what constitutes a good man ; and they are universally agreed in teaching, that *goodness is happiness*. Nor does the opinion of those who are, perhaps, invidiously called men of the world, differ largely from the doctrines of divines. At least it is remarkable, that he whom one class would designate as a real Christian, the other would, without hesitation, acknowledge to be a good man and worthy citizen. The practical question of virtue and vice is not in these days debated. Morals and Religion have joined hands, and if the latter is still shy of acknowledging herself indebted to the teaching of the former, she will, at least, not deny that her own teaching has been, in practice, acknowledged by Moralists, and harmonised with their systems.

And now the time is hastening when other questions have to be decided—when the road to social and collective happiness has to be clearly surveyed, and distinctly indicated. The time is coming when there must be no more difference of opinion concerning the forms and objects of Society—Religious and Civil—than now exists among thoughtful and good men, concerning virtue and vice, or the individual question of *meum* and *tuum*.

And, as the deductions of religion and reason have really harmonised hitherto—as men generally have given in their assent to the law of individual goodness and holiness, taught by Christianity as the only law of happiness—so, we doubt not, it will ultimately be in the case of our Social System. That perfect body, animated by one spirit, which Apostles have anticipated, and Philosophers educed, as the full development of Man's noblest destiny, will, doubtless, be at last realised ; and, though our feeble reason and faint hearts fail to discern hopeful symptoms in the stagnant selfishness of one day, or the fanatic ebullitions of another, yet a calmer reflection, and more courageous faith, would surely read in every sign of the times indications of the coming of the End—the End which revelation predicts, and wise experience anticipates,—when the Evil against which Man has so long, even from the beginning, been struggling, shall be finally vanquished, and the Good shall universally triumph,—when Men shall no more fight and strive, whether as individuals, or parties, or nations,—when the good of all shall be the first, the good of self the last, motive that shall actuate the many members of one body.

Dreams of Enthusiasm !—Visions of Utopia !—Aye, but brother Man, who was the first dreamer—who the Arch Enthusiast ? When was it predicted that there should be Peace on Earth, good-will to Man ? Who was the raving preacher whose visionary doctrines even thou mayest somewhere have read—“ I say unto you, love your enemies ; bless them that curse you,” &c.—“ Whatsoever ye would that Men should do unto you, Even so do unto them,” &c., &c.

The present state of Christendom (though it is a trite remark to many)

furnishes at once the saddest, and yet most hopeful reflections that good men, of whatever party or sect, can entertain. Has then that beautiful religion of unimagined Mercy and love so little hold, even upon those who profess its belief? If Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, who saw but the incomplete inauguration of the Divine revelation, must for their unbelief fare worse than Sodom and Gomorrah, what must be the doom of modern Christendom? Doubtless, the "Woe unto thee!" lies heavy at the gates of many now rich, and great, and powerful. Too truly has the God of this world been served and loved by those who have been loudest in renouncing his allegiance. Mammon, with his train of Envy, Jealousies, Lust, and Avarice, has been duly worshipped, and his adorers are reaping the fruits of their idolatries. Class against Class, Nation against Nation, Race against Race—the collision is going on in fearful earnest; a few nobler and more disinterested cries, mingling here and there in the baser clamour; Law and Order, the simulated emblems of selfish exclusiveness; Liberty and Brotherhood, the prostituted symbols of the vilest Envy and Anarchy!

Woe unto thee, Christendom! Was it for this that the Author of all Law and Order and Harmony revealed the one and only way by which Men's distorted passions were to be regulated, their wandering impulses controlled, their jealous aspirations harmonised? Was it for this that the Redeemer, the one Emancipator, the Elder Brother of the whole human Fraternity, the one Equaliser of all ranks, and castes, and breeds, came and, nigh two thousand years ago, preached doctrines, and showed signs, lived a life and died a death, that should at least shame to silence, if they might not lead to a better way, the angry, noisy, self-interested spirits, whose every action is a mocking commentary on the faith they profess—a derision and a scorn, were it not for blinded flocks, they in their blindness profess to tend?

And yet, even in their wickedness and ignorance, the turbulent excitements of modern Christendom indicate surely enough where the wants of Men cry loudest for satisfaction, what are the problems of the human destiny, which it is given to our generation to solve.

The civilised parts of the human race have arrived at a great crisis. Hitherto there has been improvement and progress, gradual and intermittent, yet constant; and now that progress, if it is to continue, will no longer be the advance of individual minds, acting imperceptibly on their generation producing improvement and advantage, so gradual, that men are obliged to look anxiously back two hundred years, to be sure that we have advanced—at least in the essentials of human happiness.

Henceforth the progress of Man must be collective, and felt and acknowledged by the whole community. For turning again to England, the Home Source of all Anglo-Saxon Meditations, what is the actual stage at which we

have arrived? Division and competition, in all grades and professions, seem at length to have done their work; they have elicited inventions and systematised sciences, till the one invention necessary seems to be how to harmonise and disseminate all we have discovered—and the highest science is the one most earnestly pressing—the Science of Universal Happiness.

The Science of Individual Happiness is, we repeat, no longer a question of dispute. Moral Philosophy and personal Religion have gained that practical hold on Men's convictions, as no longer to leave it an open question what parents or pastors are to teach their children as the road to Happiness. And it is at least singular how the different Christian Sects are harmonised in their practical, however much they may still choose to differ in their theoretical teaching. Probably, the men whom Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Independents, would severally hold forth as patterns of individual excellence, and, therefore, (for it is a necessary consequence,) the happiest of their Communities, would be found to differ in no one practical point, according to any test by which it might be in the power of Man to judge. Christianity has furnished a key which has opened that mystery, for which Philosophers had found no certain solution—Man's spiritual bondage—and has supplied the motives and inspiration which were yet wanting to convert ethical Systems into practical Guides of Life.

And, therefore, we shall be fain to look to the same instructress for a clue to the removal of whatever difficulties still obstruct the fulfilment of that universal blessedness which alone can be the pledge and assurance that the happiness of the Individual shall not be a mere speculative possibility.

Human wisdom, or rather human consent, will indeed call loudly for an acknowledgment of the vast progress it has already attained in the Cause of Man's Social Welfare. It is only by a vigorous exertion of unbiassed thought, or by the less impartial teaching of Adversity, that we awaken to the conviction that our own generation has not arrived at the *summum bonum* of political perfection. Accustomed from our cradle to hear of our Glorious Constitution, of our Splendid Monarchy, of our Noble Aristocracy, of our independent Commons, of our manly and industrious Peasantry, and indoctrinated no less with an abundant conviction of the unrivalled perfection of the Church into which we have been baptized, or the persuasion our Parents have adopted, —above all, being specially admonished and conjured that we make it our rule of Life to mind our own business—and this not only negatively, but positively—not only by leaving our Neighbour to help himself, but by strenuously helping our own selves, the “only way to be happy”—under these circumstances, there is small need to wonder if we, many of us, get on in life and get through life, without ever making the discovery, that the boasted perfection of our Society and its Institutions is practically, to a large class of our fellow-countrymen, a falsehood—well if it be not also a maddening mockery.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We are no Chartists, and loathe all approach to Jacobinism; nor is it without painful reluctance that we would awaken any from their happier views of our social condition, to the sad and stern realities we believe to exist; nor would we fretfully disallow the evidence by which the Historian of our day has re-assured the fainting courage of those who had seen so much present evil, that they could not but believe the "Glorious Past" to have been less miserable.

The augmented prosperity of our time cannot indeed be denied. The many accessions of comfort, knowledge, and power, to *all classes*, are beyond dispute. The means of enjoyment, the complements of happiness, have multiplied beyond number. But the Great Object itself—the End of Life—where is it realised? Strike the balance between actual Happiness and Misery, and who will dare to say that the former predominates?

Go into all ranks—mix in every class. Forget, if you can, the whole Island of Misery that clings with ghastly wretchedness to our unprofitable support, and mocks with its fearful propinquity every smiling face in our more favoured land. Go to the homes of the high and noble—visit the cheerful dwellings of the prosperous middle classes—seek for the rose-clad cottages of the industrious labourers—and what is the testimony of One and All? Many noble Virtues, many worthy aspirations, much content, more patience,—aye, these are indeed to be found in every English home. But are these the *prominent* indications of the state of Society? Were there no tears or sighs of those who, nurtured in delicacy, trained to the enjoyment of the deepest human delights, had ripened into full age, to find only their dreams a delusion, their hopes a mockery, their affections a sin? Was the conventional garb of cheerful hospitality able to conceal the broken heart of the desolate parent—desolate because some cherished offspring had been enticed or forced from the shelter of home, to be robbed of purity, ruined in fortune, ridiculed out of all simple holy attachments, by the accursed atmosphere of Christian England, and her civilised Society? Were there no faces, once bright and smiling with the innocent loveliness of Childhood, now hardened into the scowl of passion, furrowed with care or avarice, bloated by intemperance, or worse still, shaved, and trimmed, and starched into the stereotyped smirk of canting hypocrisy? So it is in the Homes. But what among the Homeless? What in those haunts of vice, which we blush to name, and whose existence our civilised Society ignores in pretence, but propagates and fosters in reality? What in the Gaols and Penitentiaries, Factories and Workhouses? Though, indeed, it may well be doubted whether, in these refuges of the destitute and miserable, there be not more of hope than in the gilded Society of which they are the outcasts. In prisons, kind Men and tender Women have gained access to those deeper pulses of Man's marvellous Soul for which our boasted Society had provided no sympathy, but had rather hardened into brutishness or

devilry. And the factory Schools, workhouse Schools, ragged Schools—are they not doing that, even at the wrong end, which had been left undone at the right time, and in the right manner, to the danger and disgrace of All—especially of those who have the sense to value and find words to celebrate our “glorious Constitution,” or our “inimitable Church.”

No—there are evils among us, causes of unhappiness, not to be accounted for as mere accidents of a large and prosperous Society, which are to be traced, not to excess of population, fluctuations of wealth, or any other inevitable consequence of our political condition, but to faults and defects in our Social System, or rather to a wrong and false spirit, on which men have learnt to rely as the main-spring and movement of public prosperity. “*Aide-toi!*” Help thyself! is the fundamental maxim on which our civilised system at present is conducted. Of course we do not deny that so selfish a principle is considerably modified and qualified in practice. For this good reason, that Society on such a principle alone must inevitably come to a stand-still. Supposing all had equal chances in the struggle, and pursued it with equal energy, what must be the result, but a universal checkmate? A wiser Ruler than Man had well foreseen the result of such an appeal to man’s selfish interests, as the guiding rule of life, and not only prevented its natural results by the introduction of such an irregularity and variety among the struggling competitors, as to make some combination and co-operation absolutely necessary for fair play, but also had vindicated the wisdom and mercy of His Creation by endowing Man with other qualities and motives far higher and nobler than his selfish interests, and tending directly to the good of the whole race, rather than of certain fortunate individuals.

It is the fault and vice of our present System that it appeals to these disinterested qualities, only secondarily,—that it does not make the possession or exercise of them essential to every member of the body politic. It cannot indeed do otherwise than recognise their superiority, and do homage to their excellence; and gladly does it avail itself of their influence to harmonise and soften the harsher results which necessarily accompany the selfish principles on which it prefers to regulate its ordinary proceedings. And yet, even while accepting and professing a Religion, every one of whose doctrines implies the total renunciation of self, Society has yet contrived by a crafty toleration of conflicting sectarians to slip, as it were, out of the straitened garment that must have positively forced it to renounce the ways of the world, the worship of Mammon, and to comfort itself and speak peace to its conscience by pointing to the quarrels and dogmas of those Sectarians, saying: Tush! Religion has to do with the Pulpit or the Closet, the Synod or Convocation; not with the Farm, the Shop, the Bank, or the Exchange! There are Men who see this clearly and plainly, and who would, if they had the wit or courage, ignore Religion altogether, and push

Charity and Philanthropy overboard. Well do they see, that the present anomaly cannot continue—that if Wealth is to be the *summum bonum* of the Nation, and that Wealth is to be sought and acquired through the selfish interests, plausibly called Industry, of individuals, the conflicting interests of the million must not be promoted—Artisans must not combine, lest they thwart the interest of the Employer, and the rival firm undersell him in the market ; Tradesmen may not combine, lest they put an end to the system of debt and extravagance, by which some few are making their fortunes. A Nation may not combine and consult for its common interests, lest it should empty the pockets of a Monopolist, or damage the speculations of a Free Trader. Nay, even to rescue thousands from guilt and ignorance, a Nation may not combine through its Parliament to promote National Education, or complete and extend the organisation of its Religious Establishment.

The selfish System has run the length of its tether. By opening the valve of Emigration, by classification and economy in the distribution of Poor-Rates and the support of Paupers, by the drain of many of our bravest and best to the numerous stations where the Anglo-Saxon tongue predominates, England may yet go on for a while apparently on the same tack. But the change has already begun and cannot be arrested, the change of men's thoughts and feelings and principles, the change from competition and rivalry to co-operation and mutual assistance, from interested partisanship to generous devotion and abnegation of Self. Men see that there is a Task before them, a Destiny unfulfilled. " All " We are Brethren ;" and as Experience has truly taught us, that if one member suffer, all, though they perceive not the cause, must suffer also ; so the thoughtful and educated Englishmen of the present day have resolved not to wait till the result come upon them, but to anticipate, and if it may be to prevent it. And well are they setting the practical example of better things by seeking out with kindly sympathy and proffered help those plague-spots of misery and wretchedness which uncared for will taint and corrupt the whole body. The change is working ; God forbid that it should be arrested. If there is a danger of folly and enthusiasm in the cause of Benevolence, Englishmen do not lack sense to perceive their errors, or wit to remedy them. And when that good sense, that thoughtful prudence and forethought, above all, that patient industry from which Prosperity does indeed arise, shall have been cut off from the wild and worthless stock of selfish interests, and grafted on to the more fruitful root of Faith, Hope, and Charity, then shall the end be at hand, the Happiness of Man shall be attained, Prophecy accomplished, and Christianity consummated !

We have said that it is to Christianity that we look as the guide and promoter of that social improvement which we are fain to anticipate. At the risk of tedious repetition, the remark must be again forced upon our readers,

that Christianity has, in fact, *established* the way to individual happiness. She has taught that Man does not live by bread alone; she has awakened feelings so solemn in the human breast, that every faculty and expression of body and mind have yielded to the influence, and indicated the existence of a higher nature—a nature that cannot be reconciled to or satisfied with the temporary provisions of an earthly limited existence. She has elevated man above the range of a sentient or even a reasonable existence, and has elicited the infinite cravings of his unfathomable spirit, by bringing that which was from the beginning, the light of the world, the life of man, into a form and reality, within the grasp of his still imperfect comprehension. She has spoken in the words of the Old Law, of that judgment and condemnation to which the natural conscience listens with the mysterious attraction of secret foreboding and fearful acquiescence. She has recognised as the source of all unhappiness that Sin, which nothing but a long course of hardened impenitence ventures to ignore, and then when the inmost hopes, fears, thoughts, and capacities, of man have thus been probed and aroused, she has provided a stay, and sure support, to which thousands and ten thousands have clung, all with trembling thankfulness, some with the surest confidence.

By faith in the Saviour she has allayed fears, roused hopes, and, above all, kindled love, such as has rendered to many the realisation of perfect happiness no wistful dream of unearthly unimaginable possibility, but the perfect and almost necessary completion of that peace of mind, which has been actually gained, and enjoyed, and displayed, “here below!” Such has Christianity been to individuals of all parties, sects, and communions—such she has yet to become to the whole communion of redeemed mankind!

Oh, for faith, confidently to expect such a consummation! Oh, for wisdom, to discern truth from falsehood, to vindicate the religion of Christ from superstition or fanaticism on the one hand, from unbelief and vain speculation on the other! Oh, for courage, to declare boldly and loudly the truth and confute the falsehoods! Above all, for a love to win the way over doubts, fears, prejudices, into the inmost spirit of our brother men; that so with our common wants, and one Comforter, our common sins and one Redeemer, our common hopes and one Heaven, we may all come by the same path, and in happy fellowship, to the good placed freely within the reach of all.

We do not presume to indicate the shape and form into which Religion when once carried into all the operations of life, would remould Society. Certain it is, that when once we acknowledge such to be the destined work of Religion, we confess, also, that the controverted questions of Church-government assume a direct and practical interest beyond that of a mere speculative discussion, while at the same time we introduce into the arena of politics a life and spirit, stronger than mere worldly partisanship, nobler than any selfish

ambition. The disputes about Church-Government will possibly be modified in their proverbial rancour, when it is felt that such government, whatever form it may assume, is to have a living active influence in combating real and palpable evils, and promoting a goodness and happiness to be seen and felt, and acknowledged by *all*. And the dogmas of modern statesmanship may assume a more genial and truthful expression when the national happiness shall be sought, not in the balance of conflicting interests, and the action and re-action of contending parties, but in the encouragement and development of those higher instincts and nobler aspirations, which alone can raise the individual or the community to the perfection destined by their Creator.

It may truly be said, that the social problems of our day have to be solved, not only on paper, or in debate, but in truth and in life. And as that will prove itself the true Church, no matter whether Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, or Presbyterian; which succeeds in raising all its members to the standard of Christian Faith and Love; so will that be the perfect state (no matter whether kingdom or republic), which shall remove or efface the social grievances and miseries which still universally, though to a greater or less degree, mock the boasted perfection of all nations and commonwealths, the oldest as well as the most recent, and so shall realise the dreams of poets, the aspirations of patriots, nay the predictions of prophets, and secure universal acquiescence in the triumph of Order, Industry, and Love.

And whenever we fix our minds clearly on the object to be attained, viz. a happy community, how clearly do we seem to understand that great truth which alone offers a solution of all the doubts and difficulties, religious and political, which are now crowding to a crisis—the truth as yet only vaguely understood, yet gradually and surely gaining ground in men's convictions—that Church and State are in their complete idea one and identical;—that they have one and the same object in view—the collective happiness of their members;—that, though separate for a time, they seem to be pursuing different ends—the one a physical and earthly good, the other a spiritual and heavenly—yet that sooner or later if they persevere in the attainment of their object they must coincide. The State must discover that it is impossible to separate the earthly part of men from the unearthly, and that he is not a mere beast of the field—“living by bread alone.” The Church, also, must learn, that the ends for which she has received her high commission can never be attained while she separates things spiritual from temporal, and attempts to train her members to the standard of Christian perfection, while she has neither the power, nor perhaps the disposition, to influence them in the maxims, and customs, and regulations of that earthly society in which they necessarily live, and from which they cannot fail to take an abiding impression.

It is a notorious fact, that the Christian Church, whether in the more



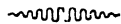
Catholic sense, as meaning the common ideas and principles, the *public opinion* of all who profess and call themselves Christians, or in the less general signification of an organised community of Christians, does practically fail in effecting its highest object—the redemption of man from sin and misery. Generation after generation drops to the grave, out of whom the largest charity must except a vast number who do not receive the practical help and encouragement which the happier few indeed derive from the means of grace. Where shall we find the Church that has proved an ark of salvation to the large majority of those under its influence? Where shall we find the congregation of faithful men whose light is shining before men—who, not as individuals, but as a Christian community, are realising the perfect unity which their faith inculcates? And if it be so, what is the difficulty under which the church or the churches labour, that prevents their effecting more perfectly the object of their formation? Is it not this?—That the acknowledgment of Christianity by the highest earthly power, that of the State, necessarily changes the position of all communities from one of antagonism to one of subordination. It is in vain for religious bodies to endeavour to affix the stigma of the world upon that society which avowedly professes to be Christian, however feebly it fulfils the responsibilities which such an avowal imply; for it cannot be denied that the State, by the very assuming the name of a Christian State, modifies very considerably the principles upon which, were it a mere worldly power, it would act. It does promote, more or less, the same objects as those which the Church more prominently pursues—it does exact from its members a standard of action, inferior perhaps to the perfect requirements of Christianity, but much higher than would be observed in any community that entirely ignored religion. And hence arises the disadvantage under which religious societies, holding up a higher standard, sorely labour—that they cannot separate their members altogether from that wider and more powerful society, to which by their birth they belong, because they cannot really identify that society with the evil powers from which they may, without exaggeration, warn their flocks to fly. The manners and customs, above all the laws of the State, have been so much influenced by Christianity in spirit, and are so professedly Christian in name, that it is neither possible nor expedient for any Christian community to disallow its authority, or to forbid the enjoyment of its advantages and protection. What remains, then, but that the members of these religious bodies, however influenced individually, and from time to time, by the more pure atmosphere of their church or community, must still be influenced permanently, and from day to day, by the necessary intercourse which they have no choice but to keep up with that more mixed society which is neither the World in its worst sense, nor the Church in its best—but a State nominally Christian, though only partially Christianised in its principles or practice?

And here we recognise as well the advantages as the disadvantages which a Church established by the State possesses, in comparison with those religious bodies which are only tolerated or protected—though it may be well to reserve any reflections on a subject of such great interest to another paper. Our object is to set men's minds thinking, rather than to dogmatise and direct. On one point, at least, there can be no disagreement—that we are neither to stand still nor to go backwards, but to advance and improve, both politically and spiritually. The question is, whether such spiritual and political improvement, seeing that it is to affect the same subjects, is to be sought by different channels, and through distinct organisations? Whether the tendency of our day is to be to the greater separation and alienation of religious and political wisdom—of man's understanding and spirit—or to their greater harmony and ultimate union? Whether nominal Christendom, such as now claims the name, is to become a real and true Christendom, or to abjure alike the name and the responsibility—leaving it to the Church to begin again the battle of the first centuries—to fight its way through persecution and humiliation, to that universal influence and superiority to which, if the Word of God fail not, and man's happiness and redemption be not a forfeited and retracted promise, it must surely attain?

I.



## My Own Fault.



CREEP on, creep on, thou lingering age,  
I have no heart to bid thee tarry ;  
I weary of life's pilgrimage,  
With weight of many woes to carry !  
Dark memories unatoned by tears,  
Shame duly earned, praise wrongly taken,  
Past pleasures leaving future fears,  
Ill guidance followed, friends forsaken !

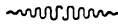
Creep on, creep on ! why more extend  
The drear path of unblest existence ?  
Ah, kind Decay, that soon must end  
The conflict of too frail resistance !  
I know not if my joyless lot  
Be worse or better than of others ;  
Yet, if sad records alter not,  
In sorrow all mankind are brothers !

Sorrow self-purchased !—other thought  
Were root of error yielding madness ;  
What grief I for myself have wrought,  
Compared to fated curse, is gladness.  
Nor would I spare one keen remorse,  
One pang of conscience inly pleading,  
To fancy sin, or grief, the course  
Of Fate from higher will proceeding.

Nay, Heaven forbid ! when most forlorn,  
In darkest hours of pain and anguish,  
No wild despair, or faithless scorn,  
Shall bid all Hope within me languish.  
What tho' from earthly fount may flow  
No solace for a heart self broken ?  
Yet prayer avails—and none so low,  
For whom God's Goodness has no token !



## The Ark.



WHAT is it floats upon that world of seas—  
Without an anchor, and without a guide ?  
From the strange sight each sea-born monster flees,  
And the mad wave turns harmless from its side.

It is the Sanctuary of Life floats there,  
Safe amidst torrents, cradled on the waves—  
The Hand that made a delug'd world despair,  
Unseen protects it, and 'midst ruin saves.

The strife is o'er !—no more the Ark of Peace  
Lay on the bosom of the avenging Flood ;  
For at His word, who bade “ the waters cease,”  
On the bare summit of the Mount it stood.

And is it so ? Great God of Power and Grace,  
That thus thy terrors did thine Ark enfold ?  
Is it 'midst vengeance on a fallen race  
That we thy miracles of love behold ?

Then fearless thro' the world's tempestuous sea,  
Saviour of Men, to Thee my spirit flies—  
Thy timid wounded Dove will haste to Thee,  
And from thy shelt'ring hand to Heaven arise !



# A Statistical Sketch

of

## The Woollen Manufactures of the Anglo-Saxon Race.



**W**HEREVER the sheep has been domesticated, and that is now over the greater part of the globe, the manufacture of woollen stuffs has been one of the earliest to attain importance. In Europe, the region in which the reputed original of the sheep is indigenous\*, the weaving and dyeing of woollen has been pursued from time immemorial, and in our own country it dates at least from the period of the Roman dominion. Our Saxon ancestry clothed themselves in woollen alternately with linen fabrics, according to the season; we have, however, but few and meagre accounts of the mode in which the manufacture was conducted in England, until long after the Norman conquest. At the end of the thirteenth century, broad cloths were certainly woven by English hands; but the earliest great impulse to this branch of industry was given by the settling of a number of Flemish woollen weavers, fullers, and dyers in England and Wales, at the invitation of Edward III., in 1331 and succeeding years; and their example and tuition tended so much and so rapidly to improve the woollen goods made in this country, that in the next reign we

\* The *Mouflon*, (the *Ophion* of Pliny, Nat. Hist., xxxviii. 9,) whence naturalists suppose the sheep to have been derived, is a native of the island of Sardinia. "It is a ruminating animal, frequenting only the highest and most secluded woods, where, from its timidity and fleetness, it is with difficulty shot. The form of the ears, head, legs, and hoof, identify the *Mouflon* with the sheep, though in size it is rather larger, and is, moreover clothed with hair instead of wool. The horns are neither full nor deciduous, but hollow, and precisely similar to those of the ram, while the bleat is the same. It propagates also very readily with the sheep, the mixed produce being the 'umbro.' Though so shy in its wild state, the *Mouflon* soon accommodates itself to domestic habits."—*Smyth's Sardinia*, p. 120.

find English embroidered woollens taking a distinguished rank amongst the manufactures of Europe\*.

It is not our intention to pursue minutely the history of the progress of the woollen manufacture in Britain, down to our own day : we may convey a notion of the little necessity there is for so doing by the simple statement that in the first half of the reign of George III. the looms, &c., in use were of much the same character as in the time of Edward III., between four and five centuries previously. But a remarkable impetus to the progress of the manufacture was given by the introduction of the gig-machine in 1802, and still further by the repeal in 1807 of certain prohibitory enactments relative to the trade in wool. At present, according to estimates which form, perhaps, the nearest approach to probability on the subject, there are believed to be, in Great Britain and Ireland, about thirty-two millions of sheep ; of which number, nineteen millions in England and Wales, were estimated in 1828 to yield annually 384,500 packs of wool. The export of wool from the United Kingdom in 1846 amounted to 5,851,888 lbs., or 24,399 packs, worth £.842,455 ; but, on the other hand, the import in that year reached to 65,255,462 lbs., or 271,897 packs, and the value of the woollen fabrics and yarn annually manufactured in Great Britain has been estimated at £.24,000,000 ! The export of the same in 1846 amounted in value to £.7,243,373, the largest customers being the United States and British North America, the East and West Indies, Brazil, and the Hanse Towns.

The West Riding of Yorkshire, containing the important towns of Leeds, Wakefield, Huddersfield, Halifax, &c., is at present the great seat and centre of the woollen trade. At Leeds, a place with upwards of 150,000 inhabitants, there were, ten years ago, 120 woollen and worsted mills, using steam machinery of more than 2800-horse power, and employing 10,000 work-people. Broad cloths, kerseys, beavers, and swansdowns, were, a few years ago, the articles chiefly manufactured there ; and the same goods are made, with flushings and corded cloths at Huddersfield ; and with lastings, russet, shalloons, serges, carpet, and baize at Halifax, which had, about ten years ago, 143 mills, employing steam power equal to 1,660 horses, together with nearly 8,000 hands. To some extent, broad cloths are made at Bradford, in the same county, and at Wakefield ; but worsted spinning and dyeing has, in a great measure, superseded it at those places, and at Bradford, in 1839, there were 142 worsted mills, employing altogether 10,896 hands. The great mart for the finest broad cloths is, however, Bradford in Wilts ; though the manufacture there, as in all the southern counties, is not carried on upon nearly the same extensive scale as in the towns of the isthmus between the Humber and the estuary of the Mersey. Carpets

\* See Henry's History of England, vol. iv.



and blankets are made at Dewsbury and Heckmondwike, in Yorkshire, and the former at Axminster and Kidderminster, which have some celebrity for these fabrics. Rochdale, in Lancashire, is also an important seat of woollen manufactures, and, at the date above-mentioned, had fifty-six woollen mills. Dewsbury is the place of a peculiar manufacture, namely, that of *shoddy*, by which old materials are ground up again into new forms:—

“ In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas  
Corpora — ”

says Ovid,—though not, indeed, with reference to this metamorphosis; nor in the prophetic spirit of Virgil:—

“ Alter erit tunc Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo  
Dilectos heroes—— ”

if classical allusions be here allowable. “Shoddy cloth is fabricated either  
“ wholly or partly of old wool; and instead of being neglected, or used only  
“ as manure, old woollen rags are now everywhere carefully collected, and con-  
“ veyed to Dewsbury. After being subjected to various processes, they are  
“ torn to pieces by the aid of powerful machinery, and reduced to their original  
“ state of wool; and this wool, being respun, either with or without an admix-  
“ ture of fresh wool, is again made into cloth! Formerly, shoddy cloth was  
“ used only for padding, and such like purposes, but now blankets, flushings,  
“ druggets, carpets, and table covers, cloth for pilot and Petersham great  
“ coats, &c., are either wholly or partly made of shoddy, which, in fact, is  
“ occasionally worn by everybody. The beautiful woollen table covers are  
“ made wholly of shoddy, being printed by aqua-fortis from designs drawn in  
“ London and Manchester, and cut on holly and other blocks, on the spot.  
“ The analogy between this manufacture and that of paper, is so striking, that  
“ it must force itself on the attention of every one; the vilest and most worth-  
“ less materials being converted, in both, into the most beautiful and useful  
“ fabrics. The shoddy trade is, in fact, *one of the greatest triumphs of art*  
“ *and civilisation.*”—(M'Culloch's *Commercial Dict.*, p.p. 13,745). Many  
fine broad cloth factories exist in Gloucestershire, and inferior cloths are  
extensively produced in Somerset and Devon. Salisbury has a manufacture  
of flannel, and Witney, in Oxfordshire, has been famed for its blankets, though  
what are called “Witney blankets” are mostly made in Wales. In Leicestershire  
it was, some years ago, estimated that 12,000 looms were at work in the  
production of woollen hosiery; the same manufacture is carried on in some  
places in North Hants and Surrey. The woollen manufactures of the Eastern  
Counties have declined greatly since the time that the town of Worsted, in Nor-

folk, gave its name to woollen yarn; some baizes, &c., are, however, made in Essex and Suffolk. In various parts of Cumberland, druggets and coarse woollens are produced. In all the counties of England and Wales, there were—according to a Parliamentary Return in 1847,—62,687 persons employed in woollen cloth mills; viz. 37,965 males, and 24,722 females, including 7,274 children under thirteen years of age. Of these contributors to the national wealth, Yorkshire claimed 38,737; Lancashire, 7,971; Gloucestershire, 5,308; Devon, Somerset, and Wilts together, 6,847 hands. In addition 51,797 persons were engaged in worsted mills,—of whom 47,299 were in Yorkshire; viz. 13,709 males, and 33,590 females, comprising also 7,156 children under thirteen years of age. In 1847, therefore, 114,484 persons were employed in factories in England and Wales, for the production of woollen goods, independently of all those occupied in their domestic manufacture, in cottages, remote farm houses, small towns, &c.

The woollen manufacture in Scotland (except that great proportion of it which is domestic) is, comparatively, of much less importance. Some fine cloths are woven in Aberdeen; flannels, hosiery, blankets, plaids, tweeds, and checks, are made at Galashiels, where water power is used instead of steam. Carpets and druggets are added to the foregoing fabrics at Hawick, Jedburgh, Kilmarnock, &c. In 1847,—9,637 persons were engaged in woollen factories in Scotland; of whom 2,019 were in the small shire of Clackmannan; 1,319 in the county of Aberdeen; and 3,491 in the shires of Selkirk, Sterling, and Roxburgh. The woollen manufactures of Ireland are quite insignificant; in Dublin, Kilkenny, and some few other places, however, some good cloths are made. Wales is famous for flannels of very good quality: throughout the principality the manufacture is domestic; it is only in a few counties, as Denbigh and Glamorgan, that it is conducted in factories to any notable extent.

If we take a glance across the Atlantic, we shall find that the production of woollen goods in the United States has not made so broad and rapid a stride as the cotton manufacture—in fact, the Union is the best customer of England for woollen goods. But a reason for this is obvious: the Southern States are eminently cotton-growing countries; and the material being so ready to hand, no wonder that the production of cotton goods should have absorbed the “lion’s share” of public attention, even if the working of cotton did not otherwise present greater facilities. A comparison of the Union with the Mother Country in the matter of woollen-weaving has, however, in it nothing *odious*. In 1840, the number of sheep in the States was estimated at 19,311,000, and the annual produce of wool at 35,802,000lbs. “The wool of all the sheep in the United States is *spun, dyed, and woven, milled, and worn in the country!*” (M<sup>c</sup>Gregor.) In addition, in the year 1843-4, 14,008,408lbs. of unmanufactured wool were imported. In 1840, there were in the States,

according to official returns, 2585 fulling mills and 1420 woollen factories, employing together 21,842 hands, and producing goods to the value of 20,697,000 dollars (£6,467,800), of which those made in Massachusetts were supposed to be worth 7,082,898 dollars, and those in New York State 8,587,387 dollars. The capital estimated to be invested in the United States in woollen manufactures was set down at the same period at 15,765,124 dollars, or £4,926,600. How much more honourable and dignified it would be for the American people to devote their energies steadily to fostering these and other branches of national industry and prosperity, than to indulge in political vagaries and in wild outbreaks such as we have too lately heard of, having for their stalking-horse an unjust private resentment, but with a basis much deeper, and calculated to re-open a breach between nations of one blood and one race, which we could have hoped was well-nigh healed and forgotten! Disturbances such as those of which New York has recently been the theatre, and which the better part of our transatlantic brethren deeply deplore, reflect the deepest disgrace upon the citizens of the Union, and display beneath their surface a rankling international animosity which we had believed was extinct, but which may unhappily yet survive to bear bitter fruit.

It would be both extending the limits of this article too much and wandering out of our province—which is simply to treat of the manufacturing industry of the Anglo-Saxon race—were we to enter upon a detailed comparison of the woollen manufactures of Britain and America with those of foreign nations. But some foreign countries cannot be wholly passed over in a sketch of this kind. Belgium stands out in relief. The country from which, as we have already said, was originally derived the means leading to the earliest improvements of the woollen manufacture in England, is honourably distinguished in Europe for the extent of its industry in this department, and the excellence of its products. According to Mr. M'Culloch, the woollen manufactures of Belgium employ foreign wool from Germany, Hungary, Poland, &c. to the annual value of 14,000,000 francs, or about £560,000; the woollen cloths made are superior in quality, and the cassimeres at least equal to those of France. A Report of the Belgian Chamber of Commerce states that, so long back as 1833, the woollen manufactures of Verviers and its environs employed 40,000 operatives, and capital estimated at seventy-five millions of francs, and they produced annually about 100,000 pieces of cloth worth £1,000,000 sterling. Flannels, coverlets, serges, camlets, &c. are made in all the provinces of the kingdom, especially in Antwerp and Hainault. Liege, Limbourg, Hodimont, Ypres, and Poperinghe, have many looms for the production of woollen fabrics. One of the carpet factories at Tournay is the most extensive and important in Europe. “It produces all kinds of what are called Brussels carpets, from those which adorn the sumptuous palaces of kings to such as are used for the floor of the cottage. There are several

" others of secondary rank in the same town, in Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, " Bruges, and Courtray." (*Geograph. Dict.* 332). In France, the chief seats of the woollen manufactures are Sedan, Louviers, Elbeuf, Rouen, Darnetal, Clermont l'Hérault, Lodève, Carcassonne, &c.; for carpets, Paris, Aubusson, Abbeville, and Amiens—most of these places being in the northern departments, in Normandy, Picardy, &c. In the Prussian dominions, Eupen, Malmedy, Berlin, and Aix-la-Chapelle; in Spain, Alcoy and the towns of Catalonia are chiefly distinguished: in Saxony, the manufacture of woollens is very generally diffused, and has greatly extended since the Peace.

In countries which afford adequate means of comparison, it is pretty uniformly found that the woollen weavers and spinners are in more comfortable circumstances than the workers in cotton or linens. At Louviers, in France, " in 1838, spinners earned from 1*l*. 69*c.* to 3*l*. 58*c.* (1*s.* 5*d.* to 3*s.*) a day: " women, as winders, from 1*l*. 55*c.* to 1*l*. 94*c.* (1*s.* 3½*d.* to 2*s.*); and children, " from 50*c.* to 80*c.* (5*d.* to 8*d.*). A family of three persons, one of each of the " above classes, may gain together 1600*l*. a year, or £.64, certainly sufficient " to maintain them in a state of comfort." (M'Culloch, quoting Villermé, in *Geog. Dict.* 225). At Elbeuf, " the weaver gains (or did gain before the late " Revolution) from 2*l*. to 3*l*. per day, the ordinary average being 2*l*. 50*c.* " The women receive from 75*c.* to 1*l*. per day; the young girls, from nine to " sixteen years old, earn from 50*c.* to 80*c.* The day's work begins at five in " the summer and ends at eight in the evening, half an hour for breakfast and " an hour for dinner. In winter they work from seven to ten hours. . . . M. " Villermé states that, compared with the workpeople of Rouen (chiefly a " cotton-manufacturing city), those of Elbeuf are much the more correct in " their morals and habits. They are, he says, for the most part, industrious " and economical, and many of them are supposed to have saved a certain " portion of their earnings." (*Ibid.* 756).

Compare this with the state of the cotton-spinners and weavers at Lille, and other towns in French Flanders, the accounts respecting whom, as given by Villermé, &c. are truly heart-rending. We refer the reader to M'Culloch's *Geographical Dictionary*, above quoted (art. LISLE) from which we extract a passage. In Lisle (or Lille), M. Villermé, who visited and minutely inspected the chief manufacturing towns in France\*, says:—" Four out of every thirteen " persons are in a state of absolute indigence. Between 3000 and 4000 cotton " weavers and twisters, live in small, damp, ill-ventilated, underground cellars, " crowded to excess, and in the most deplorable state of poverty. Villermé " roughly estimates that a workman's family, consisting of a father, wife, and

\* *Villermé Tableau Physique, etc. des Ouvriers*, 2 vols. 8vo. We shall take occasion to quote more fully from this work, when treating of the condition of the operatives in the manufacture of cotton goods. The description which it gives of the abject poverty of the work people in Lille, some years ago left an impression never to be effaced from the mind of the writer of this article.

“ child of from ten to twelve years of age, who are all employed, might make  
 “ at an average, about 915*f.* (£38) a-year, of which the rent would absorb  
 “ from 40*f.* to 80*f.* (say 60*f.*), and food nearly 640*f.*; leaving less  
 “ than 120*f.* for the expenses of furniture, clothing, washing, fire, candle,  
 “ and tools, so that any slight indulgence, want of employment, or illness,  
 “ could not fail to plunge the family into the utmost want.” Or compare the  
 French woollen weavers with the cotton workers in Rouen, where their condition is somewhat better than in Lille. We here refer to the Handloom Weavers’ Reports:—“ The nett wages obtained by country weavers, working on their  
 “ own account on pullicates, thick calicoes, &c. are about 1*f.* a day, or 5*s.* a  
 “ week, and this may be taken as above, rather than below, the average. . . .  
 “ The power-loom weavers earn from 12*f.* to 16*f.*, and day labourers from 10*f.*  
 “ to 12*f.* a week.” Mr. Symons, in giving his testimony, remarks:—“ Were I  
 “ to be forced to choose whether I would be a pullicate weaver in Scotland or in  
 “ Normandy, I think I should be sorely puzzled which to select, or rather,  
 “ which to consider the greater infliction.”

We have chosen to instance the condition of the labouring classes in France, and especially to extract the last passage, to show that distress amongst operatives is not peculiar to our own country. For the matter of comparison, we need not go so far from home. If the condition of the great mass of producers of cotton goods be placed in juxtaposition with that of the woollen weavers and spinners of the West Riding, the contrast will in no small degree redound in favour of the latter, a subject which will more appropriately find a place when we come to notice the cotton manufactures of Great Britain. One cause of this is, we think, to be found in the fact that the woollen manufactures are not, generally speaking, conducted in such “ gigantic” establishments\* as are appropriated to the production of cotton goods,—that human beings are not treated so much as mere animated machines†. In, and about Leeds, for

\* There are many exceptions. The establishments of Marshall, Hirst, &c. &c. in Leeds and elsewhere, are on a very large scale.

† In France, at least, one additional cause is in operation. We have it from the Mayor of Elbeuf, (*Letter in Handloom Weavers’ Report*), that “ the working classes of Elbeuf have always lived happily  
 “ for ~~two~~ very powerful reasons:—the first, because the manufacturers are constantly in their work-  
 “ shops, work themselves with their workmen, *know their wants, and identify themselves with all that*  
 “ *happens to them for good or evil*;—the second, because the price of weaving varies very little, &c.” In the “ gigantic” manufacturing establishments, the first of these conditions cannot—at all events, does not—exist. Here let us pay a tribute to the memory of the lately deceased Mr. John Fielden, formerly M.P. for Oldham, in the words of a daily journal, announcing his death:—“ Thousands of  
 “ our industrious population will be saddened when they learn that on Monday, the 28th of May,  
 “ their old and devoted friend John Fielden breathed his last. . . . John Fielden was essentially the  
 “ advocate of the labouring classes. Once a labouring man himself, his sympathies were with them  
 “ always. . . . Became a master through the medium of his combined intelligence and industry, he  
 “ was still to the last at heart an artisan. A member of the legislature, he was in all his recollections  
 “ and predilections a member of the labouring multitude. His enthusiasm as to the Ten Hours’  
 “ Bill was due to his solicitude to ameliorate the condition of the women and children in the manu-  
 “ facturing districts. He wished to render *those women and those children less beasts of burthen, less*

instance,—which may be taken as the archetype of a seat of the woollen manufacture,—much of the business is pursued on a partially domestic plan, being conducted “by a number of small masters, generally possessed of very limited capitals, who have in their houses from two to four looms, and employ, besides themselves and their families, from three to seven journeymen. . . . For several years past, they have availed themselves, in the performance of various processes, of *public mills* that have been erected, mostly on a joint-stock principle, in all the villages within the district where this system prevails. By this means, the domestic cloths are produced as good and cheap as those made in large factories.” (*Geog. Dict.* ii. 149.) From another source, we learn:—“Many of the clothiers are small freeholders. They purchase their own wool, get it dyed at Leeds, or elsewhere, and scribbled and slubbed at the mills which perform those processes for hire; they then spin it by means of the jenny, and weave the cloth which they bring in an undressed state to the Leeds’ Cloth Halls, where it is bought by the merchants, and is afterwards dressed and finished in the mills of that town. From fifteen to twenty years since, this system of domestic manufacture seemed in danger of utter extinction, from the successful rivalry of the factory system. The large manufacturers thought they could carry on the spinning and weaving in their large establishments, and thus perform every part of the manufacture within the same building. . . . With this view, extensive weaving shops were attached to most of the mills, and mule-jennies, driven by *power*, were substituted for the jennies of the domestic manufacturers. The calculations of the mill-owners were, however, disappointed. The spinning department succeeded, but not so the weaving. They found it necessary, even in the ordinary state of things, to pay higher wages for weaving in the towns, than were paid in the country; and the trades’ unions forced up wages still higher, so as to make it more expensive to the great manufacturers to make the cloth than to buy it of the domestic clothier. In consequence, many of the leading houses either wholly or partially abandoned the weaving, and the village clothiers, who had been threatened with ruin, regained their trade. If, however, (adds the writer of the article “LEEDS,” in the *Parliamentary Gazetteer for England*,) *the power loom should continue to gain ground*, as it has done within the last few years, and it should appear that woollen cloth can be manufactured better or cheaper by that machine than by the handloom, another change must take place, and

“*hewers of wood and drawers of water, less parts of a great, stern, and iron mechanism, steering the heart against gentleness, shutting the mind against knowledge, drying up the milk in the maternal bosom, and depriving infancy of all the charms of childhood.* It was the ambition of John Fielden “to break in pieces this cruel and inhumanising system.” And the writer justly adds, “More brilliant characters have passed from the stage of public life, but none more worthy, more honest, more true, more reputable.”

“ the town of Leeds will then probably take away much of the weaving from  
“ the villages.”

Now, as a broad principle, the wealth of a nation may be as little indicative of the wealth of the individuals composing it, as the public character of a man may be of his private character,—especially if he act in a corporate capacity ! Laing, in his *Tours in Sweden and Norway*, puts forward exemplifications of this pretty forcibly ; and whenever we come to consider the question of the division of land into large or small farms and estates, we shall have to point attention to his remarks. Why, we might render our national revenue millions, where it is now counted but by thousands ; but if only the Government, or a few individuals, or a single class, enjoy the benefits, at the expense of the sweat, the blood, the bone, the muscle, the temporal enjoyment, and, above all, the life-breath of our people, as a nation we should soon be poor indeed !

It has been said before in the Anglo-Saxon : we adhere to the statement now—“ Let one class in a nation or community arrogate to itself all the  
“ advantages, privileges, benefits of the whole land or society, their very  
“ exclusiveness will be the bane of their enjoyment, and sooner or later the  
“ sure inducement of their misery and ruin\*.” Regard the squalid condition of a cellar population—the wasting, ill-developed forms—the precocious, but in after-years feeble, intellect of children devoted to manual labour from infancy, with souls from the cradle to the grave destitute of due moral culture—with only the lower faculties of the mind fostered, and the higher qualities yearning in vain to be brought out†. Regard these children, “ who have never had a  
“ toy,”—*who have not known what it is to be a child*—and then say, if by  
“ gigantic” systems calculated to rear up a monied aristocracy, and to place in the hands of a Government an ample revenue to enable it to pay a larger number of public servants, we are strengthening our hands as a nation, and promoting the continuance of a stalwart people adapted to maintain the honour of Britain, and to fulfil the great mission which appears to be marked out for the Anglo-Saxon race. There comes a period for nations, as for individuals, when they can but exchange qualities ; and if we cultivate not all our powers, but only some exclusively, others must, exactly in the same proportion, fall into decay. Are we then cultivating duly all the faculties of our population ? Are we regarding their higher qualities ?—or are we suicidally leaving these in abeyance, and spurred on by a craving avarice, going in the road to grasp and clutch at only sordid and ill-begotten metal, instead of saving the toils, and cultivating the love of our fellow-beings, and laying up “ a treasure in Heaven  
“ where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break  
“ through nor steal ? ”

\* Anglo-Saxon, No. II., Art. *Christendom*, p. 91.

† “ We believe that work must be supplied, and employment found for every part and faculty of  
“ man’s complicated nature, if we would make him the happy being he so instinctively fails to  
“ become, though grievously failing in his attempt.”—*Ibid.* p. 89.

The true philosopher—the *true* political economist (for true *political* economy takes account of the thews, and sinews, and minds of a people, as well as of the products of their industry), the man of humanity,—and *all these three are one*;—has a care that the people who build up a nation's wealth do not themselves physically, mentally, and morally degenerate; else the accumulated wealth itself soon dwindles, and the land may be left with but a beggarly and deteriorated population to draw a miserable subsistence from its vitals—Ireland to wit. And in these our days, the rights of labour, whose voice through a long lapse of ages has wailed unheard or unheeded, have begun in a portentous form to make themselves recognised. Loud and louder will become the cry, till haply it may burst into a terrific storm over lands which have not yet been terrified by its thunder, or felt the fierceness of a shock, which Providence in its mercy avert! One ray of Divine effulgence beams forth to direct us through the darkening shadows, if we will but follow its guiding light. Let the religion of Him, who said to the raging waves “Peace—be still!” not remain a dead letter. Let Christianity not be deemed to consist but in forms and ceremonies, or simply in a mystical reverence for inspired writings and holy persons; let it shed its influence, as it ought, over every word, thought, and impulse in life. Let CHARITY—ἡ ἀγάπη—*Guthmuthigkeit*, the yearning of flesh for flesh—the Spirit of the Gospel, be amongst all who rule others, from the highest to the lowest, the internal motive of purposes and acts;—let the torch of universal love be passed from hand to hand, and the fearful crisis, now looming on the horizon, may yet pass away, dispersed and unharmed;—there may yet be a kingdom “on earth as it is in Heaven;”—nor would any, suffering the agony of escapeless misery, have supplicatingly to implore a fellow being, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, from the very depth of his distress—“Am I not a man, and a brother?”

5.





## I 'm Alone.

---

I 'm weary, Love, I 'm weary,

My very soul is dead.

It's dreary, Love, it's dreary,

When Joy and Hope are fled !

While the morning brings no gladness,

And the sun goes down in sadness,

And the dark night scares to madness,

I 'm alone !

My faint tongue dreads to utter

The bitter words I think ;

My coward lips scarce mutter

The curse that makes me shrink.

For the rent is never mended ;

There's not a comfort blended ;

And still till life be ended,

I 'm alone !

Ah ! cruel, Love, to leave me,  
When life and soul were thine !  
Ah ! heartless to deceive me ;  
To go and leave no sign.  
No kind word gently spoken,  
No comfort-bearing token,  
To heal a heart so broken !  
I'm alone !

I wonder, Love, I wonder,  
When the dead shall rise again,  
And the trumpet and the thunder  
Shall summon wicked men,  
If the wronged shall then be righted,  
And the pledge that once was plighted,  
Shall bring blessings to the slighted !—  
I'm alone !

Yet I would not, Love, my sorrow  
Should be visited on thee ;  
I would not wake to-morrow,  
From every anguish free,  
If thou must be tormented ;  
No ! the wrath may be prevented ;  
And till thou, Love, hast repented  
I'm alone !

And a prayer, Love, I'll be praying  
When the loneliness is great;  
And the words that I'll be saying  
Shall not be said in hate !  
For the sinner may be shriven,  
And the wicked soul forgiven,  
And thou may'st rest in heaven,  
Not alone !



## The Queen.



GOD bless thee, Queen VICTORIA !  
Let honest love and duty,  
Unwarped by party rank or sect,  
Yield tribute meet of frank respect  
To Goodness, Power, and Beauty !

God bless thee, Queen Victoria !  
God shield thee from all dangers !  
Safe be thy throne in English hearts ;  
And loyal spirit foil the arts  
Of Traitors, Foes, or Strangers.

God bless thee, Queen Victoria !  
For thee and us be blended  
Domestic joy and social peace,  
Till wars shall fail, and troubles cease,  
And every grief be ended !

God keep thee, Queen Victoria !  
May sorrow ne'er distress thee,  
Except when Pity would disclose  
The pain, the vice, the want, the woes,  
Of those who cry " God bless thee !"



# Leaves

from

## The History of East Anglia.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON OFFA."



"Leaves from the wayside, gather'd to beguile  
The weary tramp of many a dusty mile."—OLD POEM.

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### Leaf 3.

THE ANCIENT BRITONS, who came first from Armenia and peopled the South of this land, had been in subjection to Rome 470 years when they were assailed from the North by their neighbours the Picts, who came from Scythia and peopled parts of Ireland and Scotland. The Romans at this period (A.D. 435,) had withdrawn their legions from Britain, in hopes of staying by their aid the Gothic invasion; and the Britons, enervated by long subjection and deprived of the flower of their youth, who had been drafted into the Roman legions, were left in too defenceless condition to withstand the wild incursions of the fierce barbarians of the North. To such distress were they reduced that they addressed a pathetic remonstrance to Rome imploring aid. There is a letter still extant in Gildas—the most ancient British historian—containing their supplication, and entitled "The Groans of the Britons;" but upon the genuineness of this letter some doubt seems justly to have been cast, though the fact of such a supplication having been made would seem to be indisputable. The following entry is found in that most valuable compendium of Anglo-

Saxon History\*, entitled the Saxon Chronicle: "A.D. 443. This year sent " the Britons over sea to Rome and begged assistance against the Picts; but " they had none: for the Romans were at war with Attila, King of the " Huns. *Then sent they to the Angles and requested the same from the nobles " of that nation.*"

Here, then, seems the first historical point from which is to be traced that long line of interesting events which has given to us the name of *Englishmen*.

Before I proceed to my First Leaf of History I should premise that there were no less than three races which gradually established themselves in Britain. The Jutes, or Goths, settled in Jutland, established the Kingdom of Kent, and settled the Isle of Wight and some part of the coast of Wessex. The Saxons (or as they were henceforward called, the Old Saxons,) settled the Kingdoms of Essex, Sussex, and Wessex. The Angles secured to their valour a territory far surpassing in extent that occupied by both of the kindred tribes, and founded the Kingdoms of East Anglia, Mercia, Deira, and Bernicia.

It is to the first of these kingdoms that I wish to direct the attention of my readers; and the order in which I purpose to treat the subject is the following:—

My First Leaf is designed to illustrate the settlement of a Saxon Kingdom in Britain, by the rise of East Anglia into an independent state.

My Second will illustrate the foreign relationships of the Anglo-Saxons by the personal history of a Royal Member of the East Anglian family.

My Third will illustrate the internal relationships of the Anglo-Saxons by the history of the most powerful monarch of the dynasty of East Anglia.

My Fourth will be devoted to the rise and progress of Religion among the Anglo-Saxons; and,

My Fifth will seek to illustrate their state of society by the history of that monarch, at whose death the Kingdom of East Anglia succumbed to the more powerful and extensive state of Mercia.

The Britons who lingered from old association or from attachment to the soil around the Roman stations of Flegg-burgh, Potter Heigham, Caistor, Burgh Castle, and Reedham, in what is now the County of Norfolk, were startled in the year 495 by the sight of five strange vessels making for their coast. The experienced eye of these islanders, (for it must be remembered that the broad and foaming waters of the Bure, the Yare,

\* " Philosophically considered, this ancient record is the *second* great phenomenon in the history " of mankind. For, if we except the sacred annals of the Jews, contained in the several books of the " Old Testament, there is no other work extant, ancient or modern, which exhibits at one view a " regular and chronological panorama of a PEOPLE, described in rapid succession by different " writers, through so many ages, in their own vernacular LANGUAGE."—Ingram's *Saxon Chronicle*, editor's preface, page 3.

and the Waveney, at that period insulated each of the lands alluded to,) detected in the sails that met their view those daring navigators of the opposite coast, who, ever since the departure of the Romans and the rash invitation of Vortigern, had harassed the southern lands of Britain. The excitement of terror at this unwonted sight gave way to the more honourable stimulant of the love of home. Such forces as they possessed were rapidly gathered upon the shores, and a fierce contest was commenced between the Britons and their invaders. Thus the first footsteps of invasion on the eastern shores of Britain were stained with blood; the very day of their landing was a day of battle, and alas! for the Britons! a day of victory to the Invader. The name of Cerdices Ora, or the Shores of Cerdic, stamped the banks of the Yare as the seat of Anglian conquest.

To pursue the exact history of the settlement of this kingdom from its earliest origin would be a tedious and unprofitable, if, indeed, it were a possible task—suffice it to say, that this first colony of Cerdic did not remain with its leader in possession of the land they had jointly invaded. After remaining apparently about five years in possession of the Land, they wandered in the restless spirit of conquest to the South and West, and Cerdic their leader eventually settled himself in the kingdom of Wessex, and from him arose that illustrious race, through whom our own beloved Sovereign may trace her origin.

But though Cerdic left the shore to which he gave his name, the dominion of that land never reverted to the Britons whom he had conquered. In the course of a few years East Anglia was formed into a separate kingdom; and to Guecca, the father of Uffa (to whom it is commonly ascribed), would seem to appertain the right and glory of having established the Monarchy. So far however did the reputation of the son outshine that of the father, that the name of Uffingas, or the Clan of Uffa, was for a long time used to designate his people before the title of East Anglia was given to his territory. "The Counties, as we now call them, that were subject to this "East Angle's kingdom," thus writes the chronicler Speed, "were Suffolke, "Norfolke, Cambridgeshire, and the Isle of Ely; the bounds whereof were "limited in this manner: the East and North sides were confined by the "Ocean, the West with St. Edmund's Ditch, and the South altogether with "Essex and some part of Hertfordshire." To this territory may be added a part of Bedfordshire.

Meagre as is this First Leaf, it may serve as a point of history by which to fix our minds on the kingdom that was then originated. Our Second Leaf leads us to observe that even the early events of a Kingdom's foundation do not occupy an Isolated Position. The *very earliest* period of this Kingdom of East Anglia is identified, not merely in an interesting, but in a highly romantic manner with the neighbouring kingdoms on the Conti-

nent ; and the strange and poetical connection that was then established by the betrothal of an East Anglian Princess with a Prince of the Varni, who broke his pledge, has suggested the design of throwing the incident into a rough form of Ballad History, such as we might suppose the Saxon Bard to have sung while cheering his Mistress at her Evening Festival.





## Conf 33.

### Prince Radiger.

THE dark red flush of injured pride  
Is on the maiden's brow,  
For she thought the Race of Guecca  
Ne'er dishonoured until now !  
The monarch of the Varni  
Had sent a royal band—  
And Prince Radiger, their leader,  
Had sued the maiden's hand.  
The maiden she had listened—  
She had heard the tender vow—  
She had owned the love that thrilled her heart,  
And flushed her fevered brow.  
The voice of regal pride  
Had in her breast been hushed ;  
And all the woman's tenderness  
From her heart's pure fountain gush'd !

Prince Radiger, the faithless,  
Hath passed across the seas,  
And found his Sire Death-stricken,  
And his people ill at ease.  
The rude chiefs of his nation  
Have urged his Sire's command,  
That he should claim, and keep, his own,  
The Royal widow's hand.  
For Frankish gold and Frankish swords  
Shall back the Varni's will,  
While the sister of Theodebert  
The Varni's throne shall fill !

The Prince, forsworn, hath yielded ;  
And the moon's swift changing tide  
Hath seen the Sire's widow smile  
The Son's enthroned Bride.  
O woe betide such wedding !  
Woe worth the fickle fool,  
Who the course of nature braves  
That state policy may rule !

The dark red flush of injured pride  
Is on the maiden's brow,  
For she thinks the Race of Guecca  
Ne'er dishonoured until now !  
She calls upon her Brothers,  
And they raise a mighty power  
Who shall cause the faithless Radiger  
To rue the reckless hour  
When the beauty and the gold  
Of a dowered Frankish dame  
Made him slight his plighted faith,  
And dishonour his fair name !

The galleys of East Anglia  
Have crossed the foaming brine ;  
They have anchored in the mouth  
Of the gentle, placid Rhine—  
Of that brave, bright, foaming river,  
Whose youth is spent in pride,  
But whose sobered age flows meekly  
To greet the North Sea tide.  
The maiden she encamps amid  
The Guardians of her fleet,  
While her brothers lead the light-armed troops  
Prince Radiger to meet.

O sadly mourns the placid Rhine,  
That blood must stain her shore ;  
Her flowing tears are mingled now  
With Varnian, Anglian, gore !  
In the dark empurpled river  
The historic student reads  
A record sad, but frequent,  
Of a Nation's evil deeds.  
Prince Radiger, the faithless,  
Hath turned in shame to flee,  
And the Anglians hail their Princess  
In the Pride of Victory !

The dark red flush of injured pride  
Is on the maiden's brow ;  
She has thought the Race of Guecca  
Ne'er dishonoured until now !  
She praises not their valour—  
She receives them with disdain—  
She chides them for vain workers—  
And she bids them forth again.  
The Battle's but half fought,  
And the Victory incomplete,  
Till Radiger, the faithless,  
Is a Captive at her feet !

Again they join the battle—  
And they triumph yet again.  
The East-Anglians fight for Honour—  
And the Varni flee amain.  
In the "woody" glades of "*Hout*" land,  
Which to *Holland* give the name,  
Prince Radiger, the faithless,  
Is taken in his shame.  
Wounded—vanquished—and a Captive,  
He is brought to hear his doom ;  
And expects from Beauty triumphing  
The sentence of a Tomb !

Speak ! ye judges of the nature  
That thrills the female breast ;  
Say what sacrifice of vengeance  
Shall soothe the heart opprest ?  
Her Heart—that sought a triumph—  
Itself is vanquished now,  
When she sees the loved blood flowing,  
That herself has caused to flow.  
Her pride—it all has vanished !  
Her anger—it has fled !  
Or recoils in tenfold power  
On her own revengeful head,  
When she feels how near her madness  
Had mixed Him with the dead !

No more the flush of injured pride  
Reddens the maiden's brow ;  
No more dishonour rests  
On the Race of Guecca now !  
She has heard the loved one's pleadings—  
How a dying Sire's command,  
And an angry nation's clamour,  
Claimed his unwilling hand.  
The Sister of Theodebert  
Is returned unto her own ;  
And the Daughter of East-Anglia  
Supplies the vacant Throne !



### Leaf 333.

To illustrate the internal relationship of the Anglo-Saxons is the object of the present Leaf.

And to lead to a clear view of this, a general error in our popular histories should be noticed. We were in the habit till recently of speaking of the Saxon times in Britain as of the period of "The Heptarchy." This error, however, has been well exposed by Sir Francis Palgrave and Sharon Turner (the best modern authorities on Anglo-Saxon matters), who have made it clear, not only that there were eight instead of seven kingdoms, but that in no one period were there ever seven kingdoms independent of each other. A passage from Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" may put this in a clearer light. "When all the kingdoms were settled they formed "an octarchy. Ella supporting his invasion in Sussex, like Hengist in "Kent, made a Saxon Duarchy before the year 500. When Cerdic erected "the State of Wessex in 519, a Triarchy appeared. East Anglia" (which, however, some suppose to have been the third instead of the fourth) "made "it a Tetrarchy; Essex a Pentarchy. The success of Ida, after 547, having "established a sovereignty of Angles in Bernicia, the island beheld an Hex- "archy. Ella penetrating, in 560, southward of the Tees, his kingdom of "Deira produced an Heptarchy. In 586 the Angles branching from Deira "into the regions South of the Humber, the State of Mercia completed an "Anglo-Saxon Octarchy."

Before proceeding farther, it may be as well to pause a moment to explain how it was that East Anglia (according to the theory just advanced) took precedence in point of time of Wessex. The dates usually given, are 519 to Wessex, as founded by Cerdic, and 575 to East Anglia, as founded by Uffa. There is, however, reason to agree with William of Malmesbury, when he says that the East Anglian Kingdom was founded *earlier* than Wessex; and for these reasons. *First*,—It seems quite clear that Cerdic landed upon the East coast of England and remained there about *six years* before he went round to the South; and, *Secondly*,—It seems equally clear that the power did not revert to the Britons during the intermediate time, but remained in the hands of the East Anglians (probably under the leading of some chief of Cerdic's band, who was succeeded by Guecca, the father of Uffa), as otherwise they could not have despatched the expedition against the Varni which we have already recorded, and which took place at least thirty years before the date assigned to Uffa's conquest.

And now let us go back to the consideration of the internal relationships of the Anglo-Saxons.

They appear to have learnt a lesson from their new subjects in the science of Government. Their disjointed States seemed to have been too weak in themselves to have stood without a common compact and a recognised head of all. They grafted, therefore, the principle of Imperial Dignity hitherto exercised by the Romans in Britain, upon their own more clannish form of Government. So soon as the Kingdoms of the Saxons established themselves in the different parts of Britain, they seem to have looked out for the most eminent among them, and to have conferred upon him a kind of Imperial Honour under the Title of Bretwalda or *Wielder* [Ruler] of Britain. There appears, however, beyond a question of theory, which leads us to suppose that the Anglo-Saxons adopted the Imperial System from the Romans, to have been a substantial reason for their electing one of their Monarchs as Lord of Britain; and this reason being of a military rather than a civil character, would make us regard the Bretwalda originally rather in the light of a Generalissimo than that of a Federal Head in a Political point of view. For it was not long after the founding of the Saxon Kingdoms that the Princes began to dispute with each other about the division of the Land. Ceaulin, King of Wessex, A.D. 560, being at war with all his neighbours, the other Saxon Kings made a league against him, and appointed Ethelbert, King of Kent, commander of the joint forces. After his defeat of Ceaulin he was honoured by the allies with the title of Bretwalda, which honourable designation was afterwards enjoyed by other leading princes of the Anglo-Saxons. The fourth of these Bretwaldas was the grandson of Uffa, Redwald, King of the East Angles.

One would suppose that of all the Kingdoms of the Octarchy East Anglia from its geographical position would have been the least likely to have been mixed up with the Political affairs of the others; and yet we find that the vigour of the East Anglian character, and the skill and courage of her leader, placed the Kingdom thus early in the most elevated position of the Anglo-Saxon Octarchy.

When Redwald was monarch of East Anglia, but, as it would seem, before he had attained to the dignity of Bretwalda, the long persecuted EDWIN, monarch of Deira, took refuge at his court. Edwin had been in infancy expelled from the kingdom to which he was heir, by Ethelfrith, King of Bernicia, who desired to annex his territories to his own. The law of might proved greater than the law of right, and for a series of years Ethelfrith united his inherited and usurped dominions under the title of Northumbria. The great power that he thus possessed in the North would have rendered him at any time a formidable neighbour to East Anglia; but now, when the stability of his enlarged kingdom, and the permanence of his own dynasty, depended upon his securing the person of the refugee Edwin, any threat coming from such quarter must have been doubly dangerous. But

Redwald devoutly respected the rights of hospitality; and though he was at first shaken by the wild and wrathful denunciations of the King of Northumbria, who demanded his guest to be delivered up as a prisoner, yet was subsequently confirmed in the honest resolutions of his heart by his Queen. The speech of this royal lady is worth preserving: she pleaded for the exile before her husband in these words, and her plea prevailed: "A King should not sell a distressed friend, nor violate his faith, for gold; no ornament is so ennobling as good faith."

Scarcely had the ambassadors of Northumbria, who, by alternate bribes and threats had sought to work upon the hopes and fears of Redwald, retired from his court, ere he, with an army rapidly raised for the support of Edwin, was at their backs. Ethelfrith, the terror of the North, was taken by surprise; and, though valiant himself, and accompanied by experienced veteran soldiers, was obliged to succumb to the superior fortune of Redwald: he was slain in the conflict; but not before a victim worthy of his reputation had fallen beneath his sword, Reynhere, the son of Redwald, and heir to the Throne of East Anglia!

The magnanimity of Redwald in the flush of victory was no less conspicuous than that which he had displayed in the quiet of his court. He not only restored Edwin to the throne of Deira, but subjected also the conquered Kingdom of Bernicia to his sway: an act that was fraught with most important consequences to Britain at large, as this same Edwin subsequently succeeded him in the dignity of Bretwalda, and became an important instrument in spreading the Faith of the Cross among the Pagan Saxons.

But at this period it is doubtful whether Redwald had attained this honourable position himself; and, indeed, there appears much reason to conceive that the facts now related had an important influence on the minds of the Anglo-Saxon people in elevating him to this lofty dignity. Notwithstanding some very slight discrepancies in the dates of the earlier annalists, and the fact, as related by Bede, that he had acted as Viceroy to Ethelbert in Kent, the magnanimity, the character, the military genius, and the territorial dominion of Redwald, after the conquest of the North, seem to have been the real reasons of the Imperial Dignity having been conferred upon him.

Hence from the brief view that has been presented of Redwald's history, the internal relationships of the East Anglian kingdoms seem to be thus far realised. The King of East Anglia protected the exiled King of Deira, and restored him to his throne; annexing to his recovered dominions those of the neighbouring Kingdom of Bernicia. The monarch thus restored wedded a daughter of the King of Kent, and established a mutual relationship with the South of England. The people of the last-named monarch were already familiar with Redwald, he having acted as Viceroy to their King, and they

would not esteem him the less when he appeared in the fresh light of the preserver and patron of their King's son-in-law. Hence four kingdoms, each exercising extensive influence in the country at large, were related to East Anglia as their centre. These four had a land and sea communication with each other, comprising the whole length, and much of the breadth of the Country, broken only by the comparatively insignificant Kingdom of the East Saxons; and hence it is easy to realise how important was the influence, and how extensive were the internal relationships of any given kingdom of the Octarchy, when controlled by a mind so worthy of the character of the East Anglians as that which directed them in the person of Redwald the Bretwalda.

### Chap III.

To illustrate the condition of the Church among the Anglo-Saxons, we might point, in a manner not without interest, to the period of Redwald; and show how, among the conflicting accounts of historians, this much is certain, that the Christianity he had received in Kent was not propagated in East Anglia, and that the Disciples in that land of the Pure and Holy Faith which we unreservedly profess, were subject so late as his time (*i.e.* A. D. 623) to the tyranny of persecution and the constant danger of heathen violence. The Bretwalda himself is recorded to have had an altar for the worship of Christ in the same temple where slaughtered victims poured out their votive blood at the Shrine of Devils!

And this was, comparatively speaking, a *favourable* state of things! for it was so far efficient as to protect the servants of God from the active persecution of Governments, though the *private* fury of heathen opposition raged among the Saxons just as it had done among the Romans when Alban became the Proto-martyr of Britain. So powerful was the popular feeling against the reception of the new Faith—of what the Athenians would have called “the strange Gods of Jesus and the Resurrection”—that when the successor of Redwald boldly declared his belief in the Revelation of Christ, he was immediately looked upon with suspicion by his subjects, and subsequently fell a victim to “the heathen, who so furiously raged against him.”

This may seem strange to those who know that three hundred years previous to his reign the British Church was already of so great importance as to send its Delegates to the Council held at Arles: but it reads us a painful lesson of the exterminating and intolerant temper of Paganism, to find that in that interval the invasion of the Saxons had abolished every remnant of Christianity in the East and South of Britain!

The Apostle of East Anglia, if we may so term him (at least, the Evan-



gelist), was Felix, a Burgundian priest, who came over with the wanderer Sigebert, who had left his home and become an exile in consequence of the unjust suspicions of his step-father, Redwald. The wanderer had embraced the Faith of the Cross in France; and though somewhat of the rational character of his devotion was dimmed by his tendency to Monachism, yet his piety seems to have been sincere as it was ardent, and his love of Literature as practical as it was rare.

Felix was the personal friend—probably the original instructor—of Sigebert, and subsequently became the Chancellor of his kingdom and first Bishop of the East Angles; having received consecration at the hands of Honorius, Bishop of London, and fixing his See at Domuc (or *Dunwich*), about the year 636.

It is interesting to observe the foreign complexion given to the Church in England by most of the mediæval Prelates having come from Italy or some other portion of the Continent: Thomas and Boniface, the second and third Bishops of East Anglia, are deserving of being named as having been among the earliest *native* Bishops of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

The See fixed at Dunwich afterwards shared the dignity of the Episcopate with *Helmham*, which became the Bishopric of Norfolk, while Suffolk remained subject to Dunwich. In the days of Offa the Dioceses were thus divided, and both were made subject to Lichfield, which, for a brief space, was erected into an Archiepiscopate; but (as William of Malmesbury writes), “This enormity did not long deform canonical institutions;” and at a much later period both Bishoprics (restored in the interval to their due relationship to the Metropolitan See of Canterbury) were merged into the See of Norwich.

### ÆtH X.

After the death of Redwald, to whose history we have already devoted some attention, Eorpwald, the younger brother of Reynhere who had fallen on the banks of the Idel, succeeded to the Throne of East Anglia. The influence of Edwin, his northern neighbour, and we may well imagine also his personal friend, (for EDWIN was he whom his father Redwald had first protected and then reinstated in his kingdom,) induced him to profess Christianity in the ninth year of his reign, a step for which his subjects seem to have been by no means prepared. He bore the reins of Government for ten years, at the end of which time he fell a victim to a conspiracy formed by his Pagan subjects, and gave up his life beneath the dagger of Richbert, an East Anglian of rank.

To him, after an interregnum of three years, succeeded Sigebert, his half-brother, who, if the dates of the ancient chroniclers are to be taken,

must have wrought wonders in a marvellously brief space of time—but two years are assigned as the period of his reign, and during this time he is recorded to have cultivated Literature, to have built at least one Monastery, and established Schools, amongst a rude and illiterate people! Whether it was in disgust at the failure of some of his schemes, or disappointment at the little progress made in the Arts and Sciences by a race whose intimate acquaintance with the axe and the sword was little calculated to fit them for the use of the pen, SIGEBERT resigned the crown to his kinsman EGRIC, and assumed the cowl. The place he selected for ascetic devotion was a monastery of his own foundation, where he lived for a brief time in seclusion.

His successor EGRIC was sore molested by the continual invasions of PENDA, the Heathen monarch of Mercia: and the people, either superstitiously venerating his sanctity, or, more rationally, considering him the better gifted with military talent, drew forth SIGEBERT from his retirement to lead their hosts against the heathen warrior. Vowed to Peace, he was thus compelled to exhibit himself in the ranks of War: he marched in the van of the battle, bearing in place of arms a white wand, which served at once as a bâton of command, an emblem of purity, and a sign of his own peaceful trust in Heaven! Thus passive in the midst of action he advanced upon the enemy, and met a death which some of his biographers would fain account a martyrdom. EGRIC, his kinsman, and his eldest son, Ferminus, were slain with him. His own body and his son's were interred at *Blithburgh*; but were afterwards removed with great pomp and solemnity to *Bury St. Edmunds*\*.

Egric was succeeded by Anna, the great-nephew of Redwald, whose family seem to have exercised a powerful social and domestic influence upon the people of East Anglia. The reign of ANNA was of thirteen years duration, but full of trouble, owing to the savage fierceness of the neighbouring Mercians, whose feuds with East Anglia seem to have been as persevering as they were severe. PENDA, the Mercian sovereign, appears in these last wars to have been assisted by ETHELHERD, the brother and successor of ANNA, who for a long time had coveted his brother's crown. His treason was for a time successful, and Anna became the third East Anglian monarch in succession who was a victim to the savage fury of Penda! In the brief sway that Ethelherd enjoyed, he became an instance of that

“ Vaulting Ambition, that o'erleaps itself,  
“ And falls on t'other side,” . . .

\* The battle took place near Blithburgh, in Suffolk, between that Town and the Sea, on a large extent of Land, called Bulcham—a Norman name for “ The Field of Balls, or Missiles,”—smothering, (probably from the sanctity of the spot, and the King's martyrdom there,) a Saxon word of the same meaning.

His subtle and designing spirit stirred up the wars against Oswin in the North, by which he and his Pagan ally brought down a severe and deserved retribution upon themselves; being slain in the year 655, in a great battle at Wingfield, near Leeds, which established the supremacy of Oswin, by the dignity of Bretwalda, which had for some time lain dormant, being restored in his person.

The five succeeding reigns afford no matter of interest; and we may pass on at once to that reign which will furnish the best illustration of the state of Anglo-Saxon society.

Enough has been already related to show the internal jealousies and external hostilities that prevailed between the neighbouring states of Mercia and East Anglia. It must, therefore, have augured good to both States when an alliance was proposed between the Royal Families of the two Nations, whereby peace and a mutual interchange of good offices might be permanently secured between them.

In the year 792 the Kingdom of Mercia had been swayed with energy, wisdom, and brilliant success, for nearly forty years, by OFFA, the contemporary and correspondent of Charlemagne, the protector of Egbert, (afterwards first sole Monarch of England,) the framer of Laws adopted by the wise Alfred, the Conquerer of Wessex, of Deira, and of Marmodius, the Monarch of the Cymry, who ruled his wild clans in the West of Britain, in the province we now know as the Principality of Wales.

About the same period the Monarch of East Anglia was Albert or Ethelbert, whose character is described in glowing colours by the historians who have recorded his sad fate. A Latin couplet thus delineates the beauties of his character and person:—

“ Albertus, juvenis fuerat Rex, fortis in armis,  
“ Pace pius, pulcher corpore, mente sagax;”

which may be thus paraphrased in English:—

Fierce, when in arms, to bear the brunt of War,  
He looked like Mars enthronéd in his car;  
But when the cares of War allowed release,  
And Anglia's bowers enjoyed the shades of Peace,  
In mind sagacious, in affections warm,  
Hyperion's beauty dwelt in Albert's form!

A form and character like this were not calculated to pass through those rude but chivalrous times without attracting both attention and admiration. Offa made overtures to him to unite himself to his youngest daughter, Alfreda

—having already allied his eldest daughters to the subject Monarchs of Deira and Wessex. There are not wanting those who attribute to him mere motives of policy in suggesting this match, and who conceive that he had it already in contemplation to annex the Kingdom of Albert to his own widely-extended dominions. But it is not unnatural to suppose that Albert might be dazzled by so politic an alliance, as well as that Offa might be covetous of Albert's kingdom. It is the business of an historian to assign praise and blame only where they are due; and though, in a Lecture like this, only plucking a few stray leaves from the Tree of History, it would be as unjust to allow partial imputations to rest unnoticed, as to cast unjust imputations afresh.

Some doubt also exists from which side the proposal of the union at first emanated, but when the preliminaries were settled, Albert with a sumptuous train—despite the ill-omens that are said to have occurred, and the prophetic warnings of a partial mother—set out for the Royal Villa of SUTTON, where Offa then held his Court, and was received with regal hospitality by the Monarch of Mercia and his Queen.

Treason, however, lurked beneath the semblance of loving-kindness. The following is the Record of the Event, given by one who has closely studied the best authorities on the subject:—

“ Together with his splendid retinue, he met here with every demonstration of welcome that was due to his rank and destined relationship.

“ Alfreda having in secret, from a window, seen the splendour of the retinue, and the manly beauty of her suitor, hastened with maiden pride and ardour to describe them to her mother. This parent, instead of sympathising with those natural feelings, maliciously resolved to urge Offa to secure the wealth and dominions of Albert by a more immediate course than that of a family alliance. The interview that was the consequence of this resolution reminds us of a similar scene, so well depicted by our Shakspeare in his *Macbeth*. ‘Behold,’ said the Queen to Offa, ‘God has this day delivered up to you your enemy, whose Kingdom you have so long wished to occupy; if he is secretly destroyed his throne shall pass to you and to yours for ever.’

“ ‘Wherefore,’ replied the indignant King, ‘wherefore do you speak like one of the foolish women; God forbid that by a deed so detestable an opprobrium should be attached eternally to me and to my descendants.’ The Queen still urged her counsel. She reminded him that the East Anglian Kings had for ages desired to conquer Mercia; that there was a mutual hatred between the people; that Albert came on an expedition of Ambition rather than of Love—came to strengthen his interests, to examine the country, and eventually to take advantage of Offa's age. If he obtained the hand of Alfreda he would have a colourable hereditary plea to urge in defence of his usurpation. For the sake of his country, she besought Offa to prevent these probable evils by daring to do an act which was wise, though it might be misinterpreted. This insidious

“ advice prevailed ; Offa appears to have consented to the murder, and the  
 “ Queen, with the usual cunning and perseverance of the wicked, succeeded in  
 “ obtaining the consent of the Mercian nobles. Suffocation, or the sword,  
 “ completed the tragedy.

“ It is a startling fact, strengthening but not establishing the suspicion  
 “ against Offa, that he united to his own dominions those of Albert ; for it is  
 “ to be observed, that the latter had no legitimate successors, and that the  
 “ annexation of the Kingdom was unopposed by the chief of the East Anglian  
 “ nobles.”

From this time East Anglia faded into Mercia. Few nobles of rank exercised any thing like Royal Sovereignty ; and none have been transmitted with any interest attached to them by History, save Edmund of Norhenberg, (Saxony,) the son of Alkenoud, the King and Martyr, whose truly Martyr-like end time forbids now to relate, but whose name is familiar to all in connection with the important Town of St. Edmund's Bury, to which his interment gave the name. About this period commenced the new relationship of the warlike Family of the Danes with East Anglia ; a relationship that has subsequently exercised an important influence in forming the character of the Eastern shores of ANGLE-LAND.

I fear that many avocations, in the midst of which these stray Leaves have been prepared, have allowed but a very imperfect fulfilment of the design as stated in the early part of this contribution to East Anglian literature. There may, however, have been sufficient recorded to have given some brethren of the race information that they did not previously possess ; and it may be, that in hearing the account of former ages in reference to the land of their birth, their minds will have been led to recognise with gratitude the blessings of that religion and civilisation, which, struggling for a difficult and precarious existence amongst them, have been subsequently, under a gracious Providence, confirmed to ourselves. In place of violent and murderous invasion, modern East Anglians welcome foreign sails to the bosom of the Yare as harbingers of a peaceful and a lucrative traffic. In place of sending expeditions to the shores of Holland for conquest and for vengeance, they send their freighted vessels to open new paths to industry, and enrich the coast of Norfolk with the results of their commercial enterprise. In place of establishing the relationships of internal intercourse by the strong arm of superior power, they seek to increase and confirm those relationships by the legitimate means of superior intelligence. In place of striving with alternate fierceness whether Thor and Woden or the new Religion shall prevail, they own a common faith, which they are bound (if consistent) to show forth in “ the peace  
 “ and love which are by Christ Jesus.” In place of fierce and deadly rivalry whether Tamworth or Dunwich shall prevail—whether Mercia shall grind East Anglia beneath the heavy mill-stone of slavery, or East Anglia

shall deck her triumphal car with trophies of vanquished Mercia—they have a common bond of honourable and Christian obligation to a common Sovereign, the object of whose government it is to promote Peace, Unanimity, and Happiness, throughout every class of her subjects! And thus, by such considerations as arise out of the subjects brought before them in these pages, they may congratulate themselves upon the contrast to be drawn between their warrior forefathers of the limited Kingdom of East Anglia, and themselves as citizens of that illustrious empire, which may truly be denominated GREAT BRITAIN.



## The Grave.

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COLD, dark cell ! when I shall die,  
Is it here that I must lie,  
Doomed to horrible decay,  
To the loathsome worm a prey ?  
Is it here all friends must leave me,  
And the clammy earth receive me ?—  
I, whose life-pulse throbs so fast,  
Must I moulder here at last ?

Must the eye that oft has gazed  
Over earth and skies be glazed ?  
Must the hand that clasps and clings  
Crumble like the dust it flings ?  
Must the body, strong no more,  
Be the weight that once it bore ?  
Must the ear be deaf for ever,  
And the quick tongue answer never ?

Shall the trampled earth be spread  
Smooth and trimly over head ?  
Shall the clumsy sexton scrape  
All the scatter'd heap in shape ;  
Stamp it in, and mark it round—  
None to spare of holy ground !—  
Till at length his cares be ended,  
And the dust in dust be blended ?

Is it I, who now am thinking,  
While the lingering twilight's blinking ;  
Is it I that there must rot  
Into earth that feeleth not ?  
I, all fitted to inherit  
“ Living soul and quickening spirit,”  
Must I yield to Him who gave,  
Every gift in yonder grave ?

No !—corruptible alone  
Is the flesh that there is sown ;  
But the spirit that shall rise  
Is of stuff that never dies.  
Though the eye be dimmed, the ear  
Cease familiar sounds to hear ;  
Though the tongue no answer give,  
Let them perish—I shall live !





## Pride of Race.



PRIDE of Race ! is such the feeling,  
Suited to this world of shame ?  
Mammon's abjects—cowering, kneeling,  
What have we to do with Fame ?

Pride of Race ! woe worth the glory  
Bought at Truth and Virtue's price !  
Shall the greatness live in story  
That is fruit of Avarice ?

Industry hath no reproaches ;  
Energy shall still be first ;  
But the Greed that aye encroaches,  
Is, and was, and shall be curst !

Curst the lust that addeth ever

House to house and field to field !

Curst the customs that would sever

Ties by God and Nature sealed !

Sons of England—oh take warning,

Ere the day be overspent ;

Wrongful pride hath righteous scorning,

Ere the cup be filled—Repent !

Aye, repent—let truer greatness

Gild the clouds of past disgrace,

And with justice tho' in lateness,

Glory then in Pride of Race !



On the  
“ Spirit of The Age of Chivalry.”



**I**N the dark night of ages that ensued on the destruction of the Roman Empire, when Europe, sunk into a hopeless abyss of barbarism, had lost nearly every trace of ancient civilisation, there arose a spirit pure, ethereal, and lofty, that with a magic wand of light led mankind onward across the gloomy waste of centuries, giving faint promise of a happier period. And this spirit was the “ Spirit of the Age of Chivalry\* ! ”

The institution of Chivalry owed its origin to the noblest impulses of the human soul : its duties consisted in the worthiest actions ; its highest rewards, in the approval of the world, and the self-approving consciousness of virtue. Its sole law was honour, which “ is to justice as the flower to the plant—its “ efflorescence, its bloom, its consummation ! ” It sprang up, beautiful and young, like a Phoenix from the ashes of the dead, out of the hideous confusion—the gross, sensual and Gothic darkness that lay brooding with outstretched wings over the ruins of the past. A system this, in which distinction followed

\* “ It is impossible to mark the exact time when those elements were framed into that system of “ thought and action which we call Chivalry. Knighthood was certainly a feature and distinction of “ society before the days of Charlemagne,” &c.—*Mill’s Hist. of Chivalry*, 8vo. Lond. 1825. Vol. I. p. 10. But it was not until several centuries afterwards that Chivalry, as we now consider it, exhibited its form clearly defined.

not the adventitious circumstances of birth or wealth\* ; but rested solely on personal merit—a merit, so far as personal qualities were concerned, acquired from the lavish hand of Nature herself, stamping its possessor as one of Nature's own nobility ; but perfected by a long course of arduous, though honourable, exercises and acquirements ; a system, this, which established woman in her just rank, and gave to modern times principles and springs of action to which the classic world was altogether a stranger.

The very essence of Chivalry consisted in self-respect, and a respect for the rights of others : it was no other than a rude form of Christianity itself, moulded so as to suit the manners of a rude age. An honour, enduring neither stain nor reproach,—the sense of the beautiful and pure that pervaded the system—exalted aspirations after virtue and fame—a noble heroism—self-devotion—charity that shone through it in the vows of knights to defend the widow, the orphan, and the oppressed—and the elevation of soul that a chaste and poetic *lady-love* inspired—all tend to render the Age of Chivalry one of the most remarkable in the History of the World ; and, in its principles, at least, a model for succeeding ages.

In the disastrous and stormy times that immediately followed the destruction of the Empire of the West ; when horde after horde of fierce barbarians swept over Europe like a desolating pestilence, or, like the waves of a tempestuous ocean, bringing peril and death in their course,—brute force alone prevailed ;—Chivalry was yet unborn. But no sooner became the tempest somewhat hushed, and the feudal system established after ages of misrule had subverted all laws, human and divine, and torn up from their very foundations the pillars of all social order, than a still small voice was heard, and a tie of air, a breath, a mere word, began to bind men by a common consent as in adamant chains. That tie was the pledge of *honour*. To burst from its dictates was accounted infamous. By their *word of honour* men bound themselves to honourable deeds ; and the man who could betray his word, was as much degraded from his rank, and exiled from society, as, in our day, would be the detected swindler or the notorious liar.

\* "Knighthood was essentially and always a personal distinction. A man's chivalry died with him."—*Mill, Charles, "The History of Chivalry,"* &c. 8vo. Lond. 1825, Vol I. p. 15. Paul Warnedrid (*De Gestibus Lombardorum*) informs us that Audoin the Lombard King would not even admit to table with him his son Alboin, who had already greatly distinguished himself in the wars against the Gepidæ. For why ? "It is not the custom," said the king, "for a son to eat at the same table with his father, before arms have been conferred upon him by the chieftain of a noble race." Alboin, with forty warriors, immediately proceeded to the king of the Gepidæ, whose son he had slain in battle, and asked that sovereign to confer upon him the necessary qualification. His attendants and the warriors of the chieftain came to high words and nearly to combat. The sovereign interposed—pardoned Alboin, and invested him with the arms of his own son. The incident is illustrative of the forms of Chivalry, of the magnanimity of its genius, and of the jealous distinction of rank and privileges inherent in Teutonic nations. Shall we say that any of these characteristics are extinct in our own day ?

How different the sentiments and motives of the ancient and the modern world ! The Roman, patriotic, brave, disdainful of life, self-sacrificing to a fault, devoted to renown, was yet a stranger to many of the finer springs of feeling which ennoble these. All stern—scarcely a man of passions—he was insensible to a refined idea. Performing great and chivalrous actions, he was without a chivalric soul, and, above all, he regarded woman but as a slave—she who, as an equal, exerts so powerful an influence in humanising and civilising man. But a constituent part of the spirit of the Age of Chivalry was the homage and admiration accorded to the sex, and which exalted it to become worthy of the pure and gallant devotion it received. The spirit of the classic age was destined to last only so long as its political power, which had grown up in it could be maintained : that of the Age of Chivalry has lasted for ages since its outward panoply has passed away ; and it will last so long as the human race continues to approach nearer to perfection—so long as civilisation prevails, or virtue is appreciated.

Why should we say that the days of Chivalry are past ? We have still the same regard—the same admiration for the female sex—we still love to believe them pure—are still bold enough to maintain them so in fight—we are still jealous of our reputation—we still abhor a lie ! The spirit of the Age of Chivalry still exists ; it has only changed its dress. Our warlike barons have only put off their cumbrous mail for suits of broad-cloth. The difference is only that whilst a stern, high, exalted, and chivalric ambition still urges men on in the paths of distinction, more peaceful times have softened down the strife and the courtesy of the field, foray, and tournament into the contests of the senate, and the *politesse* of the drawing-room.

We are apt to look back with a kind of regret to feudal times, dazzled by the gorgeoussness of days that have departed. We miss the grandeur of castle-chieftains, the clang and glitter of their armour, the romantic style of apparel and of daily life, the spirit-stirring accessories of splendour and magnificence that fire the heart by appealing to the senses. We seem, with these accessories, to miss the heroic acts that the impulses of old are said to have inspired. We miss the jousts, the triumphs, and the banners woven by the lady-love. We follow in mind the deeds of Roland, or Richard-Cœur-de-Lion, and wake from our reveries to the seeming meanness of the realities by which we are surrounded. Alas ! we must not think that every moment in a life can be heroic. The great deeds of chivalric times that we have read of, happened but rarely in the life of the greatest hero ; and such deeds, in another shape or dress, happen *now*, did we take note of all that is done around us every day. There is a tendency amongst all mankind " to exalt the past, and depreciate the present." So in a journey, when we look back, the hill which we have passed appears more steep, and more elevated than we perceived when descending it, and its promi-

nent features are blended in a mass, while of that acclivity we are mounting we see only the gentle rise, and plainly observe its remarkable objects widely distant from each other. And similarly we judge of the past, and of the present era. We are apt to crowd the former with great and sublime images, of which we believe the latter to be almost wholly divested. Of the hill we have passed, or are remote from, we see the whole fore-shortened height at once, with all its great landmarks fused together, forgetful of the space that really intervenes between them. On the acclivity upon which we are standing, we behold wide intervals between the more striking objects, and probably mark but a few of those of its features which, regarded from another spot, may be seen to overtop or eclipse those now in sight. The era that has passed we may see at one view in the records of History; of that which is present we do not know the real greatness, or how conspicuous it will stand in the future annals of time.

Let us congratulate ourselves: we preserve the best part of Chivalry. With all its imposing character—with all its romance, let us not wish the iron age of feudalism to return! With all the grandeur that hung round about it, there was in it no ease, no enjoyment—all was danger, fear, and distrust. While nations, and nobles, and families are warring against each other; and holding, except at formal meetings or drunken wassails, little friendly communion, science and the arts, and with them comfort and refinement, must always be extinct, or retrograde. Thus was it then. A few solitary and glorious lights, as Alfred and Charlemagne, gleamed at distant intervals through the darkness of the Middle Ages; but only like meteors whose brilliancy is great because of the surrounding darkness. Nor was it until the noon-day vigour of feudalism had begun to pass, and the clash of civil wars and private quarrels, which had so long resounded over the finest portion of the globe, had died away, that Europe began to emerge once more from barbarism. While men (and it is the same with nations) are breasting the world, and struggling against insecurity and difficulties, little must be expected of them, as regards their progress in pursuits demanding a calm mind and undivided attention. For a length of time, knowledge, so called, was confined to the cloister; and, if we may judge from what issued thence, it mainly consisted in church legends—some of them of the grossest, and others of the most absurd and blasphemous nature\*. The great and mighty sources of wealth and prosperity derived from science in its various departments was thus cut off; international trade also amounted to scarcely more than nothing; rude agriculture was almost the sole occupation of the people. Hence, if the crops failed, or a fatality overtook the herds, the only means for the chieftains to ensure support for themselves and their retainers

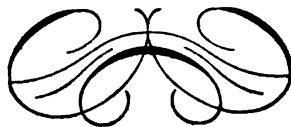
\* Except in a few widely scattered localities, where some attention was paid to preserving from decay the registered experience of the ancient world. Such were the Abbey of St. Gall in Switzerland, Mount Athos in Greece, &c.

were fraud, violence, and robbery. Ponderous castles and inaccessible fastnesses on the domain of each feudal noble, enabled him to maintain defensive war against his equals,—to defy his sovereign, and all laws human and divine—to subsist by unchecked violence and pillage, and to place far beyond the reach of rescue his ill-gotten gains. Hence walled towns, trenches, battlements, and drawbridges, the only means of security for communities against their more powerful neighbours. *Might* was universally acknowledged to be *right*; no other plea was sought for aggression than power. The strong oppressed the weak; the victor in his own turn was conquered and tyrannised over by another stronger than himself; and a strong arm and athletic frame were the most substantial qualities of which a man could boast. In such a state of society what progress could be made in the useful arts of modern life? Men, it is true, had generally stirring occupation enough; but what wonder is it that women, pent up in gloomy fortresses, should often find the time hang heavily on their hands? The mind, as well as the body, must have food, or must languish in *ennui*; what wonder then if women, in the absence of more intellectual pursuits, indulged themselves wholly in dreams of passion and in frivolities which have too long made them the playthings rather than the companions of the other sex; or that each should look forward to the evening hour of her lover's converse, or lays beneath her window, as the most important period of the tedious day. Unlettered, untaught, unfortified by true religion—the child alone of impulse and feeling—with a mind fluctuated perpetually by violent, or by tender passions, it is not wonderful that such beings should have made some advances in poetry and music, arts, which in their essence consist in depth of feeling; and for excellence in which women are, as they have often proved—themselves, eminently fitted. But, in spite of the halo of romance that is thrown around the times of Chivalry, I doubt—I strongly doubt if any of my fair countrywomen would not say, if they had to choose—"Give, O, give me the "present age in preference to the past!" Like many other stirring times, the Age of Chivalry is better to reflect on, and to glory in when past, than desirable when present. We may trace, admire, and revel in the imagination of such times, in history, novel, romance, or opera; but, like the finest pictures, to retain their beauty they should be viewed not too near.

Not the spirit, however, but the bias of the times has altered. We live in an extraordinary period, one more remarkable than any which has preceded it; and which, although it may not wholly overturn the influence of the past, will yet modify and impress its own influence on the external manners of a future age, perhaps even in a greater degree than the Age of Chivalry has influenced the present time. The floodgates of knowledge are opened—the march of mind has commenced,—liberal institutions flourish,—and mere physical force has ceased to be the predominant power. The inventions of modern times take a

new character, their purposes have a new direction, and open views and ends unknown to our forefathers; while, at the same time, without adopting the faults, we preserve the excellencies handed down to us by old institutions. Society is better constituted, its laws and interests begin to be better unravelled, and the philosophic inquirer may observe, with pleasure, human knowledge tending to the more heartfelt adoration of the Divine Being—better known and loved as his works are better understood—and to the more perfect observance of the sublime precepts of Christianity, for which the forms and spirit of the Age of Chivalry were but an imperfect substitute.

5.





## Our Language.

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\*.\* We are glad to extract the following spirited poem from a recent number of McMakin's "*Model American Courier*," published in Philadelphia.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
Now gather, all our Saxon bards,  
Let harps and hearts be strung,  
'To celebrate the triumphs  
Of our own good Saxon tongue ;  
For stronger far than hosts that march  
With battle-flags unfurl'd,  
It goes, with FREEDOM, THOUGHT, and TRUTH,  
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays  
On every surf-worn shore,  
And Scotland hears it echoing far,  
As Orkney's breakers roar :—  
From Jura's crags, and Mona's hills,  
It floats on every gale,  
And warms, with eloquence and song,  
The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,  
It scales the rough wave's crest,  
Seeking its peerless heritage,  
The fresh and fruitful West :—  
It climbs New England's rocky steeps,  
As victor mounts a throne ;  
Niagara knows and greets the voice,  
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows  
On bleak Canadian plains,  
And where, on Essequibo's banks,  
Eternal summer reigns :—  
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,  
Jamaica's glowing isle,  
And bides where, gay with early flowers,  
Green Texan prairies smile.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,  
Missouri's turbid stream,  
Where cedars rise on wild Ozark,  
And Kansas' waters gleam :—  
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,  
Through sunset valleys roll'd,  
And soars where Californian brooks  
Wash down rich sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,  
On seas of fierce Malay,  
In fields that curb old Ganges' flood,  
And towers of proud Bombay :—  
It wakes up Aden's flashing eyes,  
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs ;—  
The dark Liberian soothes her child  
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won  
In gentle Saxon speech ;  
Australian boys read Crusoe's life  
By Sydney's shelter'd beach :  
It dwells where Afric's southmost capes  
Meet oceans broad and blue,  
And Nieuveld's rugged mountains gird  
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles realms so far apart,  
That, while its praise you sing,  
*These* may be clad with Autumn's fruits,  
And *those* with flowers of Spring :—  
It quickens lands whose meteor lights  
Flame in an Arctic sky,  
And lands for which the Southern Cross  
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,  
And righteous kings desired,  
With all that great Apostles taught,  
And glorious Greeks admired,  
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse,  
And Milton's loftier mind,  
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,  
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,  
And error flees away,  
As vanishes the mist of night,  
Before the star of day !  
But, grand as are the victories  
Whose monuments we see,  
These are but as the dawn which speaks  
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,  
Take heed, nor once disgrace,  
With deadly pen, or spoiling sword,  
Our noble tongue and race.  
Go forth prepared, in every clime,  
To love and help each other,  
And judge that they, who counsel strife,  
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time  
By good men pray'd for long,  
When Christian States, grown just and wise,  
Will scorn revenge and wrong,—  
When Earth's oppress'd and savage tribes  
Shall cease to pine or roam,  
All taught to prize these English words,  
FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME !



# Gentle Men.



[The Editors of "*The Anglo-Saxon*" cannot do less than print in their largest type the first communication they have received from the fairer—and, as this short page will prove—the *better* half of their Race.]



**English Gentlemen!** To you the English Ladies, or Gentle-Women, respond with hearts as true, and feelings as glowing as those with which you have addressed them. Christian men! the "high-born" sons of Heaven—the "well-bred" in a Church and country professing Christianity, "whether in the palace or cottage"—in cities or villages—in halls or hamlets—on the sea or in the "camp—in Europe and America—in Africa and Asia—in Australia and the Islands of the ocean,"—fathers, brothers, lovers, husbands, sons! we accept your challenge, and hail the announcement of "a new crusade,"—"a nobler chivalry."

Father, brother, husband, son! Where is the gentle-woman who delights not in these words? They form the magic circle in which her affections have from infancy loved to play and to solace themselves, and in which she has been well content to fulfil her earthly destiny as a help-meet for man. But where is the gentle-woman who, in the present state of Christendom, has not found her sorrows strangely blended with her joys in this circle? In the mal-adaptation of sentiments and practice to the doctrines and the precepts of Christianity, women of high-toned feeling and earnest endeavour, of loving hearts and holy principles, have suffered a desolation, and sometimes a martyrdom, of which men have little

dreamed. The early nursery lessons, the Bible stories, the infant prayers, the renewed baptismal vows, the sacrament, the services of the Church, the sheltered home, have deepened in woman's heart, and impressed upon her daily life the grace and the sacred engagements of baptism ; whilst the school, the University, the pursuit of pleasure, or the toil of business, have estranged the boy, the youth, and the man of maturer age from his early religious training, and woman has looked in vain to man as her guide and example. Too often has she felt the cruel conflict between her relative and her religious duties, and has wept in secret over the widowhood of her highest hopes and aspirations.

Christian men ! act up to your baptismal engagement to “ fight “ manfully against the world, the flesh, and the Devil ”—“ to be “ Christ's true and faithful servants,”—and you will find amongst the gentle-women of your Church and of your country helps-meet for you. Be gentle as your Master, firm to your principles of allegiance to Him, great in your self-denial and in your charity, patient and strong to suffer, humble and moderate in prosperity, and your daughters, sisters, wives, mothers, are prepared to help you to gird on your armour, to stimulate you to every noble effort, and to comfort and console you under all your trials ; whilst they will have to watch themselves, lest in this new crusade—this nobler chivalry—they, and not you, become the idolaters.



## Odd Fellowship.

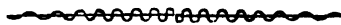


**N**EW YORK, the Western metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon race, has just witnessed a very splendid ceremonial. On Monday, the 4th of June, a magnificent freestone edifice (a cube eighty feet everyway, of plain Grecian architecture) was solemnly consecrated to the service of Benevolence. For the details of its external and internal grandeur we have no room, farther than to say that it contains vast chambers in the Corinthian, Elizabethan, and Egyptian styles, each some forty feet square, painted and furnished according to their eras; a Persian, a Gothic, and a Doric room, of dimensions scarcely less imposing, and as characteristically decorated; and, in the topmost story, the immense saloon of the Grand Lodge, seventy-three-feet in diameter. Such, very briefly, is Odd Fellows' Hall, in Centre Street, New York.

The procession, accounts of which have this day reached us, is stated to have been on a gigantic scale of magnificence. In length exceeding three miles, with twenty full bands of music that rent the air by their spirit-stirring strains, beneath more than an hundred banners, the moving mass of men marched on in their glittering insignia. The great car bearing the patriarchs of the order was drawn by eight black horses splendidly caparisoned, each led by a negro groom in Turkish costume. Then, there were the troops of horsemen in their coloured trappings, a long suite of carriages, and an hundred thousand gaily-dressed spectators acclaiming all along the line beneath a bright and cloudless sky. The last barouche contained those who, to us, seem the chief heroes of the day—the Chaplain, and the Orator.

With the chaplain's office we have little to do, beyond expressing our cordial approbation of the avowed manner in which prayer to the God of Christians is held to be the first duty in a ceremonial of this kind. Nothing can be more sublime than the spectacle of an uncovered multitude in reverent silence breathing their petitions to Our Father in Heaven; and, as we can conceive no act more becoming in the creature, we may believe it one highly acceptable to the glorious and beneficent Creator.

The oration for the day—a most remarkable production in many respects—was delivered by C. Edwards Lester; and those who know the man, so as to estimate his high character for morals and religion, and can call up to their remembrance at once his commanding aspect, and the vigorous flow of his involuntary eloquence, will perceive less reason, than others who know him not, for the few words of addition which our Editorial pen must supply, by way of epilogue to his *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*.



## Oration.



“ LADIES, CITIZENS, AND BROTHERS :—

“ So vast and brilliant an assembly as this, may well close our triumphant festival.

“ From the cold rivers of Maine—from the orange groves of Florida—from the deer-haunted shores of the great Lakes of the North—from the upper waters of the mountain-fed Missouri—from the fervid plains over which Cortez led the Cavaliers of Spain, we have gathered, to dedicate a Temple of Charity—to celebrate the inauguration of the Republic of Humanity.

“ On the night of the 25th of December, 1806, while a Winter storm was drifting over this Island City, in an upper chamber of a house yet standing in Fulton-street, five men assembled to organize the first Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, ever founded on this continent.

“ To the Genius of Humanity, who presided over that humble scene and



foresaw its consequences, it must have seemed, as, to its first discoverer, did the parent rill which gushes from the Rocky Mountains, and flows on its far pilgrimage till it swell into the solemn Mississippi.

“ They called the Institution they founded, SHAKSPERE LODGE, and, like the name they gave it, it has pervaded the world. Its charter now lies side by side with the play of Hamlet, in the secluded library of Sunny-side on the Hudson, and in the frail tent of the gold-digger on the golden banks of the Rio Sacramento.

“ The names given to the first four Lodges in New York, indicate the spirit of their founders. Shakspeare's name represented Literature and Humanity ; Franklin was the second, and represented Philosophy and Labour ; Washington was the third, and represented Heroism and Love of Country ; Columbia was the fourth, and represented the broad continent, where Odd Fellowship was to achieve its greatest triumphs.

“ I shall pronounce no encomium on this Order. It has already existed too long, and entered too deeply into the regards of mankind, to need any defence, or require any apology.

“ I shall speak of some of the causes which brought it into existence, and contributed to its progress—what it has attempted to do for mankind hitherto, and what it must achieve if it would live in the future. It will be necessary, also, to glance at the aspects of the present period, and the electric progress of the world.

“ I am conscious that it has been a day of excitement and fatigue, and that on the fancies of the fair women and brave men, who will hear me with scarce concealed impatience, are gleaming visions of fairy forms floating in the dance. It is not a very enviable office to try to elicit the interest, or stir the sympathies of this great company, who have just returned from the fatigues of a march, and are just going to the enchantments of a ball room, and the luxuries of a banquet.

“ Suffer then, I pray you, with what patience you can, a few words in the name of the trinity of humanity, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH.

“ It should not seem strange that we have assembled for this exulting festival ; all nations and orders of men have had their anniversaries of congratulation. For nearly forty centuries, the sons of Abraham have held their yearly pentecost, to celebrate the emancipation of their fathers. The Greeks held their National Games to immortalise the triumphs of heroism, and the birth of this Nation will be celebrated through all time to perpetuate the memory of the Fathers of the Republic.

“ Every creed has had its temples, and every divinity its worshippers ; why may we not rear a temple to Humanity, and burn incense on its altars ? The world has long had its Republic of Letters, and its Republic of Liberty—

it is time it had its REPUBLIC OF HUMANITY. We have blended the beauties of the arts of the Orient in building our Temple, and with grateful and joyous hearts, we have dedicated it to-day.

“ Odd Fellowship arose in the necessities of man ; not to add one more star to the waning constellation of nobility ; not to deal with fictitious interests, or practise fanciful experiments. It was formed to deal with substantial life, to minister to real wants. A more practical benevolence was wanted in the world, to seek out distress, bind up wounds, assuage griefs, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoner, educate the orphan, protect the widow, comfort the dying, and bury the dead. Man needed a closer acquaintance with man, the world over. For these hallowed purposes our Order sprang into life, and its course has been cheered by the sunny smiles of gratitude, by the consciousness of duty, and by the blessing of God. Let us, in passing, correct a false impression, not uncommon :—

“ Odd Fellowship never was, and never can be, hostile to Christianity, for it is founded on its great law of Love. It never assailed the Church, for Clergymen, and good men of all denominations swell our numbers. But it has been assailed, either because it was not understood or from a still worse motive. We lay claim to none of the rights or privileges of a Divine Institution ; we assume none of the prerogatives of the priesthood ; we invade none of the ordinances of Religion ; we celebrate none of its mysteries ; we impose no religious creed on the conscience ; we do not even claim to be an institution of charity ; *we only attempt to do our duty to one another.*—True, we admit no one to our Order who does not believe in an Almighty and beneficent Father of the Universe ; who does not recognise the law of the Saviour, ‘ whatsoever ye would ‘ that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them,’ to be the only true or safe guide of life. True, when we come together, we sing anthems of congratulation, and we invoke the benediction of Heaven, that all we do may be conformed to the law of Love. But who will say that the glad and joyous heart may not pour forth its fulness in music, or that, in a world in which the tears of the Son have fallen, the erring, misguided, suffering child of earth may not turn his eye up to the blue Heaven, and supplicate the blessing of his Father ! We only aim to do to each other what the Good Samaritan did to the wounded and robbed wayfarer, whom the Levite and the priest passed by on the other side.

“ Our duties are plainly prescribed :—To meet together as brothers, and, in cases of affliction or distress, to relieve the wants of each other, and administer all the consolation we can to the afflicted. We keep nothing hidden, except what is necessary to give efficacy and permanence to our Order, by preserving its unity and guarding it against imposition. The breaking of bread to the hungry, the cup of cold water to the thirsty, watching by the

sick bed, comforting the afflicted, cherishing the stranger, visiting the imprisoned, succouring the enfeebled ; how sadly are these tender duties neglected by a large portion of the human race !

“ How far are these duties performed by Odd Fellowship ? How far are these objects effected ? So perfectly, I answer in a word, that it is nearly impossible for an Odd Fellow to be overwhelmed with calamity, without finding succour. If slander's merciless breath strikes him, there is an honest man near by to defend his reputation, for in this association men are taught not only to reverence truth, but to *scorn the liar*, and despise the robber of the good name of a fellow man ! *He* is the foulest of burglars, the meanest of highwaymen !

“ The Odd Fellow cannot suffer honest poverty without alleviation. If his hand of labour is paralysed at his toil, he is maintained till his muscles grow strong—and this comes not in grudging *charity*—it is his *right*. His wife and children are not driven into the streets to ask *charity* while he is sick—the dignity of manhood is spared this deep humiliation. In his old age he is not driven to the Alms House for a home. He is a *man* to the last—he never becomes a *pauper* ! that squalid, loathsome, intolerable wreck of a man. The Odd Fellow cannot *die alone* ; brothers stand by him in the final hour, and half the bitterness of death is forgotten in the thought that brothers will follow him to the grave—that his widow will be cared for, and his orphans protected. These gentle beings are not left without a covert on the heath of Time !

“ This argument is not limited to the poor man—for *no* man has so much gold he may not sometime lack bread ; none of us has so many friends he may not one day be deserted, and our children are sure one day to be orphans. It is no mean praise of Odd Fellowship to say that it multiplies a man's friends—and, in a world like this, who ever had too many ?

“ The whole fabric of society is strengthened by the sustaining influence of the Order. It is benefited by it in a higher and better sense than by hospitals and alms houses—for it administers relief to men *in their homes* ; they are not dragged from the sacred enclosure of the family and paraded in the fever wards, and watched over by hirelings, or farmed out in the county Poor House !

“ Let us cross the ocean (for Odd Fellowship follows man everywhere,) and look into the Workhouses of England, those loathsome and crowded depôts where men and women are stowed away till Death's freight-train comes for them ! Husbands and wives, in want and age, separated from their children and from each other. The Workhouse is the terror of the poor man in England ! when it stares him in the face, he boldly perpetrates a crime, and by going to a foul dungeon, escapes the humiliation of a Workhouse.

“ The British Government, which discourages all secret societies, has been

compelled to remove her restrictions from Odd Fellowship—for poverty and want have filled her green islands with dying and dead men. She has even made the Order her almoner to expend her relief fund, since her money would thus go farther, and secure greater and quicker relief. In Great Britain, Odd Fellowship stands between a million of men and death. Heaven send peace and plenty to those Emerald Isles—powerful in their empire, feeble in their famine!

“ Ask the Alms House Commissioners of this great City, what it costs New York to feed her hungry and bury her dead! and they will tell you what Odd Fellowship saves us every year. Let the Order suddenly withdraw its sustaining hand, and every city in this country would feel the shock—the entire body of society would stagger under the tremendous burden!

“ It should be no cause of complaint if we limited our beneficence to the circle of our own Order; for we cannot, *alone*, bear the Atlean world of human suffering, and if *we* do not care for Odd Fellows, who will? As an *organisation*, our most imperious duties are toward one another; but we regard man, everywhere, as sacred—wherever we meet him he is God’s child and our brother, and if we can help him we will. So far as our means allow, we open wide our hands.

“ Pittsburg is laid waste by a desolating fire. The Lodges send on their offerings, with all the humane who can, till more is received than has been lost, and a portion of the offering is sent back to the Odd Fellows of New York—it is soon required for another afflicted city.

“ Panama is crowded with thousands waiting to embark for the glittering coast, and pestilence is filling every house with the dead. That mass of dying adventurers are strangers in a strange land; but there are sure to be Odd Fellows there. A magical signal brings them together. A Lodge is organised; the work of helping one another begins on system. The needy are aided, the sick healed, the dying comforted, and the dead buried. No distinctions are made; man is suffering, and man is sacred! A secure and beautiful burial ground, overlooking the ocean, is purchased, and before the caravan goes on its way an appeal is sent back to the Lodges, which is at once responded to; and while I am speaking the iron fence is on its way for the enclosure of the Strangers’ Cemetery, founded by the Odd Fellows at Panama. Heaven send that our treasure may one day be as large as the hearts of the founders of our Order!

“ A thousand facts in my possession would justify me in words of exalted eulogy; but it is far better the eulogy be breathed as it has been, silently, into the ear of Heaven, with the last prayer of the dying; by the widow over the bier of her husband; by the young orphan over the grave of his father.

“ And, throughout these thirty Herculean Republics, *by concentrated efforts*, this good work is going ceaselessly on. It follows the sun in his cir-

cuit, and every twenty-four hours it has made the Good Samaritan journey of the globe.

“ Association is the chief instrument of power in modern times. In fact, men have ceased acting alone ; they now move to the achievement of everything in masses—whether it be to bridge the Atlantic with steamers, or uproot the dynasty of the Bourbons—to make a railway to the Pacific, or reconstruct the Republic of Rome.

“ In Odd Fellowship we blend the energies of a vast multitude of men. We converge the rays of hazy twilight and flame them forth in focal light. We bind the starry spangle into a central sun.

“ Why should the advantages of concentration be monopolised by Government and Commerce ? When this Government strikes, the strength of twenty-three millions is in the blow. When she confirms a treaty, it is sealed with the faith of twenty-three million men. The power, the wisdom, the wealth of these millions are in every negotiation the Government conducts—in every effort she puts forth. These forces are in all her acts ; they ride with her navies ; they march in her bannered ranks ; they attend on her legislation ; they enforce her decrees.

“ The East India Company is an association of merchants. Her navy has five thousand vessels ; her clerks are sons of noblemen ; she draws tribute from one hundred and fifty millions in the East Indies alone ; her body-guard is an hundred thousand men !

“ For different purposes we have seized on this great secret of success. To accomplish good objects we combine the strength, the wisdom, the affluence, the arms and the hearts of a million men.

“ We lift these numerous shields over the widow’s unprotected head ; we place these myriad arms under the unsupported orphan ; we have so many night-watchers ; so many day visits for the sick ; so many to swell the funeral trains of departed brothers to their place of rest. We act together : and, when Odd Fellowship utters its voice, like the morning drum of England it beats round the world !

“ Another circumstance fits us peculiarly for the great work of benefiting our fellow-men,—I mean *the absolute simplicity of our object*—unfettered and unembarrassed by any connection with the ecclesiastical, political, or philosophical distinctions which obtain among men.

“ In looking over the earth, we find the world divided into hostile encampments in philosophy, politics, or religion. We assail none of these encampments. Let them keep their banners flying over their respective hosts—all of us belong to one or more of these party divisions—for Odd Fellowship interferes with none of our other engagements or obligations—it impairs in no degree our personal independence. One conviction fills our hearts ; one purpose nerves

our arms. Man is suffering, and man is sacred. We can better his condition; we can elevate his character; we can inspire him with noble aspirations; and we can direct his eye to the better life to come. We will.

"To accomplish these objects our Order was founded. Man—poor, feeble, benighted, lost—needed something more done for him; priesthoods had invented a thousand religions, with mystic emblems, and solemn rituals; philosophy had thought, and learning had studied for ages. The arts of taste had grown to perfection—heroes had won crowns of victory—empires, republics, arts and religions had risen and gone to decay—but man was the same suffering, misguided, unhelped being still! Could nothing effectually be done to illumine and elevate so noble a creature, susceptible of such exalted sentiments—struggling, longing, thirsting, panting, dying for bread, light, hope, progress, immortality? Must he grope on, ever on, along the shore of that vast ocean which rolls round the world, famishing for the bread of life, sighing for some new bark to bear him to climes he never trod, and an Elysium he had not yet found?

"Odd Fellowship heard the signal, and sent back its response: 'No! Generous, hoping, sighing, suffering, sacred brother, help and light *are* coming. The day of thy redemption is breaking. I see the herald beams flaming on the Eastern sky!'

"Such were the wants, such the exigencies, that brought up our Institution. It has grown with incredible progress. It is because the world needed it—because it has answered the demands of the age.

"It must continue to do so if it would live, and the age is changing every hour. The life of a single generation is a longer period *now* than was once the life of an empire. Time is no longer to be measured by the successive vibrations of the pendulum, but by succession of ideas; not by hours, but by events; not by moments even, but by revolutions. Time is no more marked by the sundial or the hour-glass, but by strokes of the engine, and flashes of the telegraph.

"Less than a century ago France required fifteen years to dethrone a monarch; now she does it in a day! The morning dream of Louis Philippe, in the gilded chamber of Louis Quatorze, is broken by the march of a Revolution. He rises and orders out his body-guard to shoot down the mob. You know the rest. The shadows of the same evening closed around his aged head, rocking in a fisherman's boat on the bleak bosom of the Atlantic—and the mounting sunbeams of the next morning shone on Lamartine's Republic.

"Odd Fellowship now finds itself in an electric age, and it must become an electric institution. An institution to be perpetual must meet the varying exigencies, and answer the varying demands of the successive ages through which it travels. In its incipient stages, our Order was chiefly occupied in ministering to the physical wants of man—tending the couch of languishment—visiting the prisoner in his cell, the widow in her tears, and the fatherless in

their orphanage ; and these noble objects must continue to engage its attention ; not one of these duties must ever be forgotten.

“ But Odd Fellowship is lifting its eye over a wider field. It begins to ask, what is its business with the minds of men ? While it cares for the body, it begins to feel that it must minister to the wants, the woes, the aspirations and the progress of the soul ; that the spirit is not for a day, nor, like the verse of Shakspeare, for all time. It spreads its wing over the battlements of the invisible world. It leaps the life to come. It begins to feel that the *body of man is sacred*, and instead of leaving the form that will one day put on immortality, to rot in a foul vault, or in a crowded city churchyard, where the dead touch one another, in a few days to be torn up by some vandal hand—rural cemeteries are being everywhere founded in the still country, where the loved and the lost are laid to rest amid the flowers which shed their perfume, and the birds who pour out their requiem anthem over the sleeper’s pillow. Thank Heaven, that foul charnel-houses are giving place to green gardens for the dead. Odd Fellowship begins to feel it is a more sacred, a more imperious duty to cheapen science than to cheapen bread—for there is a sadder spectacle than a man dying from hunger—it is a soul famishing for the bread of life. Hence, in every part of the land, Athenæums, Libraries, and Reading Rooms are being founded, where six hours’ work gives the labouring man intellectual food—aliment for the soul for three hundred days.

“ It has always been one of our prescribed duties to educate the orphan, and the duty has been done. *But it must be done more effectually.* Orphan schools ought to be founded by every Lodge ; and, till it is done, even Odd Fellows themselves cannot measure the agency their Order can wield in the destiny of men. The school-master has left the University, and gone abroad through the world. He is in Labrador, in Oregon, in Patagonia, and in the distant Islands of the South Sea. He has sailed up the Golden Horn—he has passed the Pyramids.

“ Brothers, we must widen the sphere of our beneficence. We are in an intellectual, a thinking age ; and we must hereafter do for the minds of men what, in our feebleness, we once did only for their bodies. Every sign in the political and moral firmament betokens progress, and inspires hope. The whole world is in motion, and the whole world is bidding us God-speed. A new and a better day for mankind is everywhere breaking.

“ Religion, which in *all* its forms seems destined to prove the blessing or the blight of man, has begun to interest itself with the *life* of the world—with our hearts—our homes—our every-day occupations. The monk is leaving the cloister, and the nun her convent, to mingle with the warm life and earnest struggles of Man ; and as they turn their backs on the tall cypresses, which for

centuries held their steady moan over those grey sepulchres of the buried alive, they feel the undulations of the new age.

"The age of Scholastic Theology, of mystic rights, of monkish rituals, of besotting and enslaving priestcraft, has gone by, and it will return no more.

"And who would roll our car of progress back again into the misty shadows of those gloomy ages? Would you rebuild the Pyramids? The *Schoolmaster* has been in Egypt, and the sovereign who now rules the Nile puts an hundred thousand men to building railways and canals across the Isthmus, and the shrill whistle of the engine is echoing around the tops of the sky-reaching pyramids.

"Would you again launch five million Crusaders on the plains of Asia? Men have done looking for hope to the *East*.

" 'Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.'

"Would you send a powerful German Emperor, once more, bare-footed to the gates of the Vatican, to be pardoned by a Pope? There is no longer a Pope in the Vatican to pardon him, nor a German Emperor to send there.

"Would you re-dig the dungeons of the Inquisition, or chain again God's glorious revelation to the altar, or light once more the martyr fires of Smith-field? Ah! 'Go be a dog, and bay the moon,' but bring us no more things like these. It cannot be done.

"Four centuries ago the Monk's pen produced one Illuminated Bible during a lifetime. Then the Priest thought for the People. When that blessed Book is thrown off by the Titan arm of Steam, men will do their own thinking and make their own creeds.

"One hospital is now worth more than a hundred convents—one Bible more than all the creeds—one deed of humanity more than a thousand sectarian dogmas.

"When men can *think* free they begin to *act* free. Europe has woken up to achieve her freedom, and for twelve months every steamer has brought with it signal guns of distress from expiring despotism. Old Hungary has lifted her valiant arm, and the invincible legions of the already immortal Kossuth are on their march to Vienna.

"The tide of battle in Europe, between Liberty and Despotism—between the Old and the New Age—between the Past and the Future, may ebb and flow—but it is a struggle for *principle*, and a struggle for principle is a stronger and steadier one than the struggle for *bread*. There is no danger like that of trying to scourge the newly-emancipated spirit back to its prison-house. It is the frenzy of madness for Governments, with the wrong all on their side, to



attempt, by cannon and troops of the line, to arrest the avalanche rush of millions toward their rights. Over such frail barriers the tread of the multitude is like the march of the storm.

“ It is not always that nine-tenths of mankind are to die of starvation—that the remaining fraction may die of surfeit. Equality among all classes is the goal for which the world is marching, and it will reach it. What tumults, and chaos, and blood lie between them and it, no man can tell. But, if needs be, *through* these it must be reached, through them it will pass—and, armed with the Almighty’s decree, press enslaved mankind to freedom. How fast or how slow is to be its march, none but the God of Nations can tell. We only hear the mighty tread of the advancing multitude. We only know that it is a part of the Almighty’s plan to bring the world back to competence and happiness; and every Government and Institution that does not wheel into the movement must be overthrown.

“ Vainer than a dream is the expectation of arresting this onward movement of the race. The world shall not be dragged back to its former darkness and slavery. The power to do it has passed for ever from the hands of despots. War, anarchy, and madness may drench the earth in blood—but civilised man is no longer to sit tamely down under oppression. Its silent, deadly tooth, is no longer to sink unresisted into his bruised and bleeding flesh.

“ The world has heard the shout of freedom, and is straining on its fetters. It is saying to its oppressors, the cup of trembling ye have so long pressed to our lips we will drain no more for ever. We are Men !

“ Such is the Electric Age in which Odd Fellowship finds itself encamped, and it must move on with Humanity.”



Now, in this oration (uttered, as we suppose, from our knowledge of the man, with all the unpremeditated ease of his *perfervidum ingenium*,) only one word grates upon the ear :—we do not mean Kossuth, or Lamartine, or a few other slight matters wherein an American *ought* on principle to differ from us,—there is one objection more grave, more in the subject-matter, more fundamental ; and, after having expressed it, simply and kindly, our conscience will be clear for wholesale commendation.

It is not on a mere question of euphony, far less from any depreciation of a familiar term, that we object to the name Odd Fellowship. In the oration just given above at length, (that the English family everywhere may thrill with

its electric eloquence) one does not like to see "Christianity" as an institution, "Christians" as an order of men, and CHRIST as the great practical philanthropist, made convertible with the names Odd Fellowship, Odd Fellows, and Humanity. We are sure that the distinguished orator, (he is the "Chrysostom" in our "Word to the Yankees," and not ill-named, for eloquence at least) must himself have felt the incongruity, as he takes some pains to explain that "Odd Fellowship is not hostile to Christianity." If we are to consider this speech as a proclamation of principles, with a changed name and that very much for the worse, Odd Fellowship can be little else, so far as *man* is concerned, than Christianity itself; and we wish we could suppose every Odd Fellow to be a Christian, however whimsically designated. The true "Republic of Humanity" is the Universal Church of Christ. The true "Star" that arose to aid the necessities of man, was that first seen at Bethlehem. The true "practice of benevolence" is His; and when His very words are used as "maxims of Odd Fellowship," to Christ, and not to man, be the praise. It was Christianity, not Odd-Fellowship that "heard the signal," and proclaimed the "help and light;" it is as Christians, not as Odd Fellows, that we are called upon to love one another. Let then this little word suffice to fix our human morals on the right—because the Divine—foundation. If, as seems the fact, the most distinctive rules of Odd Fellowship be found *totidem verbis* in the Christian code why abrogate the noble name whereby "the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch?" Why prefer "Odd Fellows" and "Manchester?" There is more in this than meets the ear; and it is just because high-minded and religious men, like Mr. Lester, habitually supply in silence to their own minds those deficiencies, wherein the infidel as habitually finds his own excuse,—that we have taken leave to protest against a new term for what (in this manifesto at least) amounts to Practical Christianity.

After, then, this one honest word, as becometh a zeal for God no less than for man, let us hasten to rejoice in the beneficence, which, all over the civilized world accompanies the institution of Odd Fellowship. The poor, the poor, in this Old World of ours, far more than in that Younger World across the waters,—the poor are in sad case; and glad should we be of any help to alleviate their physical sufferings. Combination is the right thought, though the wrong word; for "ye are members one of another;" and, if we cannot, or do not accomplish it on Christian principles, the loss indeed is ours, and our Holy Vocation is robbed of its due honour; but, as times, and things, and men are, we must take what we can get, and may well thank Providence for inducing men to help their poorer brethren. Every society, which has a tendency to check pauperism—the curse and danger of our time and country—must be deserving of support from all men who feel for their fellow-creatures; and the only thing for which

we would stipulate before an ample and a hearty commendation of Odd Fellowship, is an open acknowledgment of the source from which its blessings are derived. Christianity, in its widest, most inclusive form, is the best practical scheme of human benevolence ever promulgated ; and, if Christian and Odd Fellow be convertible terms (as we wish they were) we would gladly see all the world united in Odd Fellowship, and could then only wish mankind a better name.

M. F. C.



# Borneo.



A CORRESPONDENT has sent us the following Extract from the *Singapore Free Press*, as illustrative of the value and success of that noble, unselfish leadership which we have ventured to proclaim as at once the Duty and Glory of Anglo-Saxon chieftains, but which has been sneered at as "Sentimentalism." The attack on the Rajah of Sarawak, the champion of Free Men, by the Rajah of Stockport, the champion of Free Trade, would have merited a special article in our pages, had not the defence of Sir J. Brooke been undertaken by our contemporaries, while our readers will doubtless not require much argument to make them admire and applaud such genuine philanthropy, and self-devotion. And we are sure that all will join in the wish that no mean economy will be allowed to interfere with that effectual support which the cause of civilisation and religion so successfully founded by an individual deserve at the hands of his brother Englishmen.

" *Sarawak.*

" By the H. C. Steamer *Nemesis*, we have received our usual advices from this quarter, from which we gather the following information regarding the operations against the Sakarran and Sarebas pirates to which we have formerly alluded. On the arrival of the *Nemesis* at Sarawak from Singapore, H. E. Sir James Brooke had just returned from a preliminary expedition. On the 25th March he again embarked to proceed against the Sakarrans, accompanied by about thirty-five war prahus, and, on the succeeding day, fell in with the *Nemesis*, which had started previously to complete her requisite quantity of fuel, and being joined by her boats, under Lieut. Goodwin, the small flotilla pulled by the Rheum, to the entrance of the Samarahan, where fresh numbers joined the party. On the morning of the 27th, having reached the entrance of the Sadong, the war-boat *Ular* (snake) was despatched up that river, to bring down the Balow Dyaks. The *Ular* rejoined the expedition on the succeeding day, off the Sibuyow river. It was then ascertained that the Balows had sent eighteen of their prahus to cruise up the Sakarran, and that the others were *en route* to take part in the attack against the Sakarrans. On the following day the mouth of the Sarebas was reached, where they were joined by the *Nemesis*, and the war prahus had then increased in strength to above eighty, all of whom started for the Kaluka, to intercept some pirates who were thought, from certain information received, to be in its immediate

vicinity, the *Nemesis* remaining to guard the entrance of the Sarebas. The various branches and inlets of the Kaluka underwent a rigorous examination, but without success, no trace being found of the pirates. On the morning of the 2nd April, a detachment of about 1,500 natives marched inland, to attack the Sarebas villages, and returned on the 8th, having destroyed eight villages, and burnt about forty tons of paddy. The villages, it would seem, were an easy prey, the major part of the inhabitants being absent, expecting the attacking party up the Sakarran. On the 5th, the boats returned to the Sarebas, and the next day ascended the Rembas branch of that noble river, but in every instance the pirates had moved inland, and the absence of a sufficient European force rendered it impossible to attack their inland strongholds. The *Nemesis* then parted company, and proceeded to Labuan. On two occasions the attacking party was in the close vicinity of the Sakarrans, as was evidenced by the fresh foot marks in the muddy banks of the river, where they had disembarked, hiding their prahus, which are light fast boats, in the almost impenetrable jungle, and then secreting themselves in its shady recesses.

“ The banks of the Kaluka convince the beholder of the absolute necessity of carrying out, and that immediately, the vigorous policy commenced by Sir Thomas Cochrane, when Naval Commander-in-Chief on this station. Here is a splendid river, the banks of which, for many miles, are covered with the cocoa palm in its greatest luxuriance, groves of betel almost yielding to the weight of their fruit, and the landscape completed by myriads of Sago palm, which would afford in themselves an abundant income to the peaceful and industrious cultivator. And yet no single inhabitant remains to tell the sad tale of the inhabitants, the greater part of whom have been, within a few months, murdered by these inhuman monsters, whose career of bloodshed and rapine, we trust, is fast drawing to a close, never to be renewed. The massacre must have been immense, as is attested by the remains of two large towns and six villages. A few made good their retreat, and found a temporary asylum in the peaceable and secure villages situated on the Sarawak river, the rest had fallen victims to the sword of the invader, or been carried off to linger out their days in all the misery of the most rigorous slavery. We ask—are more facts wanting to attest the absolute necessity, for the sake of humanity and for the security of commerce, of commencing immediately the complete repression and annihilation of this detestable system of piracy which at present renders this portion of Borneo, instead of one of the happiest, most fruitful and productive spots of the earth, as by Nature it is fitted to be, a den of murderers and robbers, the scene of the most ruthless destruction of the lives and property of innocent and inoffensive men ?

“ We know not whether affairs in China have rendered it imperative for the naval Commander-in-Chief to withdraw all our forces from that part of

the Archipelago, but we trust that, as there are to be no immediate operations there, he will see the necessity of speedily despatching such a force to this too long neglected quarter, as will suffice effectually to suppress this horrid piracy, and render the native trader safe, and those who now obtain a precarious subsistence by the cultivation of the soil, secure from molestation, and able at the close of day to rest in confidence without fear of the attacks of those who have but too often scattered their household gods. Some of the Dyak tribes, who had resorted once again to their warlike habits to aid in the overthrow of the pirates, secured a few of the marauders, and deprived them of their heads, and the only accident that has to be recorded is the wounding of several in the feet and legs by the numerous ranjou which the Sakarrans had planted in the paths, and the death of a promising young man, who was shot through the head by the accidental discharge of his comrade's musket, the same ball wounding two others, but not mortally. We hear that the desire of the numerous tribes who are peaceably inclined, to see full punishment administered to the piratical communities, is most intense, and the reverence shewn by them to their Tuan-besar, Sir J. Brooke, and the Rajah Muda, amounts almost to idolatry. The knowledge of their dependance upon him, and that they look to him for deliverance from the insecure state in which they at present live, must no doubt be powerful incentives to Sir J. Brooke to do all he can to improve and ameliorate their condition, and we therefore hope that he may be soon enabled to fulfil all their just expectations; and that, again joined by the Hon. Capt. Keppel, he will be in a state to take such measures as will speedily restore confidence and security to the peaceful and industriously inclined, and put an end to the lawless proceedings of those daring and blood-thirsty tribes who now so unceasingly scourge and vex this part of Borneo."




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LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. BRETTELL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

# The Anglo-Saxon.

Part III.



London :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,  
PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND T. BOSWORTH, 215, REGENT STREET.

mdcccxlj.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY T. DREITELL, RUPERT STREET, BAYMARKET.

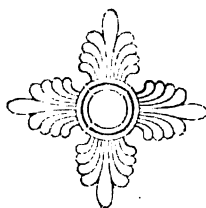


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# The Alfred Jubilee.



"O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action!"—HOTSPUR.



**W**ELL: We have done our duty: let us avow it before the world—an English world that will repent too late—we have done our patriotic part, nobly, energetically, but—in vain! Alfred the Great on his thousandth birth-year is likely to be commemorated throughout this his ancient realm, and among this his world-wide family, only by us, and here,—in our indignant prose and verse. Judge, ye rulers of the Anglo-Saxon race, how fair an occasion has been suffered to slip by; for union, for country's love, for an admiring retrospect towards the foundation of our greatness, and a thankful present sense of its solid superstructure! When again in the History of England shall a point of time be fixed so brilliant, so honourable in the eyes of the Universe, so wise as a momentary rest in our nation's swift career, so seasonable for all home purposes of class-amalgamation, as this the Thousandth Year of our Alfred? It can never happen again: even as so great an opportunity never has occurred before.

Who was Alfred? what was he famous for? what is he to us? Did he do anything except play on a Welch harp in the Danish camp, and burn buns in a neatherd's cottage?

Our poet, a little further on, (poets are an irascible race, and we must humour their infirmities,) tells us plenty about him, in a

great fume and some two hundred unreadable lines : we will add, in more likely prose, that, if you search the annals of mankind you will not find a more perfect character in history. Beside several Jewish parallels, wherein, and even up to Abraham, Noah, and Adam, our poet seems somewhat redundant, we really find ourselves able to make up an Alfred only of a great variety of the best human materials. Our recipe is:—Take Cyrus, Justinian, Scipio, and Socrates ; add prospectively to these Washington, Wellington, and Franklin : pound in a mortar and mix : take, then, compound essence of piety from Fenelon and Pascal, a few drops of personal purity from Edward the Confessor, and a bunch of the domestic virtues from Windsor Castle in this our Jubilee Year ; put all into the retort of adversity, heat in the furnace of affliction and bodily pain, and so sublime the whole ; which, mixed well with the oil of gladness and prosperity, will be found to produce a Character whereof England alone may boast in her one true Hero, Alfred.

Let us add a few historical testimonies to all this, lest we be supposed to be romancing. Old Spelman and Robert of Gloucester have lavished on him such endearing appellations as “ the shepherd of his people,” “ the darling of the English,” “ the truth-teller,” “ the wysest mon that was on Engeland.” Granger says, “ Alfred had in his character a happy mixture of every great and good quality that could dignify or adorn a prince. Having rescued his country from slavery, he enacted excellent laws, built a fleet, restored learning, and laid the foundation of the English constitution.” Hugh James Rose sums up his character by asserting that “ all things considered, England may challenge mankind to produce, among the kings of the earth, an equal to her immortal Alfred.” Keightley prefers him to Marcus Aurelius ; and Mirabeau and Herder give him the superiority over Charlemagne ; while Voltaire declares, “ Je ne sçais s’il y a jamais eu sur la terre un homme plus digne des respects de la postérité qu’Alfred le Grand.” To these be added the elaborate testimony of Hume. “ The merit of this prince, both in private and in public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us : he seems indeed to be the model of that perfect character,

“ which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers  
“ have been fond of delineating rather as a fiction of their imagina-  
“ tion than in hopes of seeing it really existing : so happily were  
“ all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they balanced,  
“ and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its  
“ proper boundaries. He knew how to reconcile the most enter-  
“ prising spirit with the coolest moderation ; the most obstinate  
“ perseverance with the easiest flexibility ; the most severe justice  
“ with the gentlest lenity ; the greatest vigour in commanding,  
“ with the most perfect affability of deportment ; the highest  
“ capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents  
“ for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally  
“ the objects of our admiration ; excepting only, that the former  
“ being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly  
“ to challenge our applause. Nature, also, as if desirous that so  
“ bright a formation of her skill should be set in the fairest light,  
“ had bestowed on him every bodily accomplishment, vigour of  
“ limbs, dignity of shape and air, with a pleasing, engaging, and  
“ open countenance.” And his latest historian, Dr. Giles (p. 368),  
winds up with this just panygeric :—

“ He reigned thirty years and six months, during which the  
“ extent of his paternal kingdom became threefold what it had  
“ been before he came to the throne ; the military, legislative, and  
“ judicial affairs of the country were improved, under his adminis-  
“ tration, to a degree which cast all former kings into the shade ;  
“ and the navy of England, that most certain mode of defending  
“ it from foreign aggression, was entirely the offspring of his  
“ creative genius. Besides all this, it may be unhesitatingly as-  
“ serted, that Alfred was the first poet, the first historian, and the  
“ first philosopher, which England for several hundred years pro-  
“ duced : his inventions in all the mechanical arts were of the  
“ greatest use to his countrymen ; he found the cities in ruins, and  
“ he left them newly built of hewn stone ; he found his subjects  
“ ignorant, and he left them a studious and rising people ; he  
“ taught them both morality and religion ; and when at last, worn  
“ out in their service, at the early age of fifty-two, he descended to  
“ the grave, he bequeathed them that best inheritance a king can

“ give, the bright memory of himself, which has continued to guide  
“ them during the thousand years that since his birth are now on  
“ the point of expiring ; and which for another thousand years, if  
“ the name of England shall last so long, will connect with it the  
“ name of Alfred.”

Now, it was to commemorate this paragon of kings and men for the *first* time since his birth (though that was, this very year, one thousand years ago), that we bestirred ourselves gallantly to rouse England to some National recognition of her Alfred. But in truth we have found the British Lion a creature not easily excited. Whether it be that our average character is too real and bustling to give much heed to anniversaries and idealities, or whether it is that in this cotton age of the world the public are merely pounds-shillings-and-pence-men, we will not undertake to decide : probably, both are true reasons wherefore Anglo-Saxons are ordinarily less susceptible than Celts : industry, care, and go-a-headedness are not poetical features, however useful. Nevertheless, we do maintain that even the utilitarian might consistently have helped with all his head,—and heart too if he has one,—in the Alfred Jubilee of 1849.

What we intended to have brought about was in design good, grand, expansive, and intelligent. It was no mere child's play of games and sports,—though this was part of our plan ; how else to interest the peasant class amongst us ? No mere feeding at a city feast,—though this also was part ; what more obvious way of bringing Englishmen together ? No mere glorification of our English King Alfred,—though this was much, as helping our nationality, and encouraging our patriotism ; but rather the celebration of a Man and a King in whom America has equal part with us, and thus the union of all parties and classes in both hemispheres of Anglo-Saxondom ! No mere wish to help the charities of Wantage or the Literary Fund,—though this too was something ; but also, and more, to give the best orators of our time on both sides of the Atlantic an occasion to speak out before our Queen their sentiments of international kindness. Our plan, as originally set forth, (until public apathy reduced its Titan lineaments to Lilliputian proportions,) embraced open and imperial rewards, not merely to wrestling, racing, cricketing, archery, tournaments,

quarter-staff, and the like ; but also to the orator, the poet, the historian, the bard. We thought to recall the glories of every reign from Alfred to George the Third in a characteristic procession, with impersonations of all the principal characters in British history ; at the same time that we hoped to reward the cottager's lace-pillow, and to gladden the face of honest labour by a poor man's feast. If the idea had been properly taken up, the Alfred Jubilee should have been a Family Gathering of the Anglo-Saxon Race, a bright event in our annals, a commemoration, all over the Mother-realm, of those great nations who unite in calling Alfred their Founder, not so much of what happened a thousand years ago, as of the mercies we are reaping now after those thousand years are over ; it should have been an Ebenezer set up by England,—a memorial pillar, “ Thus far the Lord hath helped us ; ” it should have quickened the stagnation so heavy upon our social exclusiveness, our dull patriotism, our cold, hard, money-making, stockmongering habits ; it should have been a Jubilee week, after our abundant harvest, to be celebrated alike in the temple of religion and in the cricket-field, by the mouth of the preacher as well as by that of the ballad singer : in every way, by every class, the united Anglo-Saxons of all climates and countries should have held this year a patriotic carnival !

Perhaps, for our distant brethren, there was not due notice given for this comprehensive scheme fitly to have taken effect. Our American letters sadly complain of us on this ground ; but, time past we cannot help ; we might, indeed, have been earlier, but—were not ; at the same time, our earnest operations commenced in June, and the middle of October was fairish notice. Yet, hearken—and that to your shame, many magnates of our own land ! to the earnestness wherewith one of the most distinguished men of America writes his disappointment ; these are genuine words, not invention : unluckily his letter did not reach him when it ought to have done, through some postal accident. He says :—“ I regret more deeply “ than I can express, that you have fixed the National Jubilee at so “ early a date. We cannot suddenly be waked up to so grand a “ thought. More time given us, and the Western World should “ have rocked with your magnificent idea. Nothing has occurred “ in the history of the Anglo-Saxon Race comparable with this

“ proposed gathering out of a hundred millions of kinsmen around  
“ the cradle of the Adam of *our* Race.” Again:—“ What a pity it  
“ is that the call for this stupendous gathering reaches us on this  
“ side the water but a little while before the Family Feast is  
“ being spread at Wantage four thousand miles away. A no-  
“ tice of six months would have enabled us to form an Alfred  
“ Club, and send a delegation of great men to meet our Anglo-  
“ Saxon brethren, and address in her mother-tongue your noble  
“ Queen. But this is impossible. The men we want are now on  
“ the mountains of the North, or along the shores of the Western  
“ lakes. They will not return for a month, and then there cannot  
“ be time to take a steamer for the festival. How deeply I regret  
“ it! I cannot imagine a position at all likely to occur in the  
“ present era of the world’s history, in which I should be so proud  
“ to stand, as the one you indicate in your letter;” [that of public  
orator for the occasion, on the part of America;] “ with my heart  
“ full of so great a subject, I believe I could utter words that  
“ would make the heart of Victoria yearn in kindness towards her  
“ kinsmen of the New World, and render peace in our time secure.  
“ I have no fear of a war, much less of a fraternal war between  
“ America and Britain; but there are in this Jubilee the means of  
“ rendering such a war absolutely impossible.”

Only one more extract from this zealous letter, and we shall have done enough to shew in what light our call was welcomed over the water. The writer may, for aught we can tell, at the moment we are penning these words, be nearing the shores of England on a special mission from his President to our Queen with reference to this Jubilee. Hear him, and note his earnestness:—  
“ It is next to impossible for me to attend: but if I can see our  
“ President during September, and move his feelings far enough to  
“ get a letter from him to the Queen, of which I shall be the  
“ bearer,—or an address from him to the Anglo-Saxons to be read  
“ by me at the Jubilee,—or anything else that will sanction, or  
“ even excuse, my appearance on so grand an occasion, I will come,  
“ if it be God’s will.”

These extracts are too interesting, too admirable, for us to have neglected their insertion in their own words: and, among the many



letters we have received from home and abroad, the enthusiasm of individuals is great and real. On the part of the public press, no less than eleven London papers, and an uncounted host of their provincial brethren, spontaneously and zealously took up the great idea, and urged its prosecution in most able and eloquent articles. New made friends,—unknown to us by name,—were volunteering all manner of good services; and we doubt not the untitled patriots of our Race would have flocked by hundreds to do honour to their Primeval King. Why then failed the Jubilee? O Great Men,—your consciences inform you; and look to the poet,—he will tell you all about it anon: he has his licence; we care not to say too much in true-looking prose. A few private gentlemen, with every effort and nothing spared, could not rouse the leaders: we had hoped for a National Jubilee, and could not secure so much as a chairman or a patron among the noble or illustrious of the land; true, we might have done without them, and were strongly inclined to it; but, devoid of high patronage, there could have resulted nothing but “*une affaire manquée*,” and it would not have done to have degraded our lofty intellectual idea into the base realities of a bad dinner at Freemasons’ Hall. Checked by the cholera in London,—but far more truly checkmated by the apathy or opposition of the Magnates, nothing remained but to enter our protest, and to leave Alfred alone with his glory.

Before we wind up, which shall be done, swan fashion, in melodious measures, (to steal thereby immeasurable licence,) suffer a word or two explanatory of our illustrative plate. The scene is in the neighbourhood of Wantage; whose church-tower is discernible in the prospect, as also Alfred’s White Horse upon the distant hills. The celebration is at its height, so far as the games are concerned: the circle of pavilions (each surmounted by a flag of one of England’s colonies or offsets, and gaily decorated with green boughs,) together with the two amphitheatres beneath (between the canvass and the railed space) would accommodate thirty thousand people; the Royal pavilion is the centre; games of all kinds, with masques, races, and a procession, are all going on together. Outside of the vast enclosure, with the carriages and so forth, the humbler classes are regaled with oxen, roasted whole, tuns of ale, and their own sports

and merry-making. As we are not Arcadia, a few companies of policemen and dragoons, aided by the common sense of ninety-nine out of every hundred Englishmen, would avail for order and decency; and as we are not Utopia, a very small amount of entrance money, added to some reasonable donations and subscriptions from the rich and great, would suffice for all we have thus realised ideally,—prizes, beeves, decorations, everything. Is it not a grand occasion lost? Yes,—Great Western Railway, how fair a speculation here has rotted on the stalk! Yes, humble Wantage, and unambitious Berkshire, what amount have you not escaped of hard cash, besides honour! O Statesmen, whose routine of dignified red-tape-ism is falling a little behind the stirring spirit of the age; O Magnates, who wish, as a piece of policy, to make friends of the Middle Classes; O Philanthropy, Patriotism, Young Englandism, and all the rest of it,—what a chance have you by negligence let slip!

We have hinted that the Middle Classes gloried in the thought. Many, too much occupied or too poor to join, still cheered us on by hearty commendations. Several offered in their vocation gratuitous services: two of whom shall especially be mentioned. The newly appointed Harpist to the Prince of Wales most appropriately volunteered his Ancient British harp on the occasion: how well we might have realised the Royal Minstrel in Hinguar's camp! how touchingly have felt the influence of those old chaunts and songs traditionally our's from the Saxon era! Again: Mr. Taylor, the medallist, prepared the dies for a medal at his own cost; and a beautiful medal too. The obverse bears the portrait of Alfred, far less ideal than that of Vertue, and the bust at University College; for it has been accumulatively gathered from coins, which, however rude, furnish one by one every characteristic lineament here pourtrayed: the letters of the name are from the Alfred jewel in the Ashmolean Museum. The reverse commemorates the illustrious progeny of the Father of England and her children. In the precious metals, this medal is of course a matter of purchase; in imitation silver, it would have been distributed gratuitously to every Jubilant. There is also a second reverse, especially to promote international peace with America. But even this widely advertised and unusual largess roused not

many. "The stars in their courses fought against us:" and what with country stupor and town cholera, the thing was destined to commemoration only in these pages: unless, indeed, as we have reason to believe, local good feeling at Wantage still may avail to secure a celebration of some sort.

Our poet, a very handy but somewhat mischievous museman, has his own way of telling the sad story of failure prosed about above. Let us hear him; with much compassion for his craft, and that gentlemanly sort of feeling about versification which regards truth as, no doubt, the sacrifice to poetical licence.

ALFRED THE GREAT upon his thousandth year!—  
 Who would not give him honour far and near?  
 Where is the mind of Anglo-Saxon mould  
 Unstirr'd by those brave memories of old,  
 When the seed-acorn of our English oak  
 First from the soil with stubborn sinews broke,  
 Put forth its towering leader, and, ere long,  
 Grew like a giant, lusty, straight, and strong;  
 Up to the zenith flung its leafy crown  
 Down—to the centre struck its taproot—down,  
 Clung to the very ribs of mother-earth  
 Her sturdy son, her never-dying birth,  
 And now, more vigorous for a thousand years,  
 Has overgrown a brace of hemispheres!

O royal Alfred, look on me thy son,  
 Thy faithful Abdiel, if thine only one!  
 In thee the Saxon David I behold,  
 Meek as the lamb and as the lion bold,  
 Tinged with some fault as may become a man  
 But doing yet the best a mortal can,  
 In weal and woe the bright exemplar still  
 To kings who compass good and combat ill.  
 Fear'd by thy foes, as by thy friends admired,  
 And changing foes to friends with love inspired,  
 Great in adversity, but greater far  
 In the full blaze of fortune's favouring star,  
 All things to all men was thy bright career,  
 A man for saints to love, and fiends to fear!

For, well I wot thy greatness of old time,  
 Well do I note that greatness still sublime :  
 From thee, as root, old England's glory grew,  
 Thee the first-fruit, and trunk, and acorn too.  
 Father and founder of this ruling race,  
 Kings in all climes, and priests in every place,—  
 Lawgiver, statesman, teaching now as then,  
 For ever living in the hearts of men,  
 Thee may thy children title, as they can,  
 The pattern prince, the model Englishman !

Through thee, fair order rested on the land,  
 Mercy and Justice walking hand in hand ;  
 Each village church is thine, with all its good ;  
 Each hamlet stands where at thy word it stood :  
 Merchants, who waft your venture on the breeze,  
 He gave you first the freedom of the seas ;  
 Sailors, ten centuries our British boast,  
 He sent you first afloat on every coast ;  
 Yeomen, who guard your homes and their increase,  
 He arm'd your prowess, and decreed your peace ;  
 Soldiers, whose valour rings from pole to pole,  
 Your glory dates from Alfred's royal soul !

And where was Oxford with her beacon light  
 Before this meteor blazed upon the night ?  
 Before his mind, illumining the world,  
 Flash'd o'er the nations like a flag unfurl'd,  
 And princely gifts, as well as student-toil  
 Fed learning's golden lamp with midnight oil !

Remember, London ! once so desolate,  
 Through him, thine Ezra, thou art grown so great ;  
 Sing, ye dark places of the land made fair,  
 For Nehemiah breath'd in Alfred there !

And see, how Science at his fostering voice  
 With sister Art could at their task rejoice :  
 Never since Alfred was a king of men  
 Has honour gilt the pencil or the pen

With half the richness of that generous age  
 When he stood by the student or the sage,  
 Never has King, or Queen, or Royal Prince,  
 To his true nobles been an Alfred since !

Aye ; and to these, the Lawgiver, the King,  
 The statesman, chieftain, patron, everything,  
 Under whose laws we live, whose light yet shines,  
 Whose character with England's intertwines,  
 Add the calm virtues of a Christian mind,  
 The glorious will and power to bless mankind,  
 The guileless heart scarce-mix'd with worldly leaven,  
 The meekness of a sainted child of heaven,  
 And tell me, Earth our Mother, where and when  
 Hadst thou another such a man of men ?

Yea ! for his greatness, faintly seen from far,  
 Is as the glimmering greatness of a star  
 Which common ignorance, with vacant stare,  
 Sees as a petty spangle shining there !  
 Yea,—for his glory, like the noonday sun,  
 So little praised by that it shines upon,  
 Has lightened church and state in every way  
 And men think nothing of the common day !  
 To us he was, as to the Hebrew stock  
 Stood father Abraham, both root and rock,  
 To us the Noah of our shipwreck'd helm,  
 The Adam of this Anglo-Saxon realm !

Well ; to do honour to our country's Praise  
 Loved and remembered after many days,  
 Grateful, amidst all Europe's woes and fears,  
 To count our mercies of a thousand years,  
 Glad of the chance for brothers to embrace  
 And bind in one our Anglo-Saxon race,  
 Outspake we well ;—" Old England's first and best,  
 " The master spirit on our soil imprest,  
 " To him, a king, the paragon of earth  
 " Ten centuries ago, this year gave birth !  
 " Come then to London, gather at Guildhall,  
 " Let Gog and Magog guard the festival,

" There with each honour, music, speech and toast,  
 " Let us, as brethren, bless our Nation's boast ;  
 " Come also to old Wantage, where it lies  
 " Lapp'd in fair Berkshire, under sunny skies,  
 " There feed the poor, and add the rustic game,  
 " In letters, fifty feet, cut Alfred's name  
 " Near his great horse upon the chalky hills,—  
 " The country claims it, and our Monarch wills !  
 " Haste we to do him honour, one and all,—  
 " Prince, peers, and people, heed this patriot call !"

Forth flew our burning words,—and *burnt* they got !  
 With one consent the Great responded not :  
 In vain the courtier note so circumspect  
 Was left by liveried lacquey quite correct,  
 In vain the magnates heard the stirring word,  
 For, if they heard at all, they never stirr'd !  
 Waste-paper baskets are of use, no doubt,  
 And Joseph Ady sends such notes about,  
 And how unpleasant to be pestered thus,—  
 And what presumption so to trouble *us* !

Oh ! lords and statesmen ! Alfred was a test,  
 Not how to serve some party purpose best,  
 Nothing for patronage or praise was there,  
 No trumpet-charity, no fancy-fair ;  
 To these, at fashion's silly beck and call,  
 Dukes lead the way, and dunces follow all,  
 And haply Scotchmen bare their brawny legs  
 To race and ramp in scanty philabegs,  
 Or Manchester has goods to sell—who'll buy ?  
 And so blood-royal comes to taste and try !

No ! but the patriot mind, the generous heart,  
 The noble will to do a Noble's part,  
 These all were lacking ; and the precious day,  
 Ripe for this grand occasion, dies away,  
 Without one prince, one prelate, or one peer  
 To bless King Alfred on his thousandth year !

Shall I divulge ? ye well may tremble, some  
To whom these dull indignant verses come,  
Lest I betray the cold unkind reply,  
Or utter scorn wherewith you pass'd it by,  
Lest I inform mankind, and shew them then  
What sort of patriots are these mouthing men !  
I hide your names : Oh, hide your heads for shame,  
Peers, princes, prelates, things of common fame,  
Here was your chance new honours to acquire  
By rallying round Old England's Saxon sire,  
Or did ye then in secret Norman pride  
Fling English Alfred scornfully aside ?

Thus, as the first refusal was refused,  
And all those extras held themselves excused,  
Turned we to nobler men of humbler rank,  
And found their answers cordial, quick, and frank ;  
For England's heart is where it ought to be  
A middle portion, beating fast and free ;  
Not in the lofty brow is seen her worth,  
Not in the grovelling feet that cling to earth,  
But in that generous, true, right-minded mass  
The Nation's hope, our noble middle class !

So, on we went, with help and hearty cheer,  
Till the fell pestilence came ghastly near,  
And all proprieties combined to say  
London, at least, could have no festal day,  
With fear and care on every face one meets,  
And visitation brooding in the streets.  
With honour, then, as we had led the van,  
With honour we retreated, man by man,  
Not caring to conceal how scant a band,  
And yet how noble, made this gallant stand,  
Not fearing to reveal, for England's fame,  
How much her magnates cared for Alfred's name.

Last scene of all, poor Wantage does its best  
As one with worldly wealth not overblest.  
A hearty dinner of old English cheer  
With honest welcome, toasts, and beef and beer ;

sentence, press the application : for the honour of Alfred in his thousandth year ; for the glory of England in her heaven-blest tranquillity ; for the due reward of peaceful merit (as, to magistrates, surgeons, clergymen, authors, inventors, and other benefactors of their kind), less inconsistently than by the grudged red ribbon of war ; for the unity of Anglo-Saxon Britain, America, and Englishmen everywhere ; for the amalgamation of shattered parties ; the concentration into brotherhood of all good men and true, however nicknamed as to politics or religion ; for the encouragement of good actions ; and for the special praise of Victoria our Queen,—

May it please HER MAJESTY that there be this year instituted

The Royal Civil Order of Alfred the King.





# The Jubilee Song.

*Maestoso.*

*f* *ff*

The piano introduction is in B-flat major (two flats) and common time. It features a melody in the right hand and a more complex accompaniment in the left hand. The first measure is marked *f* (forte) and the second measure is marked *ff* (fortissimo).

To - day is the day of a thou - sand years!

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are "To - day is the day of a thou - sand years!". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Bless it, O brothers, with heart - thrilling cheers!

*mezz.*

The second system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are "Bless it, O brothers, with heart - thrilling cheers!". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. The tempo marking *mezz.* (mezzo) is present.

## The Jubilee Song.

Al - fred for e - ver! to - day was He born, Day -

This system contains the first line of the song. The vocal melody is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a simple bass line.

- - star of Eng - land to he - rald her morn.

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues with a slight rise. The piano accompaniment features more active chords in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

That, ev'-ry-where breaking and brightening soon,

*mezz.*

8ves.

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody is followed by a double bar line. The piano accompaniment includes a mezzo-forte (*mezz.*) section. The system concludes with the instruction '8ves.' (8 measures).

## The Jubilee Song.

Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon, And

*cres.*

*Sves il basso.*

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a single melodic line in G major (one flat). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The lyrics 'Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon, And' are written below the top staff. The word 'cres.' is written below the piano staff, and 'Sves il basso.' is written below the bottom staff.

fills us with blessings in Church and in State ; Children of Alfred, the

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The melody continues on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment continues on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'fills us with blessings in Church and in State ; Children of Alfred, the' are written below the top staff.

CHORUS.

Good and the Great,— Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day !

*ff*

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The top staff begins with the word 'CHORUS.' above it. The melody for the chorus is on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'Good and the Great,— Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day !' are written below the top staff. The dynamic marking 'ff' is written below the piano staff.

# The Jubilee Song.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics "Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day!" are written below the first measure, followed by a rest, and then "Hail to his Ju-bi-lee". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand, with some notes marked with accents.

Hail to his Ju-bi-lee Day! Hail to his Ju-bi-lee

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Day! The Day of a thou-sand years!". The piano accompaniment includes a section marked *rall.* (rallentando) and a section marked *f* (forte). The right hand of the piano part features a series of sixteenth-note runs in the *f* section.

Day! The Day of a thou-sand years!

*rall.* *f*

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with a whole rest followed by a final note. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords, ending with a double bar line.

# The Day of a Thousand Years!



To-day is the day of a thousand years!  
Bless it, O brothers, with heart-thrilling cheers!  
Alfred for ever!—to-day was He born,  
Daystar of England to herald her morn,  
That, everywhere breaking and brightening soon,  
Sheds on us now the full sunshine of noon,  
And fills us with blessing in Church and in State,  
Children of Alfred, the Good and the Great!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
The Day of a thousand years!

Anglo-Saxons!—in love are we met,  
To honour a Name we can never forget!  
Father, and Founder, and King of a race  
That reigns and rejoices in every place,—  
Root of a tree that o'ershadows the earth,  
First of a Family blest from his birth,  
Blest in this stem of their strength and their state,  
Alfred the Wise, and the Good, and the Great!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
The Day of a thousand years!

Children of Alfred, from every clime,  
Your glory shall live to the deathday of Time!  
And then in bliss shall ever expand  
O'er measureless realms of the Heavenly Land!  
For you, like him, serve GOD and your Race,  
And gratefully look on the birthday of Grace,—  
Then honour to Alfred! with heart-stirring cheers!  
To-day is the Day of a thousand years!

*Chorus*,—Hail to his Jubilee Day,  
The Day of a thousand years!

C.



## Our Saxon Sire.



A thousand years—the past is but a dream—  
A tide of waters that have ebbed away ;  
The vanished glory of a morning beam ;  
A leaf—that once was green upon the spray,  
Ere Autumn came and sear'd it to decay !  
Time rolls along with dull, remorseless pace,  
And human things are gathered to his sway ;  
Some few have left a token and a trace—  
To mark they breathed awhile, and point their burial place !

Like this, Great Alfred, lived to reign of old ;  
And such the glory of a noble name,  
Ages have passed—his tale is still untold ;  
Still is he hight, a beacon unto fame,  
Pointing to kings,—go ye and do the same !  
Yes, that his glory lives to dazzle yet,  
These myriad sons our earnest truth proclaim ;  
When shall the SAXON cancel Alfred's debt—  
Shall Albion's ingrate sons their SAXON Sire forget ?

Born in those days, when Blindness was on earth,  
And Superstition reared her altars round ;  
He pierced the night which clouded o'er his birth—  
Dispelled the mist, and light in darkness found,  
Bidding its rays go forth, and clear the ground ;  
He made a way, and left the passage bright,  
Which, ere he came, but too obscurely wound ;  
For this, men's mem'ries guard him in their sight,  
Nor let his name be lost, or glory wane to night.

To him, to all, there was a mortal span—  
The earth-born giant dwindles to the dust ;  
The mighty hero shares the fate of man—  
Decay—corruption—dross and earthly rust,—  
So wills the King of Kings, omnipotent and just !  
The body droops—yet lives th' immortal soul,—  
This animates, this consecrates the dust  
Men carve for those, whose genius knows no goal,—  
Its wings are all uncurbed—it soars without control !

E'en now, when as by stroke of mystic wand,  
The pride of nations darkens to decay,  
Like lofty mansions that are built on sand—  
The sport of winds—the tempest's easy prey—  
Poor baseless domes—frail tenements of clay!  
Thy realms, Great Alfred, founded on a Rock,  
In simple grandeur hold their peaceful sway:  
High praise to Thee! thy stalwart sons may mock  
The surging storms of strife—the earthquake's mortal shock!

J. G. H.





# Home.

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" Home! happy word, dear England's ancient boast,  
Thou strongest castle on her sea-girt coast,  
Thou full fair name for comfort, love, and rest,  
Haven of refuge found, and peace possess."—*Author's Mind.*

**H**OME! the best of English words; the dear sound for the dearer sense; the tender, heart-stirring, Anglo-Saxon "Home;" wholesome holy thought and thing; and yet, how frequently embittered and unhallowed!

Home! the nest of infancy, the playground of boyhood,—youth's bower of love, garden of peace, and grove of meditation,—manhood's well-tilled field of usefulness and duty,—age's rest and refuge; and yet, how often a dislocated scene of strife, a perilous film of shattered beauty crusted on the edge of a volcano. Yea; it is a full, and deep, and powerful theme—with its lovings and hatings, pleasures and pains, duties and neglects, sweets and sour, good and evil; inexhaustible as that mother of waters, the Missouri; incondensable as a panorama of the world!

If, in a few short sentences we touch this mighty topic, one of universal import to Englishmen of every party, class, and nation, let no one blame us for omission, or accuse a general parable of any personal applications. We could not say in volumes the much there is to say: home-duties, well-fulfilled, involve the prosperity of wide-spreading nations, no less than the salvation of individual immortals, and negligence herein, to say no worse, occasions, in one view, the bitterness of private misery, so frequent and so sad; and obtains, in another, its climax, public misfortune and universal ruin; look at continental Europe rocking into chaos, society breaking up like a foundering ship, and every man, woman, and child, proudly insubordinate, fighting against home-discipline and God's government!

It would be invidious to do more than glance with a humble and a pitying eye at the sins of our neighbours. If with them, Home is no anchorage, but the mere shifting quicksand of "*chez lui*;" if marriage is lax, authority despicable, and duty disregarded; results are sure. The Moral Governor is just, and His laws impartially work out the fitting punishment. Wherever God's

vicegerents are dishonoured, in the home or in the nation, in the peasant's hovel, where the father should be head, no less than on the imperial throne or presidential chair; wherever the whole duty of man, "Obedience," is made a byeword, and the whole privilege of man, "Usefulness," is frozen into Self, and the whole honour of man, "Duty," is denied, and the whole happiness of man, "Affection," is derided as a silly thing,—there, Woe! Woe! for man's work of sin has earned the wage of wretchedness.

But, turn away, Englishman, look to thine own estate and judge it warily; fall not into vain imaginations, as if thou too,—thou in England, or America, or elsewhere,—art not full of the same sin, hast not earned the same recompense. Let us, for good's sake, unto wise and earnest purposes, drop a thought or two on each man's home, which may perchance (however small the seed), grow up here and there, and become a plant of good, a little tree of life, a scion of the cedars of Lebanon which the Lord hath planted. Let us touch upon a few home hints, not as elaborating a treatise, but suggesting half-a-dozen practical ameliorations; little heeding the manner, if the matter be productive of good; and not shrinking from an unusual sharpness of style, if by so doing we can "prick with a needle" the heads of one or two of Home's worst ills.

#### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We are all too well aware that in expositions of religion, or in explanations of science, our learned commentators can be very deep and verbose where the meaning is quite evident, and are only curt and shallow in matters which really require elucidation. The real difficulty is rarely made the point of attack; or, if it is, the explication is involved in so thick a mesh of words, that the poor unsatisfied acolyte goes home more mystified than ever. So also in matters of home happiness. Who tells truth in any staid tract upon family duties, and declares that silly wranglings, household worries, parental reserve, and filial alienation, are more truly the reefs upon which home love is wrecked, than any vaster crimes, faults, follies, or misfortunes, more easily alleageable? Who will venture to accuse the exemplary husband, or the virtuous wife, of possibly being yet possessed by such uncongenial dispositions, as to counterbalance all their stock of propriety and goodness? Who will Quixotically assert, that the dissipated queen of fashion, no less than the tipsy mechanic, may have been almost excusably driven into evil courses by the mutual incompatibilities of husband and wife? that a gallant acknowledgment of all feminine perfections must, even in print, have its reasonable limits, and no more degenerate into a blind idolatry of mere womanhood, than respect for lords of the creation should rise into hero-worship? and that the Socialist and the Owenite, though miserably wrong in their con-

clusions of denouncing marriage, dividing children as a common stock, and hiving up mankind in communities for mutual unpurchased help, like bees or beavers, are yet much too near the truth in their premises,—to wit, the disappointing lack of happiness in the average of wedded life, the too common neglect of parental duties, and the normal state of discomfort which the curse of menial service brings upon most men's homes.

Now this is a subject of immense importance to all of our great race, who are pre-eminently home-livers and home-lovers. Home is the dear spot, the core of the heart, to every one of England's wide-spread family. Let us then strike at two or three of its evils, and sear them if we can with a healing severity: and if, among the hundred-thousand couples who, by means of the ubiquity and immortality of a book, from first to last shall read these lines, ten wives shall have been made more amiable, twenty husbands less bitter, one flock of babes more cherished in their home, or a few domestics be reminded of a Higher Master,—who shall say that this number of the *ANGLO-SAXON* is but one more of the many useless volumes perpetually disgorged by the printing-press?

There are plenty of tracts upon marriage: whole shelves, if any bibliomaniac could be found to collect such theoretical lumber, might be made to groan with matrimonial treatises, from a vast number of doctors, and proctors, granddames, wives, spinsters, bachelors, lovers, and divines; and yet scarcely one hits the blot of domestic discord with skill and truth. *Comfort* is the guardian spirit of home; and, happily for us, of many thousands: but its opposite is the worm of Jonah's gourd. Petty vexations rot it at the stalk. Mere trifles kill it. From the lowest to the highest, the chief supporter of the pot-house as of the gambling-club, the main antagonist of good, sourer of temper, and eradicator of all home joys in every sphere of life, the surest hardener of hearts and destroyer of souls is a little evil almost overlooked—domestic worry. That fearful tragedy in high life, wherein a Parisian Duke and Duchess were murderer and victim, is but the full-ripe fruit of the journeyman's quarrel with his teasing Mrs.; and the elopement of a Peer's daughter is due to the same petty centrifugal causes, as those which make misery in alleys, and banish home comfort by scolding and vexing. There may be no one great evil in particular standing out rock-like in the channel; neither irreligion, nor adultery, nor extravagance, nor loss of real attachment: but the continuous succession of annoyances dropped from man's (or woman's) tongue, this it is which, little by little, makes up the shifting sandbank whereon home happiness is wrecked. Many wives there are, and husbands too, goodsooth, who imagine themselves saints and martyrs because they have stormed or fretted away the affections of their partners. Many, who seem to fancy that, if they sin not in the matter of the seventh commandment, no constant course of bickering, no ceaseless intended aggravations, no

feminine tongue, or masculine temper, is sufficient to excuse alienation of heart in the victims of perpetual discomfort. They are mistaken : life is made up of trifles ; and nothing so truly excuses the drunken mechanic, or the dissipated peer, nothing so extenuates even a wife's desertion of her home, as the wasp's nest left behind in the other's disposition.

Gentle-women and Gentle-men of every class in life, true, loving Christian lords of the creation, and sweet ladies of those lords ; the amiable, the dutiful, and quiet in cotter's hovel or in palace hall,—this word is not for you ; but, as it may (from the mere fact of its unconventional plainness) sow a hint for the better in many an aristocratic mansion as in many a mechanic's garret,—let the winds carry it where they will.

For home, rightly ordered, is the little heaven upon earth, the pure and peaceful antepast of things not seen as yet. Quiet is its atmosphere, and love its sun ; the soil of its tillage is duty, and the rich crop, affections and good works. Home is one of God's best blessings ; and many hearts there be to say—thank Heaven for so dear a taste of happiness !

But, turn we now away from such tender contemplations, to whisper one little word in particular to husbands. The wives have much to try them, more than you have ; and if they are counselled unto patience, how much more is it expected of your sterner and more stubborn nature. Who can put the case better than St. Paul ? “ Husbands, love your “ wives, and be not bitter against them.” Be not bitter. How much is here implied as to possible provocations—as to the less reasoning and the more sensitive mind of woman—as to the hardness, haste, and impatient energy of man, contrasted with her delicate susceptibilities, her variableness and indecision ? Be not bitter. You may, indeed, be tempted to it ; but turn away and be kind. Be not bitter ; for man's tongue, even more than woman's, can speak daggers, can utter evil things which cling upon the memory for years, bruising the heart and killing its affections. O Man ! it is cruel, it is cowardly. Be not bitter.

Management is much. Dear wives, without thinking less of your virtues, think a little also of your graces. There is “ a way to win him,”—too much forgotten when once won ; and who can marvel, then, if you have not found out “ the way to keep him ?” Try the old tack. Did you ever scold, or grumble, or fret, or diligently tease, as a lover ? Give honest old marriage only as fair a chance as young betrothal had ; make the home comfortable, humour your helpmate, understand him, make the best of everything, and take our word for it, your “ brute of a husband ” will turn out no such monster after all.

And you, husbands, remember those kind attentions of past times ; repair the waste places ; refresh the good old feelings ; live over again in hearty yearning all the happy days lang syne ; forgive, be forgiven, make every-

thing up; help, and love, and confide in each other; so will you both be happy.

And now, one word about jealousy. In nineteen cases out of twenty it is simply a mean, selfish, and irrational suspicion, evidencing much more guilt and folly in the accuser than in the accused. It is born of vanity and evil reverie, and grows to be the very opposite of that heavenly virtue, charity, which, "thinking no evil, believeth all things, hopeth all things." The mere inclination to this canker of domestic peace argues a vicious state of mind, just as boils betray a morbid state of body. Silly ones, for sake even of the vanity that pampers you, have the wisdom to conceal your foul suspicions. Depend upon it, your foolish and uncharitable vexing goes a good way towards causing what you dread; depend upon it, a sensible sincerity of manner and rational kindness of heart will win again the straying love that you have scared away by irritable bickerings; and the beauteous feminine adornment of a meek and quiet spirit in the wife, or a frank kindliness in the husband, will have power to charm again the estranged mind which your utter unamiability (even to suspicions base as this) has warped, wronged, and disenchanting.

For all things else—bear and forbear in the many crosses and worries of life; make light of all troubles which are not sins—at the worst they are soon over; try to forget their very presence. Many a very afflicted body have we seen, and admired to note how little he knew he was wretched; while many a blest and prospered man enjoys nothing from apparent unconsciousness of his great good luck. How many couples, with everything to cheer and comfort them, will grumble away life in discontent; and how many, less well matched and emptier of this world's good, by force of mere cheerfulness win the peaceful prize the others are perpetually losing.

Add to the above this hint also. Beware of too deep intimacy with friend or relation. The milk of marriage is often soured by what our wise and rude forefathers called "an old gooseberry." "My wife's mother," and "my husband's brother," are at the root of far too much domestic misery. Be intimate only with each other, however cordial and friendly with anybody beside; but, for deep intimacy, have each of you only one friend—the other.

#### PARENT AND CHILD.

Fathers and Mothers,—do your duties well, and you will seldom have to say that your children are undutiful. It is true, there are many seeming exceptions, and there sometimes is a real one, to this good general rule of retribution. Now and then the best of parents has to lament a profligate child: now and then the worst father is shamed by some paragon of filial duty.

Notwithstanding such exceptions, the rule holds good ; duties cause duties, love generates love, wisdom disseminates wisdom, authority creates obedience and honour. And in those many hybrid cases,—a parent may be religious, and yet very unwise ; he may be a strict disciplinarian, and fail entirely of reverence and affection ; he may hire tutors, pay bills, and give plenty of good advice, “ by precept and example too,” and still be miserably lacking of parental duties.

For example : it is not a duty,—but its opposite,—to send children away from home as soon as possible ; to delegate education, and the implanting of first principles to others than God’s ordinance—the parent. Break nursery links ; wean your child from father and mother, and sister and brother ; let him go where learning and religion are made tasks of fear ; where admonition comes from strange harsh tongues, and where the world’s worst vices are mimicked by little men ; and, notwithstanding the bills you pay quarterly, the “ high character” of school and schoolmasters, and the expectant advantages to be surreptitiously acquired by acquaintanceship (possibly) with future lords and statesmen,—you at least have neglected your duties, and, whatever becomes of your son, you reap the reward of his alienation : he may turn out well or ill, according to the lottery of chances in the mixt world whereinto you have thrown him ; but if well, he owes it all to himself ; if ill, he may charge you with the temptation. Be assured for the mere child no school is a right or a wise thing, if it exceed the dayschool ; an absence from home of more than a few hours in the day is wrong and harmful for the young mind ; and even thus, let the parent go alongside with the teacher ; let the lesson be learnt, and the doctrine be improved, at home ; let not the babe from its infant school, still less the boy from the national school, run home and find father and mother caring for none of these things ; and in higher grades, let the lawyer, the physician, and the divine, in the midst of their numberless philanthropic avocations, consider daily their own little ones. Personal religion, personal wisdom, personal example, these are in the forefront ; and scarcely in the second place, a continual and increasing sympathy with these young minds, an evident interest in all that interests them, candid answers to curiosity, just consideration, tender caring for such delicate plants ; let your mouth unite Mentor and Momus ; let “ philosophy in sport be made science in earnest ;” a child is won to the great by the little ; if you play with him in playtime, he will pray with you in prayertime ; if you condescend to his toys and his childishness, he will astonish you by reaching-up in zeal to all your teachings and your manliness. As between parent and child reserve is a killing frost ; distance, generated by absence, a ruinous blight ; lack of sympathy, a hiding of the sunshine from young plants, a with-holding of the rain from every swelling seed of good. Young and old don’t mix well together, men say. Who’s fault is this ? The old have been young, and have only to look back and gather up

old feelings; whereas youth knows nothing yet of age,—excepting that it coldly keeps aloof, and seems unloveable. There is no greater mistake in a home than empty dignity, self-involved and incommunicative knowledge, the treating a child as a mere toy sometimes, and at others, when he would be grave and sensible, holding him off at arm's length, as unworthy of your wiser counsels. Sympathy is the word; a beautiful union of minds, whereby the father's spirit is as a guardian angel to the son's spirit; an intimate and confidential feeling, which only can take root in earliest days, and cannot co-exist with nursery banishment. A sympathy which, once well-rooted in the several soils, will grow and grow, until the parent lives over again in the child, and the child is advantaged by his father's wisdom. It will grow from cradlelove to manly friendship; and, beside mutual happiness and affection, will save a son from more perils, and a father from more cares, than any other scheme of education ever yet propounded.

Such a thesis as "Parent and Child" suggests an infinity of commonplace moralities, wherewith we will not tempt the patience of mankind. Let this little word suffice: Christian parents, cultivate the affections as well as the intellects of your children; sympathise with them in all things, grave and gay, and take all care that they be not weaned from home until the heart is anchored there, and the mind is established in sound principles. Connections, competitions, fair occasions for youth to earn distinction, and for early manhood to win his living, all these are excellent in their season; only do not seek them too soon. You will gain nothing, and lose much. There can be no more pitiable object than an alienated child; and, when these occur in masses, nothing more nationally dangerous. Domestic affection is the cement which holds together all society: and if English schools or American boarding-houses cause it to be "daubed with untempered mortar," the practical evil overweighs the theoretic good. The true rule is, for infancy and childhood, hometeaching; for all beyond—that little world the school, and that great school the world, with hearts left at home, and thoughts ever living there.

## MASTER AND SERVANT.

Is it possible that in these "heady high-minded" times we can address any respectable householder who is happily unconscious of the "greatest plague in life?" Is it probable that any one of the myriad homes of Anglo-Saxondom has escaped, in these bad days, the troubles due to reciprocal errors in Master and Servant?

We do not wish to stigmatise a class; for, some few there are "faithful" found as Abdiel, and good and true among the million: but still we may ask

almost despairingly, Where are all the "perfect treasures" gone to? the comforts in a house? the humble friends, the true and upright servants, which (before the poison of a false political economy had corrupted our social constitution), we can remember as creatures of a bygone age, and whereof, here one and there one, some few specimens remain to shame the modern generation? When all the good old stock dies off, will there be *none* left to remind masters and mistresses that domestics can have virtues? Will they all, quite all, be dressy, proud, unprincipled, unsteady? Will there be found not one who will consult a master's interest; not one who will bear to be spoken to; not one "with goodwill doing service in singleness of heart, as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart?" Must it still and always be "eye-service," domestic treachery, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness?" Let us hope, against hope, that things will take a turn and mend: that in servants we need not perpetually be kept on our guard, as against the foes in a man's own household, the thief, the slanderer, the wanton wasteful fighter against social order and conscientious economies, the desecrating spot upon the altar of Home, the blight of our private peace, and the mildew on our most sacred charities.

This language is strong, and some with less experience, or pleasanter than ours, may think too strong; but let them hear us out. Truth-telling is a wholesome thing, and our unconventional home-hints may do good yet, and not the less perhaps for being forcibly and fiercely uttered. We speak the experience of thousands, and would it were otherwise.

Modern servants are very much the creatures of the Registry Office and our unrighteous Law of Libel. The one provides a rapid succession of places at a shilling a piece; and the other makes it dangerous to give a true character, unless that character happens to be thoroughly angelic. Continual change of servants and situations is the direct interest of the registry-keeper: and the low attorney fattens in our county courts at the expense of any person who dares to tell the truth about discarded servants; the consequence of all being that the dearest friends foist upon each other an exchange of plagues without the shadow of a hint that they will destroy the peace of the family; and, that the few respectable servants who are on a Registry are continually being tempted to an easier, or a gayer, or a more lucrative place, without the least suspicion that their kind friend takes all such disinterested trouble to get another fee. Steady place-keeping servants would ruin Mrs. Registrar.

But enough of all this, and more than enough. Yet is the thing important: the well-being of the commonwealth depends upon its individual homes, and servants have great influence therein. Come we along to the practical moral. If, as masters, we dare not openly declare our conviction that such a butler is a thief, such a cook a dirty virago, or such a housemaid a pest to any Christian household,—let us one and all at least hold our tongues and



say nothing. Can any law compel us to recommend and praise a person? and will not the eloquence of silence be enough? For a second point: let no unfortunate mistress who does not wish to go through a three years course of bad, unsteady, and unprofitable servants, venture within the meshes of a Registry Office; the oftener she is forced into a change, the oftener a coveted half-crown is paid to the unsettling go-between. Is it not quite evident how perniciously such establishments must work for the mutual good of master and servant? how probably discontent is excited, and treacherous dealing practised by the officekeeper against both clients and patrons? If public opinion would but put down these Registries, the superabundant facilities of change would be at an end; servants would remain in their places, and masters be less happy to get rid of them.

We are speaking to the world. We know how much brother Jonathan endures from his amiable helps; and how Cape Town, Sydney, and Hobart's Town, lament their demoralized menials. If it is any comfort to them, things are pretty much the same at home in the mother country. Everywhere servants, —our female servants in particular, will be found very distinctly to stand in need of St. Paul's good counsel. Harken to it:—"Exhort servants to be *obedient* unto their own masters, and to *please them well* in all things; *not answering again*; *not purloining*, but *showing all good fidelity*; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." If the notes were left out, the characters of most of our women-servants would be scriptural.

But masters and mistresses have also something against them in these matters; though far less than the others. Considerate kindness, reasonable patience, the practical knowledge that "your Master also is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with Him," these things are well to be thought and acted on. And yet (to the confusion of all our good intentions) who has not found kindnesses presumed upon, patience abused, and religion turned into a laughing-stock by some of these domestic foes?—Get rid of all such as soon as possible, and don't let them sour your milk of human love for others.

There are also pride, sloth, meanness, harshness, and a few other obvious faults that it well becomes us all to put away: if masters and mistresses misuse the advantages of their position, and degrade themselves by evil conduct of anykind, they at least have no reason to complain if bad example is contagious. Like master, like man;—and yet (such is the perversity of menials) how often is not the worst man best served!

The root of the whole evil—(and when statistics show us that our women-servants in this land exceed a million in number, that evil cannot be a small one)—the root of it all is, that *we take our servants from too low a class of society*. Yonder fine lady's-maid, far more dressy and affected than her mistress, what is she at home? daughter of a Dorsetshire day-labourer at seven shillings a-week, in whose wretched hovel her silks and satins shine somewhat

incongruously. Your paragon of waste, the cook, who makes nothing of throwing away the cold joint because she prefers a hot one with the gravy in it, was a parish orphan, brought up in starving penury and is destined hereafter to die on water-gruel in the Union poorhouse. The nurse, intimate associate of your tender progeny—don't be too curious to discover how *she* lives when out of place. Your own man, who gives you warning because he misses his carriage exercise, was brought up a pot-boy in his father's beer-shop; and the confidential housekeeper, the favoured intimate who reigns paramount everywhere, whose influence can dislocate friendships, divide families, and make or unmake fortunes—this queenly magnate in some great man's home was once servant of all work in a low lodging-house. Who can wonder at the consequence of such changes and chances in life acting upon ill-taught and ill-trained minds? Who need feel any sort of astonishment, that in such a barren soil as this, the alternations of adversity and prosperity generate nothing but briars and hemlock? The luxuries and comforts of a regular establishment are worse than thrown away upon such persons. Far from cherishing any thoughts of gratitude to God or man, kindness only heats them to presumption, and liberality provokes them to extravagance. They have a marvellous facility of rising with their circumstances; a remarkable philosophy while sunk and out of place. But their pride will starve rather than endure to be spoken to; their vanity will abjure the very necessities of life to retain the satin scarf and the tasselled parasol.

Now, utopian though some may at first sight think it, we have here a great practical reform to propose. It may be rather a more difficult and delicate thing, (easier, as Providence is recognised,) but we should try to derive our higher servants from a better class. How many a family of well-trained Christian women, orphaned by misfortune or beggared by fraud, and now starving precariously upon elegant needlework, or dropping from mere want into consumption, or half yielding to the tempter in matters of honour and happiness for lack of food and loss of station—how many such a gentlewoman would not be glad to be the Countess's tirewoman, the young heir's nurse, the respected head of an establishment of luxury—nay, to take any lower and more menial place, humbly and gratefully, and so to gain an honest living in circumstances of comfortable plenty, out of the reach of sin! How much better would it be thus to recruit the ranks of our higher domestics from the honourable indigence of decayed good breeding and good conduct, than from the insolent class of prosperous vulgarity, bad morals, and base associations.

In the olden time, when precedence was a science, and heraldry took strict account of its honours, we find this gradation: the duchess has her train borne up by a baroness, the marchioness by a knight's lady, the baroness by a gentlewoman, and so forth. We think that there are at least 9000 eligible,

easy, and pleasant situations about our nobility and gentry, which would give livelihood and comforts to as many distressed gentlewomen, and not only aid so largely this much-enduring, much-neglected class, but would thereby raise the tone of our domestic morals and manners. The writer of these sentences will give three illustrations from his personal knowledge.

He knows a certain village, not more fortunate in this respect than many others, from which the blacksmith's shop has supplied a baroness (in her own right) with a lady's-maid; the alehouse has given a governess to a gentleman's family; and the common Tom and Jerry shop has sent forth divers daughters (some of them notoriously on the town) and one among them the mischievous confidential companion of a rich old lady. We do not deny a certain degree of merit in those who have thus raised themselves to affluence; but sure we are that the peeress, the squire, and the maiden aunt, are as little aware as possible of the native condition of these favourite domestics; sure we are that three poor gentlewomen ought to be in places such as these. The veteran-lieutenant's orphan, one of a bankrupt merchant's seven comely daughters, or the poor curate's younger sister, would thus find a home, competence, and an honest sphere of duty. Society, in these hard times, should wisely bring about a change like this. There is no degradation in service—the highest serve; nothing unfeminine in domestic labours; nothing derogatory in menial offices, so long as God's providence is kept in view, and the heart is cheered by duty. Then, such better places filled by better people, let the cottar's daughter serve the little tradesman; and the village-grocer's daughter think herself fortunate to do the work in a substantial yeoman's homestead; and the yeoman's daughter go out housemaid at the squire's; and the ruined speculator's orphan be glad to wait upon young ladies; and the poor gentlewoman nurse the little scions of a noble house; and the decayed lady of rank be found sisterly companion to a peeress. Instead of all this wholesome gradation, the very dregs of society, stirred up and scumming the surface, fill our highest homes with arrogant and ill-conducted females, tricked in expensive millinery, who repudiate their parents, despise the humiliaties of their natural sphere, and carry to the very steps of the throne their ignorance, immorality, and self-sufficient pertness.

But, while we inveigh thus righteously against the delinquencies of modern servants, we ought to add to our philippic a few of their extenuating circumstances. If, as children of comparative penury, they are raised on a sudden to affluence and comfort, let us remember (as they do), that they hold so much of this world's good by a very precarious tenure; and let us be aware that nothing is more calculated to make people reckless and selfish than this sort of uncertainty. If domestic servitude could be regulated by the laws of apprenticeship, or if the bargain were of a year certain on either side, no doubt such fixity of tenure would operate to unite master and servant; there would

be more circumspection in engagement, and less disaffection in servitude ; but as it is, the minute's warning, or at best the month's on either side (this too determinable at any hour for a little cash), makes members of one household hang too loosely together. Again : the temptations to purloining are infinite ; and the too frequently hinted suspicion often makes a thief. Home is a place where nothing should be locked up ; unreservedness in everything should be, and usually is, the broad frank banner of an Englishman's castle. Who then can wonder if the needy cottager, thrown among such wealth, covets and appropriates now and then some of those broadcast nicnacs, books, clothes, luxuries, ornaments, or what not, prodigally and unprotectedly scattered all around, especially if any foolish word is spoken at the outset, inferring want of confidence. If, on the former topic of precariousness, we felt inclined to solicit the Legislature to be more stringent, so as to have something in the nature of " signed articles " in a like fashion to those of sailors, on this topic we could wish the law made less severe. Not that the offence is small, or venial, or unfrequent ; but because an unwholesome severity makes the law practically inoperative. As things are, peculation in a dwelling-house is made a matter, so far as its punishment is concerned, equal in importance with the highest crimes ; and no wonder that masters and mistresses, however victimised, decline to prosecute, when they know that the poor, tempted, uneducated culprit who steals a lace collar, or a brooch, is liable to long years of transportation in a penal colony for her felonious vanity. If the more rational recompense were a heavy fine, or a penitentiary imprisonment, and if (let us add) attorneys in open court were not allowed to libelise, by imputation, the prosecuting parties,—then might the law have a chance of being properly worked, and the certainty of punishment would check the crime.

Once more, love of dress is a great evil : not merely for its extravagance, its incongruity, and its action on the mind ; but for the grosser fact, that it attracts, and is intended to attract, the worst of characters to follow and admire. Consequences are notorious and inevitable. But, while we condemn the folly, leading to the ruinous sin, let us consider how frequently our poor female servants are driven into it. It is a fact, that there are many mistresses who stipulate with their maidens that they shall spend the greater part of their wages in dress : it is a fact, that there are pseudo-ladies silly enough to feel a sort of pride in being waited upon, not only by gentlemen out of livery and gaudily apparelled footmen in their plush, but also by seeming-ladies, only to be distinguished from their mistress by a more exaggerated finery, or a less momentary fashion. Who can wonder at results ? Who can even blame poor untaught womanhood for yielding to an influence so strong externally, so subtle within ? Would there could be sumptuary laws once more ! But the only remedy for all these things is to be found in the public good sense ; and the best way to draw its attention thitherward, is boldly to expose such evils.

And now for one word, not only of indulgence, but also of justice, to some among the million whom our pen may, by generalising, have written down too darkly. There *is* a good gleaner still: there *are*, yet extant, many excellent well principled and by no means unprofitable servants. Haste we to do them tardy justice, to remind them that they serve *two* masters: one, on earth, and if they meet here kindness and due consideration, well,—it is well: One, in Heaven, and whatever they miss of here, with Him will they meet the recompense of a reward. Go on, go on, in your useful, conscientious career: well-done, good and faithful servants.

And, there are some, the poor white slaves, in many a harsher freeman's home, whom we would pity, and will plead for. No class has more toil, less pay, more pains and less pleasures than that overworked, underfed victim of tyranny and scolding, the young servant of all work. Up the earliest, and to bed the latest, never a quiet moment to herself by Sunday or by Weekday, doing everybody's bidding, and often made the butt of some cruel mistress's ill-treatment, no wonder that the poor neglected child sinks to the degraded condition of a mere slave.

And this monosyllable, America, reminds us of the great black spot upon your star-spangled banner. Goodsooth, we wish to touch this topic kindly and wisely; for it was but yesterday that we were deeper in that sin than you are; and we ought also humbly to remember that you derive so bad a heritage from us. In the difficult cure of this old sore of the world, we have been too hot, too hasty; we cauterised it with gunpowder, and salved it with gold ointment like quacks; hence our failure hitherto. Instead of beleaguering the coast of Africa with our sickly crews, and ruining our fairest colony by specie and abolition, we ought to have done, what we give you full credit now to be doing. We ought to have prepared the African mind for liberty; to have colonised them freely on their own shores; to have made so radical a change in the condition of Ham's children, a matter more of generations than of weeks. Instead of blockading a continent, and racing after clipping barks across the wide Atlantic, we commend you for the great idea of letting Africa blockade itself; of providing cities of refuge, like Liberia; of stopping the evil in the beginning, if possible,—but, if not, in the end,—not midway. Well-meaning England has but aggravated all the horrors of the middle passage. America tries to stop the trade on land: and failing this, to ransom the slave on landing. This is wiser than throwing shells into vessels chuckfull of human misery, and wasting British treasure and her bravest sons in compulsory philanthropy.

But to return: though this digression is but little irrelevant to such a heading as Master and Servant. America knows, better than we can tell her, the extreme dangers which are brewing up in consequence of that strange anomaly,—slavery redundant in the home of Freedom. Let her encourage everything which tends towards a rational, unhurried, well-trained abolition.

Meanwhile, the law of kindness is wiser than the lash and shackles. Try it, as many of you do, calumniated planters in the South,—try it universally; let the slave-driver be extinct, and the slave-owner as well as the slave will be all the better for his absence. In due time, try wages, for the more valuable sorts of labour; and let the slave win self-respect by self-emancipation. Above all, lay aside the senseless prejudice, which loathes a shade upon the skin, and will scorn talent and despise beauty, though the man of colour be wise as swarthy king Solomon, or the quadroon in her flushed loveliness be more brilliant than the Queen of Sheba.

It remains to add one word upon that almost hopeless phase of the Master and Servant question, which we are too well aware of as existing in Australia. Without doubt it must be a terrible domestic evil when to the infirmities and faults of common household servants are added the conscience of a criminal and the education of a convict. There, the only thing for it seems to be to endeavour, by confidence and kindness, and wise management, to instil into your convict-servants the wholesome truth, that the past is all forgotten if the present be but fair: that for this world, as for the next, "Now" is the day of salvation; that a *locus penitentiae*, a chance for entire restitution, is given to all who will; and you will be surprised to find what influence Hope and reasonable consideration will do for the amelioration of your transport housemaids and your criminal men servants.

We once knew an elderly clergyman, both courageous and religious, who was stopped by a footpad. After the usual surrender of watch and purse, the clergyman added what is not quite so usual, a few words of kindness! The poor highwayman dropped on his knees, insisted on restitution, and implored forgiveness; want, dire want, a sick wife, and starving children, had driven the man to this: he was a coachman out of place,—discharged with a character for drunkenness. As Providence willed it, a coachman was exactly what our friend required. He gave the poor fellow a chance; found his penitence sincere by the proof of good conduct; and to the day of his death, our worthy old rector, the Rev. Dr. P——, (the last of the cauliflower wigs,) was driven—even to his long home—by a faithful, good-hearted, quasi-convict coachman. Try you, then, of Hobart's Town and Sydney, this good counsel. Go and do likewise. It is quite possible that you may be as comfortably and as honestly served by reformed criminals, as we are at home by those "who think that they need no repentance." Pride and exclusiveness are at the root of our domestic evils; and if you can secure consideration on the one hand, and humility on the other, you will have gained, even in your convicts, more than, here in England, freedom and self-righteousness have left of good between Master and Servant.



## The Man about Town.



Evil-eyed loiterer, pilgrim of fashion,  
Sunless and hard is thy frost-bitten heart ;  
Scoffing at Nature's affection and passion,  
Till thou hast made the sad angels depart :  
Sinner and fool ! to be searing and sealing  
All the sweet fountains of spirit and truth—  
Quick to be free from the freshness of feeling,  
Swift to escape from the fervours of youth.

Woe to thee—woe ! for thy criminal coldness ;  
Oh, I could pity thee, desolate man,  
But that those eyes, in their insolent boldness,  
Tempt me to scorn such a state, if I can :  
Wearied of hunting the shadows of pleasures,  
Thou art half dead in the prime of thy days,  
Emptied of Heaven's and Earth's better treasures,  
Victim and slave to the world and its ways !

Early and late at thy dull dissipation,  
Listlessly indolent even in sin,  
What is thy soul but a pool of stagnation,  
Calmness without, and corruption within?  
Happiness, honour, and peace, and affection—  
These were thy heritage every one,—  
But as thou meetest them all with rejection,  
They have rejected thee, Prodigal Son!

O that Humility, gracious as duteous,  
Lightened those eyelids so heavy with scorn!  
O that Sincerity, blessed as beauteous,  
Gilded thy night with the promise of morn!  
Frankness of mind is the best of high breeding—  
Kindness of soul the true Gentleman's part;  
And the first fashion all fashions exceeding,  
Is the warm gush of a generous heart!

C.





## Christians of England!



Christians of England ! ye who share  
Man's noblest right, a Father's care,  
And lowly kneeling side by side,  
In spite of shame and struggling pride,  
Seek the true God as Friend, and Guide,  
Oh, join us in an English prayer !

Pray that a spirit pure from Heaven  
The earthly lump may freshly leaven ;  
Pray that new hopes and worthier praise  
Men's drooping, grovelling, hearts may raise,  
Till we discern in happier days  
The Past forgotten and forgiven !

Pray that Religion's voice may claim  
More homage than an unfelt name ;  
Her warning truths convince the bad,  
Her tender mercies soothe the sad,  
Her sober joy improve the glad,  
Nor poison mirth with after-shame !

Pray ere ye eat the daily bread,  
Pray ere ye seek the nightly bed,  
Pray in the room—no man to hear :  
Pray in the field—all heaven to cheer :  
Pray in the church,—a Saviour near.  
In every place let prayer be said !

So shall the wrath be turned aside,  
New mercies come and old abide ;  
So shall the watching world confess  
That prayer is heard—that God will bless  
A people seeking holiness  
With every earthly good beside !



# Old England and Domestic Politics.



## Incarceration.



“ The Judges appeared to have before them the word ‘ Incarceration,’ which they were earnestly considering.”—*The Dream of Æthelínges.*



**I**NCARCERATION, as the punishment of crimes and civil injuries, of enormous transgressions and trivial offences, was the topic we proposed to discuss in the present number of the *THE ANGLO-SAXON*. It is a wide field of investigation ; difficult, however, and surrounded with prejudices, self-interested habits and fears, which, like the lofty walls of the prison house, seem to forbid an entrance to speculation or practical discussion.

The peculiar circumstances of the times seem at first sight unfavourable for a calm and honest examination. The striking fact, that civil government throughout the nations of Christian Europe, not excepting a part of the United Kingdom, is almost universally upheld by force and not by reason, by standing armies and not by law, solely by self-interested opinion of power in the governor and the governed, is a discouraging proof that prescription and conscience have too generally ceased to sway the souls of subjects, and that rulers abandoning appeals to prejudices true or false, good or bad, are reduced to the necessity of resorting to military discipline as the only efficacious restraint on mutinous opinion and physical strength. It will be for rulers to consider how long the physical strength of a disaffected people will remain undisciplined, or how long armies will remain obedient to the princes or states who so employ them, and how long the means of supporting such armies can be derived from disaffected and impoverished citizens.

At such a crisis in the political history of Christendom, there is sufficient reason for disinclination and caution in discussing questions which affect laws, usages, and administrations, even in our own country, where reason, not force,

—law, not standing armies,—loyalty and conscience, not a mean opinion of power, support the civil government, and diffuse among the great body of the people a sense of the duty as well as of the advantages of civil obedience. This caution, however, will be carried to an extreme, if it should lead to any attempt to suppress discussion on public measures or occurrences, or to disunite practical government from speculative political principles, which sooner or later must and will be heard.

Under political excitement, many questions of domestic policy had better be left over, not only because the discussion might be dangerous, but because there is no chance at such a time of their being calmly considered or finally adjusted. It may be better then to retain absurdities and inconveniences than to unsettle public opinion respecting the administrations of the country. On the other hand, on great occasions, occurrences and events so distinctly speak out their warnings, as to give a favourable turn to popular opinion, and to show that a good general opinion of government may be strengthened by a wise discontinuance of errors and excesses, which are apt to accumulate on the most admired principles, especially where a departure from the immediate habit of governing is, in fact, a return to more ancient and wiser customs.

Of this nature we consider the question of Incarceration, which has evidently been allowed to run on to a great and painful excess—an excess not a result from an unfeeling passion in the Legislature, the judicial authorities, or the people,—but rather in part from the increasing respect of the educated classes for rights of property, in part from a sensitive philanthropy with respect to capital and infamous punishments, and in good part also from an indolent and exaggerated confidence in refined systems of police and prison discipline, which have evidently disappointed their advocates and confounded their votaries.

The extreme difficulties which have presented themselves with respect to the higher classes of crimes and punishments—the hulks, the penal settlements, the prisons, prisoners, and especially convicts—have brought immediately into view and under popular discussion, such questions as these:—"What is to be done with convicts?" "How are the prisons to be cleared?" "To what extent are funds to be supplied from the consolidated fund or county rates for diagram prisons, for the chastisement and reformation of the higher classes of criminals?" "What are the causes and remedies of the greater crimes and misdemeanours?"

Again, if we take a microscopic view of this subject, and examine minor offences, we see crowds and shoals of criminals, which, like the animalcula in putrid water, surprise us by their number and variety, as well as by their magnified diminutiveness. Thus, again, such questions as these are forcing themselves, not only on the painful attention of statesmen and philanthropists, but into public and popular discussion:—"What is to be done with juvenile

“ offenders ? ” “ What are the causes and remedies of petty and juvenile offences ? ” “ How can the accumulation of summary convictions and insignificant indictable offences be arrested ? ” “ Is the fault in the Legislature, the Magistracy, or the People ? ”

These extremes manifest the importance of the whole question of Incarceration now before us. The higher crimes and punishments will not allow it to rest. They represent it as excessive and unmanageable and force the principal Members of the Government against their recorded opinions of secondary punishments in general, and of transportation in particular, as well as against the strongest feelings of indignation in the colonists, to revert to a more enlarged system of transportation of convicts and others, as the only known relief to accumulated incarceration. In this view it is an overgrown and dangerous monster. But it is the microscopic view of imprisonment ; the juvenile criminals ; the summary convictions ; the repetition of convictions ; the three months, the month, the fourteen days, and under, which more manifestly represent the false and mischievous excess to which it has been carried in modern times. Moreover there seems to be no possible way of reducing the number of convicts and higher offenders, but by reducing the number of minor incarcerated criminals. The seedlings become the forest. The animalcula become the monsters. If we can filter the fountains we may, perchance, purify the streams.

The question may, at the present moment, be discussed under favourable circumstances and favourable auspices, in Old England. There is a laudable zeal amongst us for the social and Christian improvement of the whole body of the people. Social evils may not be more numerous, or of greater intensity, than they were formerly ; but there is a sensitive impatience respecting them, which is a favourable circumstance to be had in view in discussing the remedies to be applied to them. The question of incarceration has been already considered with respect to debt, religious persecution, and political offences, and with regard to each of these points, a mitigation and in many cases an entire abandonment of it has been the result. We are not aware that there are greater objections to the examination of it with respect to summary convictions, trivial indictments, and paltry imprisonment for paltry offences, than there were to the investigation with respect to debt and bankruptcy, or sedition and treason. The discussion is not likely to stir up religious or political enthusiasm. Imprisonment as a form and method of religious persecution, has happily ceased with well-defined principles of civil and religious liberty. There may be a few specimens of weak and wrong-headed men, who from mistaken scruple or personal vanity may defy the laws which regulate not conscience but property and office ; but we shall have no more martyrs, such as John Bunyan in his den, pious, virtuous, noble souls, “ of whom the world “ was not worthy.” There are some eager political enthusiasts who by daring

combination and transgressions of the law have brought themselves within the precincts of a gaol ; but we are not aware that this is one of the subjects on which any class or sect of politicians complain of the severity of the government, and we only wish that the same lenity which has been manifested to juvenile dupes in politics, might be extended to other juvenile victims.

There is a conscientious anxiety with respect to crimes and punishments felt by all ranks and all parties in the state. To this common solicitude we trust for good effects. Some, however, will suppose that our " domestic " politics " are a cover for party attacks, and that no questions of this sort can be raised but with a view of embarrassing the government. If the Tories were in power, some habitual partizans of that school would think us mutinous and political heretics, nor shall we be surprised if some staunch partizans of the opposite school should impute to us a disaffection to the administration of the day. We must confess ourselves clear of any such motives in discussing these questions, hoping, at the same time, that those who differ from us will differ but in particulars, and that those who carefully examine the question of modern incarceration, will see that there is enough of truth in our arguments, of good intention, and peradventure utility in our suggestions, to exempt us from the imputation of discussing such a question with a view to the favour or disfavour of any sect or party in the commonwealth. We look to the wise and good who have the entire, the temporal and eternal interest of their fellow creatures at heart. Party politics may have their place and use, and we would not condemn the partizanship of those whose vocation it may be, to be men, or writers, or leaders of party. Such is not our vocation. For our part we feel too grateful to the public men who, in our lifetime, have administered public affairs, to allow our partizanship to be very personal at any time or on any subject. There have been few public men who have not rendered their country enough of devoted zeal and eminent services, to secure them from any underhand attacks which can be made in discussing the " domestic politics " to which we are endeavouring to invite inquiry. We trust, therefore, that those who have their own party, their own review, and their own newspaper, will be content to allow such humble individuals as ourselves to think and write as facts may suggest, and as every Englishman, Whig or Tory, or " neither of " both," may fairly do on such topics.

Such great changes have been effected in the laws with respect to crimes and punishments, especially those which were capital, that we have now a more ample supply of facts and instances, and a much wider experience to guide our inquiries into the expediency or morality of codes and administrations. Moreover, the zealous, and even enthusiastic manner in which the severity of the laws was called in question and debated some years ago in both houses of the Legislature, has prepared the way for a corresponding examination of minor offences and penalties. If crimes of the greatest magnitude, enormity, and

mischiefs, were debated with impunity, and perhaps with advantage to society, a calm examination of ordinary wrongs, trivial injuries, trespasses, defaults, and petty mischiefs, with the legal penalties annexed to them, need excite no apprehensions in the minds of the most sincere friends of civil government and social security. A comparison, indeed, of the past and the present movements is instructive.

Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord J. Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Fowell Buxton, and others, attacked the inhumanity and impolicy of sweeping sanguinary punishments, applied not to a few enormous offences and invariably inflicted, but to a great variety of offences, some of them trivial injuries. The main defence of the sanguinary code was, that the penalty of death, though legally attached to various kinds of offences, was inflicted only upon a few examples, at the discretion of the Crown or certain high officers, as the Home Secretary and the Judges. It is historically true that the defence was more fatal to the sanguinary laws than the most eloquent attacks. The cruel responsibility which attached to *a selection in such a number of cases after conviction*, especially as the interval between sentence and execution was so short, the circumstances often so remote, and the criteria for the decision so imperfect, became so intolerable that the judges joined the people in condemning the laws.

The *same doctrine of selection* which applied to the penalty of death, now through a similar process of accumulation applies to imprisonment. The responsibility is not so intolerable, but the duty is beset with great,—perhaps in respect to relative justice,—with greater difficulties. The removal of capital punishments from a great variety of offences, however just and politic, and gratifying to our best sympathies, has increased the difficulties which surround the whole question of secondary punishments. Transportation, the most severe next to death in the scale of legal penalties, has been found as it has been administered, and as it is likely to be administered, not sufficiently terrible to keep offenders in awe. To many it is less formidable than imprisonment, and probably on this account a mixed system of imprisonment and transportation has been adopted, which appears also to have its difficulties and disappointments. The penalties of these new modes of imprisonment, as of transportation, are unseen and unknown; and so far as they are known or credited, they are considered a small price, by those who have neither property nor character, for the most diligent attention in prison, and an easy and well-recommended mode of emigration afterwards. At this end of the question, therefore, the principal reliance is on Incarceration, reducing the possibility of gradation and variety in the scale of punishments. The reclamation of the colonists against the introduction of convicts, not only tends to increase the difficulty of the Government, but at the same time to take away the sense of punishment in transportation, and to give the convicts who are introduced, or have the hope of being

introduced, by the government, an idea of privilege and advantage by their location in a healthful and thriving colony. In a similar manner, the advantages which undoubtedly there are to the mother country in the removal of the criminal population, the readiness of neighbours and the anxiety of government to get rid of them, afford a species of gratification (not sufficiently estimated in the question of punishment) to vain, reckless, and abandoned characters. This punishment, therefore, which is the highest next to death in the order of severity, from the humour of the times and other circumstances, seems fixed in a dilemma of either excluding amendment or example; amendment on the interpretation of the Christian philanthropist requires kindness; example, on the interpretation of the politician requires severity, suffering, and terror. A dilemma is a serious mischief in this case, for every one knows, that to a thorough-bred rogue and a lazy vagabond, it is nuts and almonds to find the government at fault, especially as he may feed his vanity with the consolation that it arises from the number of his brotherhood in crime and worthlessness.

It is some satisfaction to a scoundrel's mind,  
That he is not the worst of all mankind.

But not only has the number of convicts and the demand for transportation increased directly by the removal of capital punishments, but indirectly in a much greater ratio by the reliance, which on the removal of severity, has been placed on the certainty of punishments. It was naturally said, as you diminish the terror, you must increase the certainty of penalty, in order to accomplish that which is the sole end and justification of punishment, the prevention of crime. The inconveniences and injustice which arose from the misapplication or the too wide application of severity, and which even provoked the compassion of the public for great criminals, became too manifest to be tolerated. The large drag and small mesh included such an unmanageable draught of offenders, that the net brake, to the confusion of lawyers, civilians and moralists, who had stoutly maintained that English jurisprudence wisely preferred the doctrine of selection to the doctrine of certainty. It may here be not out of place to observe (and it is an observation peculiarly applicable to the subject of crimes and punishments) how universal is the habit of resiliation in communities as in individuals, and how prone the wisest and the most sagacious as well as the weakest and most volatile are to run into extremes, and while they avoid one class of errors, "in contraria currunt."

This doctrine of certainty, carried to an extreme, has brought us round again to the same practice of selection with all its difficulties. As in the former case we had the selection of the worst of the worst, so now we have the selection of the best of the worst, and the bad, the *élite* of prisons and ragged schools. The discipline of pity and kindness does not appear more efficacious in



restricting crime than the discipline of severity. The selections of amendment are as puzzling as the selections of example. A burden is cast upon secondary punishments, which, with the aid of solitary confinement and the most ingenious methods of incarceration carried out with the greatest skill and the most unsparing expense, cannot long be borne.

When we resiliated from the doctrine of severity to the doctrine of certainty, we were told "Criminals do not so much flatter themselves with the lenity of the sentence as with the hope of escaping. They are not so apt to compare what they gain by the crime with what they may suffer from the punishment as to encourage themselves with the chance of concealment or flight. For which reason a vigilant magistracy, an accurate police, a proper distribution of force and intelligence, together with due rewards for the discovery and apprehension of malefactors, and an undeviating impartiality in carrying the laws into execution, contribute more to the restraint and suppression of crimes than any violent exacerbations of punishment. And for the same reason, of all contrivances directed to this end, those *perhaps* are are most effectual which facilitate the conviction of criminals." After the doctrine of severity was abandoned, this was the creed. Paley's "perhaps," has, in England, proved itself the cautious qualifying term of a wise man, who saw that all that was predicted might not happen, as experience has painfully proved. Criminals calculate not only on concealment and flight—but as is proved by the reconvictions, on punishments without dismay, and so this reasoning for certainty fails.

To effect this certainty of punishment, now the creed of English statesmen, a system of inspection and rigorous controul, practised by foreign governments, by our own government in Ireland, and especially by the arbitrary government of Napoleon in France, (where, under peculiar circumstances, it was attended with temporary success, but where the low functionaries of that system are now the curse of that country,) was recommended and resorted to. A more positive system of apprehension, detention, and remand of suspected as well as convicted persons, contrary to the spirit of the laws and the genius of the people, was recommended by Parliament and enforced by the Executive. A system of police with greater discretionary powers, with the appearance of an armed force and military discipline, to guard and patrol the streets of cities and the roads and highways of villages, a system of confidence in the police and of distrust of society, in order to make sure of the guilty, was relied upon as a remedy for the danger incurred by the removal of sanguinary enactments, and as a sure method of preventing crimes by rendering commission, concealment, and flight more difficult. It was confidently predicted that a paid and vigilant magistracy, a centralized and uniform police and a perfect distribution of that force for carrying the laws into execution under an inflexible administration, would facilitate the conviction of criminals,

and in the end be a more economical as well as a more certain method of restraining, suppressing, and preventing crime.

The experiment has been fully tried with all the appliances of Government. Police courts, and police magistrates, and police vans with the Royal Arms, and police superintendents and inspectors, with a large and constantly increasing augmentation of the police *force*, have carried out the doctrine of certainty with apprehensions innumerable, committals innumerable, convictions and reconstructions innumerable; and yet Paley's *perhaps* has received from experience a greater measure of doubt than he intended to convey by the expression, and these contrivances "which facilitate the conviction of "criminals" have not proved the "most effectual." For have the predictions of the advocates of this creed and this system been fulfilled? Have the results followed in cities or villages? If they had, we must, after a sufficient time had been given for the experiment, have had proof in the diminution of the greater or minor offences, or both, and especially of repeated offences. The effect of the terror of certainty must have been evidenced by the scarcity of murderers, convicts, felons, or at least of juvenile offenders and disorderly characters. In a given period of seven or fourteen years, the drag net of certainty in the hands of such skilful fishermen, scraping the bottom of society and catching all offenders, great and small, fish, fry, and spawn, must have had some very positive sensible effect on the statistics of crime and punishment. When these changes were proposed and adopted the advocates of them called upon all ranks and orders, clergy and laity, to countenance such a holy crusade against thieves and criminals. We were told, with the most statesmanlike and complacent assurances, that certainty would effect, in a manner more gratifying to philanthropists and economists, what severity had failed to accomplish—that crime would be nipped in the bud—that temptation would cease—that committals and convictions would be reduced to a ratio of equality—that great offenders would be panic-stricken, and that the old detective system of Bow Street would be unnecessary—that juvenile offenders and lesser offenders would rarely repeat a first offence—that with the assistance of a perfect system of prison architecture and a graduated scale of secondary punishments, and a Christian discipline of schools and religious instruction, the few criminals who should come within the range of the police and the prisons, would be restored, before the full period of their sentence was expired, reformed characters to society, and that we should get rid of the horrid system of sending out shoals of abandoned convicts, to propagate vice and misery in the colonies.

This is no overdrawn picture\* of the good intentions and good expectations

\* The truth of this statement might be confirmed by quotations to any amount, from the Speeches of Statesmen in Parliament, Magistrates at Quarter Sessions, and many well written books of the time.

with which this change in the criminal and judicial system was ushered in, when Mr. Peel yielded to the philanthropic assailants of the sanguinary code, and introduced, with much ability, a consolidation of the criminal law, some considerable changes in the practice of courts, and some more considerable changes in the police and the prisons. Mr. Peel was then a very young statesman, and had just come from a very bad school, not Harrow or Oxford, but Dublin Castle, a school which has corrupted the ideas and the feelings of so many of our young English gentlemen who have had their political training in the internal government of Ireland, where security of person and of property is unhappily preserved, and scarcely preserved by a standing army and an armed police. Mr. Peel's system was evidently copied from the practice of Ireland, and France, and went even so far, we think, as to recommend a paid prosecutor. This statement is made, not with a view of questioning the good intentions of the legislature, or the skill of the government in carrying out the change, or the discretion and energy of the police and the prison authorities, but as necessary to a fair discussion of the merits and demerits of the present system of incarceration. Let us look fairly at the hopes we indulged, the hopes we have realised, and the disappointments which still discourage. We have gained one advantage, which is above all price, which is indeed the chief, perhaps we must confess the only benefit,—the abolition of capital punishment in a great variety of cases; in most of which the crimes to which the capital penalty was annexed, have, at the same time, become less frequent, as burglary with violence, highway robbery in the country, sheep stealing and forgery, though, with respect to the last offence, its restriction may be ascribed rather to another, a better, and certainly a more successful act of Sir Robert Peel, the most difficult and the most eminent service of his long public life, the restoration of the currency from a fictitious and fraudulent to a sound and moral principle.

On the other hand, there are great disappointments with respect to crimes, their number, and their character—as murder with violence, with scientific contrivance, and especially murder by the poisoning of relatives in the nearest degrees; incendiarism, unnatural offences, cutting and maiming; the increase of felonies and larcenies, accomplished swindling, assaults; the extraordinary repetition of trivial and juvenile offences, and summary convictions. The catalogue is fatal evidence against the system we are relying upon so absolutely and entirely, Police and Incarceration. They have failed to prevent crime, to diminish the number of convicts or prisoners; and this brings us fairly to such reflections as these—whether the drag net which failed on the principle of severity, has not failed, with its larger beam, and smaller mesh, and heavier lead, still more with respect to certainty; whether, as we formerly placed an undue reliance on the *terror* of severity, we have not placed an undue confidence on the *machinery* of certainty; whether, in fact, with respect to severity and certainty, hanging and incarceration, we have not placed too much

confidence on police and punishments, severe or trivial ; and whether, in attempting to heal dangerous diseases and prevent fatal contagion, we have not too much neglected the general health and antidotes to predisposition and premonitory symptoms, and diarrhœa, and placed too much confidence in the application of strong medicines to infirm and collapsed constitutions, when attacked with the fatal symptoms of an incurable plague.

We have imperfectly considered some of the causes of accumulated incarceration, the abatement of severity, the repeal of capital punishments, the consequent introduction of the doctrine and discipline of certainty, the new rigorous suspecting and inspecting police, the repeated increase of that force—officers, men, and establishments, and their increasing military discipline, as well as the increase of the magistracy unpaid and paid, with the same powers, for the same purposes, and with the same machinery. To this catalogue might be added, the removal of doubts by the consolidation of statutes and of intricacies, by the introduction of facilities in the proceedings of courts, the multiplication of courts for the punishment of criminals by summary conviction and indictments for trivial offences, as well as the introduction of civil criminal jurisprudence into the discipline of the army, and the consequent accumulation of military prisoners and convicts, applying a system of policeing among soldiers in regiments and barracks, with about as much wisdom as we have introduced a sort of martial law and a brigadiering discipline among citizens.

But there is another cause, perhaps the most influential of all the causes, of the increase of incarceration in gaols, and that is the modern system of incarceration in workhouses, charity contributing to the same results as justice, not only in poor houses, but in gaols, through them and from them. This is one of the most important questions of domestic policy, and has a more comprehensive and wider range than is generally imagined. By statutes and complicated overacting agencies with respect to crime, and by one unvariable rule and mode of punishment, incarceration in gaols, applied to crimes great, habitual, dangerous, the acts of the incorrigible ; and to trespasses trivial and occasional, acts of the young, the uninformed, and the deceived ; and again, by greater solicitude, expense, and encouragement, bestowed on the greater criminals than on trivial delinquents, the distinctions not only between right and wrong, but *is right and wrong* (to which the instincts of the humbler classes have a known correspondence,) have been levelled down, and weak consciences made still weaker. Theologians distinguish between wilful, habitual, presumptuous sins, and sins of surprise and infirmity, and though this doctrine has been abused by the schoolmen, in their unauthorised classification of sins venial, and sins mortal, yet the distinction is important for the moral government of conscience, for preserving its strength or restoring its supremacy in fallible and erring mortals ; a consideration surely not to be neglected in examining the questions of crime and punishment, and the prevention of both.

As distinctions have been confounded with respect to crime, to the increase of criminals, so there is reason to fear, that by statutes, administrations, and the application of one system of discipline, (the sole method of diagrams and dieteries,) industry has been confounded with idleness, misfortune with vice, the labourer with the pauper, and the pauper with the criminal; and thus the incarceration of workhouses has had a powerful influence over the face of the country in accumulating the incarceration in gaols. In examining the causes of overgrown imprisonment and confinement within walls, under legally adjusted disciplines, the principle of what is called the New Poor Law, but which is as old as the reign of George the First, and older, and the conditions annexed to that Law, necessarily come under review. Here the affinities of justice and charity are unnaturally close and incestuous. The intercommunity of principle between the poor and the criminal law, now corruptly called social law,—the intercommunity of feeling between the magistrate and the guardian, the policeman and the relieving officer, the criminal and the pauper, cannot be overlooked by any faithful observer of the social errors of the age, errors which are not only inconsistent with the spirit of the English constitution, but with the physical and moral condition of man, and especially with the sentiment and genius of the Christian religion, and often to such a degree, that not only the sentimental and the disaffected politician, but the most thoughtful and patriotic, start back and shudder at the results of our counterfeit forms of Christian justice and Christian charity.

#### PRISONS AND WORKHOUSES.

Prisons and workhouses have evidently been too much assimilated in England, both in the legal arrangements which have been enacted respecting them, and in the feelings which have been generated with regard to them in the minds of both rich and poor—in the rich of test, discipline and chastisement rising sometimes, perchance, to a sentiment of amendment and example; in the poor of rigour, repulse, unfeelingness, injustice and punishment. In the history of the past, as well as in the development of the present time, this assimilation has been evidenced in the *intentions* of the mistaken advocates of the mischievous association of justice and charity, and even of the enforcement by statute of an absolute connexion of workhouses, police establishments, and houses of correction. This will be a nice point for M. Lamartine to adjust with respect to the machinery for the New Poor Law in France. Perchance the strong propensity in England for the employment of policemen and relieving officers, and even for their amalgamation, may suggest a model for his already police-ridden country. He may read in our public Reports—"The organised

“ administrative bodies formed throughout the country by the appointment of Boards of Guardians, have appeared to many persons suitable to the appointment and management of a constabulary force ;” and *vice versa* the rule will apply. He may quote the recommendation to unite the offices “ of two ignorant and incompetent officers—the overseers and the constables.” He may tell that it is frequently proposed that the policemen should be the relieving officers, not only of vagrants, but of unions generally, and that the latter officers should be absorbed in the former. He may report, that Courts of Guardians in England, are frequently demanding the power of committing to prison, as well as of sending to a workhouse ; and that the public press sometimes advocates the expediency of giving that power to the bourgeoisie over the working classes. He may tell his countrymen, that the Poor Box and scales—not of wood or iron, but of gold—are the fashionable ornaments of the English Police Courts, and that the Police Magistrates are the almoners and relieving officers of the poor, as well as the summary Judges of the criminal, and that these twin models of justice and charity, for the prevention of crime and the relief of misfortune, combining in one system good and evil, vice and wretchedness, and terminating in incarceration in gaols or workhouses, as the case may be, are the glory of England. He may then easily infer that France has one half of the system amply prepared to their hands in the police, and that the hospitals, perhaps, among the best of the charitable institutions, not only of France but of Christendom, may easily be converted into poor houses, houses of industry, and houses of correction.

Here the functionaries will exclaim, “ You are attacking the administration of justice, and the legal provision for the poor, the boast and bulwarks of Old England.” It might be a sufficient reply to this accusation, that our argument implies no disaffection to the laws and judicial constitution, properly so-called ; no suspicion of their pure and equal administration in our ancient courts, which no other nation enjoys in so high a degree of perfection as the people of England,—or of the people by habit and education disposed to honour, obey, and uphold the laws,—or of juries, or of the free institutions of our great Royal Lawgiver, still in action, and though too much neglected and thrown aside in the lower departments of jurisprudence, still the fundamentals of the English Constitution,—or of the judges, or the Chief Justice of England, whom Alfred himself would have delighted to honour, not only for his knowledge of law and love of justice, but for his jealousy over the free institutions of a free people.

The question is, whether the English system has not been mischievously interfered with by the inventions of a modern effeminate cumbersome system of legal enactments and illegal arrangements with respect to crime and poverty ; and whether the scandals of criminals and paupers are not to be traced to a departure from English law, and from the regular proceedings of the regular

courts, and especially to the neglect and disuse of courts and officers on the spot, by which justice was brought home to every man's door, trivial rights and wrongs were adjusted at the moment, and every man's wants and duties in the daily routine of social life were, if necessary, examined and determined by the good sense of the people, without the aid of architecture tests and hireling functionaries unconnected with the structure of territorial divisions and degrees of men. The question really is, whether a return, gradual it may be, to many ancient customs is not the true practical remedy for these scandals. How has it come to pass, that with laws so good, judges so just, a people so wise and attached to their country, these eyesores, and wens, and tumours, have deformed the face of the land? What answer must be given to the mischievous accusations of the criminal, or to the false imputations of the malicious, or even to the admirers, and perhaps the would-be imitators of our Anglo-Saxon judicial and eleemosynary system? The common law is not the cause of these scandals nor the judges, nor the uncommon immorality, nor the deteriorated condition, nor the growing ignorance and intemperance of the people, nor the decline of the country in prosperity and wealth. What are the causes? A suspicion, if not a conviction, arises that these scandals in their excess may be ascribed to the contrivances and regulations we are discussing, just as the maladies of half the valetudinarians in the world are to be traced to the quackery and want of skill with which they manage themselves and their general health, or allow other ignorant persons to manage them. The accumulations of convicts, and incarcerations of all sorts, affecting so large a proportion of the population, and the establishments and their advertisements side by side with the quack medicine puffs of the age, lead to a suspicion of something like empiricism in the management of the general morals, and turn our thoughts from schemes and political doctors, *to a confidence in the national character for the true remedy.* That confidence may lead us on to inquire whether we have not the strongest reasons, as well as the highest motives, for reducing the penalties of the law, so far as incarceration is concerned, to a much more restricted rule, and even for withholding these penalties altogether, wherever transgressions can be prevented without them. Wisdom is not always manifested by terror, which often irritates to defiance, and provokes to transgression, but by a reluctance to apply severe and infamous punishments at all wherever crime can be checked by other means. To a people attached to the laws, and accustomed to a forbearing application of their penalties, a less degree of severity and infamy appears more infamous and deters from crime; but where the law, however wise and pure in itself, is placed under a sort of military discipline, parading the streets in a military livery, superseding the corrective influences of nature, family, religion, neighbourly and mutual relations, so that every trivial delinquency is construed into a breach of the peace, or a legal crime, every naughty boy is brought up as a juvenile criminal, and every light-

hearted, irritable, or frolicsome nature, as an idle and disorderly character. family ties are often precociously and unnecessarily broken, sense of conscience is weakened by frivolous imputations of crime, and fear and shame of punishment are obliterated by frequent hasty paltry applications of it in its most solemn forms.

Here an objector of the certainty school will exclaim, " You are not aware of the hazard of arguing for a discontinuance of punishment in the present overflowing state of crime. Such discontinuance would be like the removal of a dam, open the floodgate of iniquity, and inundate society. The pressure against this needful barrier is so strong, that we cannot be too cautious how we lower its height or weaken its strength, especially at the present juncture, when the evil example of foreign countries is so strong, and our own government is so perplexed and at their wit's end about the best means of punishment, amendment, example, and dispersion, that they can scarcely bear the burden, or stem the torrent, or keep out the overflowing tide. How can you dream of such a change?" We are not exactly advocating discontinuance of all punishments in trivial cases, but if we were, there are strong reasons and high authority for such discontinuance of incarceration, even if it admitted of no substitutes, as we conceive it does of many. Many of our best writers have *dreamed* of this discontinuance, even when they had scarcely any other idea of punishment but incarceration. Paley observes: " By a rule of life which is perhaps too universally and indiscriminately adhered to, no one will receive a man or woman out of a gaol into any service or employment whatever. This is the common misfortune of public punishments, that they preclude the offender from all honest means of future support." And he adds: " Until this inconvenience be remedied, small offences had perhaps better go unpunished. I do not mean that the law should exempt them from punishment, but that private persons should be tender in prosecuting them."

The disciples of the certainty-school, and the police, and the advocates of public prosecutions, differ from the moralist, and we do not exactly coincide with his loose expressions about law and tenderness, and the favourite doctrine of selection. It is the business of the legislator to enact reasonable and practicable punishment; but Paley had in contemplation only the common narrow view of penalty,—the gaol, and the uniform infamy and deprivation of character, whatever be the crime, which attaches to it, or he would have inferred that the injustice of the legal penalty was a sufficient reason for an alteration in law and practice. Taking into account loss of character for ever, the disgrace to families and virtuous relations, to aged and honest parents, to an innocent wife and large family, (for pilfering a piece of leather, or rope, or wood, or corn for a master's horse, or petty trespasses against the game laws, or in paltry cases of assault, and fines incurred, with inability to pay at the moment, or by distraint.)



the punishment of imprisonment, for two or three months in a gaol, (perhaps before conviction, and discharge on recognizances after trial, and often on acquittal,) seems positively unjust and unequal for slight and first offences, committed by surprise or temptation, without the *habit* of pilfering, or violence, or accomplices, and affords the highest reasons for devising some other modes of correction or restraint, without incarceration or gaols. Reduce these numerous cases of summary convictions and absurd indictments, send no man to gaol till other means of amendment and example have been tried, and till there is satisfactory evidence of a dangerous and incorrigible character, and your incarceration and its discipline may be made a terror. Enact that no Englishman shall be sent to gaol for less than three or six months, which incorrigibleness deserves. The higher the minimum of period which can be effected the better, and the greater will be the fear, and the shame, and the example of those who are condemned to it. But we shall advert to this point again, when considering some practical suggestions.

We turn now to the reliance which has been placed upon a system of confinement within the walls of a workhouse, and to the *universal* adoption of that scheme, for it is an essential part, in principle, in intention, in feeling, in result, of the brick and mortar disciplinarian domestic policy which we are venturing to discuss. Here, we are aware, we must force our way through prejudices, and fears, and habits, which are in full array to meet us. Many will exclaim, in a fit of delirium, Oh! Oh! Aye! Aye! you would bring us back to the horrid old Poor Laws.

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW POOR LAW.

A little calm discussion may lull this delirium, and not be without its use to those who have come into existence, as political writers or observers, within the last fifteen or twenty years, and who have imbibed certain hear-say impressions about the old and the new law. An historical appeal might be tedious, but if we can bring the question of the old and the new law within the memory of man, the discussion may be useful and not tedious. Those whose recollections, as ours, will carry them back to the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, will recognise, as we draw them, the distinctive features of what the youngsters and some of the old ones call the old and the new poor law. By the old law these youngsters and their tutors mean not the old law of Elizabeth "for the relief of the poor," or still older and perhaps better practices; but the petty sessions regulation which were contemporaneous with the French revolutionary war, the Bank Restriction Act, and with the high price of provisions which arose out of that war, that Act, and very unfavourable harvests. These regulations had about as much to do with the

old poor law as with the combination laws, to which indeed they were near akin. They had, in their origin, no special reference to the aged, the widow, the orphan, the sick, or even the unemployed, for then the demand for labour exceeded the supply, and was the moving cause of those contrivances for the regulation of wages. Many conspiring causes, the high price of provisions, the abstraction of labourers for the war, the consequent demand for labour, with the depreciation of the value of money, would have raised labour to the value of seven shillings a day or more. To avoid this threatening advance, squires, farmers, and others, invented the plan, the cheaper plan, of paying so much a head, in money or meal, as a substitute for or supplement to the wages of labour, instead of the larger sum to which the wages of labour would have risen according to the compound triplicate ratio of the price of provisions, the demand for labour, and the depreciation of the value of money. This substitution or supplement might have been paid by a separate rate, or in any other way; it was ordained that it should be paid *by the overseers of the poor and out of the rates*. Thus the whole body of the labourers in many parts of England (for though general it was not universal), men, women, and children of all ages were put upon the list of paupers, and, in some cases, a third, in others the half, and in others again nearly the whole of the wages of labour were charged upon the rates. In some counties and places the rates amounted to a guinea, twenty-five shillings, and more upon the rateable value, and to forty shillings and more on the population.

Here it is worth while to observe a remarkable fact in the history of this period, that the allowance system, with all its vices and expenses, was generally considered cheaper\* than the maintenance of the poor in workhouses; and in many cases the workhouse system was abandoned, and in most virtually suspended for it. This is what the youngsters call the Old Law, for which, as

\* From the year 1820 to 1880, numerous petitions were presented to Parliament for power to dissolve Incorporations, and Documents like the following were circulated all over the country:—

#### “ REASONS FOR DISSOLUTION.

“ In the year 1765 (60 years ago), a majority of the owners and occupiers within these hundreds obtained an Act of Parliament to enable them to try the experiment of incorporation. They had it 25 years and it failed.

“ They then obtained a second Act, and the improvements thereby introduced were tried for 20 years, but this system also failed.

“ They then obtained a third Act, under which a system of *averages* were introduced and tried for 15 years; but this system also failed.

“ Thus in a period of 60 years these experiments have been tried under the incorporative system, and each has altogether failed.

“ In fact, time and experience have proved that this system of incorporation, instead of benefiting the poor and decreasing the expense, has promoted and increased every evil it was intended to remedy. Therefore a very large majority of the principal owners and occupiers are convinced that they have no other remedy but a dissolution of the incorporation, and a return to the original plan of parochial management. None of the experiments produced any benefit to the poor, but the expenses were increased Sixty Thousand Pounds.”

they imagine, there is no alternative or refuge but what they call falsely the New Law, which in fact, though not the oldest Law of Relief of the sixteenth century, was the old Law of Maintenance, introduced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,—by no means model periods of internal policy. Properly speaking, what the youngsters call the Old Law, was a Labour and Currency scheme, and the methods attempted to correct the mischiefs of it, by labour-rates and other vicious expedients to regulate wages, shewed the real character of the system. The legislative correction ought to have been contemporaneous with the restoration of the currency and with the cessation of war and scarcity. The Old Law and the New Law of the youngsters therefore amount to this:—One Law of Maintenance without a test and without establishments in time of war, with a depreciated currency and a high price of provisions; and another law of maintenance in time of peace, with a restricted currency and a low price of provisions. One law of maintenance adopted on account of dearness and another on account of cheapness,—but both without any respect to justice, morals, charity, or necessity. The allowance system (the Old Law,) went the whole hog of maintenance, without a test, to avoid the expense and evils of establishments; and the workhouse system (the New Law,) went the whole hog of establishments, with a test, to avoid the evils of universal claim; so that what the youngsters call the Old and the New Law are various, in some respects antagonistic, forms of the same principle of maintenance, and *not distinct principles*: as of the Old Law, without the expense of establishments and the test of incarceration, and the New Law, with all the cost, difficulty, and corruptions of maintenance in the gross.

The workhouse system, therefore, now stands before us as *an incarceration test* applied to the whole working population as well as to the helpless dependent population. History would shew in the experience of two centuries, notwithstanding that its form was changed and its pulsations often ceased in periods of twenty and twenty-five years, that the disadvantages outweighed the advantages; and now, after a trial of fifteen years only, during which brief period it has had great struggles for existence, and now survives only by a dangerous association with the highest powers of the State, are we not beginning to perceive the old results of this New form of the Old Law of Maintenance, not now a fly-wheel applied here and there *in crowded cities to legal charity*, but the one organic essential system of alms and refusal of alms, of maintaining both vice and misfortune, criminal and innocent want, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom? Are we not beginning to witness the same inherent mischiefs; a dropsical, bloating accumulation demanding incessant extension; increasing rates; uneasiness of rate-payers; the establishments hotbeds of disease, unnaturalism and illegitimacy and the feeders of our houses of correction and gaols as well as of our hospitals?

We hear continually the New Law contrasted with the Old with a tone of triumph, on the score of economy. Yet what are the facts respecting the

allowance system, an emanation of the workhouse, yet without the apparatus for confinement within walls? It departed from the true principle of relief and adopted the principle of maintenance to the full, incorporating in its scheme the whole body of the labourers. Yet we have the history of what the youngsters call the Old and New Law before us, and what are the results on the score of economy? Why, that the former was found cheaper than the system of establishments, though it embraced the whole, or great part of the wages of labour; that demoralising as it was, it was considered more virtuous than the system which confined all classes within the same walls under the same discipline and associations; that it had its compensations to the rate-payer, or rather to the employer, who received an equivalent, and sometimes more than equivalent, unjustly indeed, from the rate in the payment of wages.

Again, under the Old Law, all benefit societies were extinguished, and there were then no funds for relief or maintenance from that source; whereas, under the present system there are associations and clubs organised in every direction, to support the artizan and labourer in sickness, to supply him with medicine, often fuel and clothing, and to pay funeral expenses. One of these clubs boasts of having one million of men, women, and children, under its protection; and, if so, probably the whole amount of the population under the protection of that and all similar associations, exceeds three millions.

Again, under this Old Law—bad as it was—in some parts of England the rate, as we have observed, was a guinea, or twenty-five shillings and more in the pound; the price of provisions was more than double, while articles of common consumption—tea, sugar, cotton, woollen, fuel, salt food, and raiment,—have fallen fifty per cent. In the former poor rate were included often county rates, church rates, a variety of parish contracts—as rat-catchers, and mole-catchers settlement quarrels, and lawyers bills, payment of rents, apprenticeships, and all sorts of parochial expenses; many of them improperly, but not fraudulently, entered in these accounts; but notwithstanding all these alterations and deductions, it appears that the present system of tests and establishments, is as costly as the old system was with all the additions of wages and other charges not now included in the rate. The poor-rate of 1834, the year before the change, and the poor-rate of 1848, are now nearly in a ratio of equality; the poor-rate of 1834 being £6,317,254, and of 1848, being £6,180,765. In the former case the greater part of the amount went to the people; in the present system, taking into account all its charges and peculations, often little more than half the rate goes to the poor. On the score of economy, therefore, by the New Law, nothing is gained; and on the score of mischief, much evil is evidently accumulating\*.

\* When the workhouse is full there is the expense of the house and the allowance system into the bargain, and even when it is not full, the expenses and the mischiefs, and the abandonment of its own principles, make the establishment a burden. The expenditure, as in the case of 9 Geo. I., fell nearly one half under the new law, but from the same causes it is now running on to double itself, and if the principle be not altered it will double itself.

The doctrine that "no man shall starve," shall perish of want and neglect, is so gratifying, that whatever system professes to accomplish it, must naturally receive much support from the benevolent and the Government, without nicely criticising its advantages or disadvantages. A man must be insensible, indeed, who does not see much apparent goodness, if not true policy, in the maxim; but if we look fairly, not at this general idea of a provision to effect this object so important in the estimate of the philanthropist and the politician, but at the details and results, our feelings often receive a shock which excites no small degree of doubt respecting the charity and policy of the existing legal arrangements. So important, however, have these contrivances appeared to the present generation of Statesmen, that the ancient divisions of the territory have been sacrificed to them, and a very strong hand has been put upon property to carry out, to the utmost perfection, this compound idea of maintenance, virtue, health, and loyalty. Whereas the facts and results continually lead us to doubt whether our objects are attained; whether these arrangements are consistent with the moral or physical constitution of man; whether they traverse and disturb the family principle, the foundation of national as well as domestic happiness; whether they have been successful in preventing houselessness, casual poverty, vagrancy, disease, and even starvation.

When Sir Robert Peel was exulting, amidst the cheers of the House of Commons, that you could now keep body and soul together for a penny, and when, amidst redoubled cheers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer asserted that the Right Hon. Baronet's estimate was a farthing or a fraction too high; in the same journals which recorded these debates, were the most harrowing details of lanes, and streets, and workhouses, and their precincts strewed, like fields of battle, with the carcases of those who perished from starvation under a law of maintenance (which cost a great many pence), in all the freshness of its youth, supported by the property of the localities, the general property of the country, and the guarantee of the government, with a staff of officers, paid and unpaid, regular and supernumerary. So extremes prove the strength or weakness of principles.

But again, in England, we have proposals for contracts crowding the columns of the metropolitan and weekly newspapers which would seem amply sufficient to supply the commissariat of all the armies of Europe. Advertisements for necessaries, comforts, and even luxuries, for food, medicine, clothing, fuel, schools, and all kinds of officers and attendants pass in constant review before us and seem abundantly calculated to secure maintenance, decency, and health for everybody who may seek them. But since these peculiar enactments, have we had an increase or decrease of poor, houseless, casual, and regular inmates? Have we *not since this golden era of the new poor law set in*, seen new strange phenomena of these houseless and casual poor, and ragged schools,

with thousands and tens of thousands of ragged children, and outriding farming houses for children and youth, the revelations respecting which, with regard to diet and health, and sickness, and death from starvation and neglect, have shocked the sympathies of us all. In these crowded workhouses and their appendages, have we secured decency? Are not the details of promiscuousness of every kind unutterable and painful in the extreme? The diet, it appeared in evidence, was a sort of training for feebleness of body and mind, and even for death by disease and emaciation, if not by starvation. In the dormitories the beds touched each other (no uncommon case in crowded workhouses), in which there were three in a bed of the age not of childhood, *infantia* or *infantia proxima*, or *pubertati proxima*, but full puberty and youth herded together\*. Has this any effect upon decency and crime, unnatural crime, and those numerous cases which come before the police, but not before the public, and with respect to which the judges of the criminal court and at assizes insinuate to the jury that, not only on account of the pernicious evidence but the number of the cases, they had better not credit the witnesses or the depositions. Is there no affinity between the law of maintenance and the criminal law? And to prevent crime must we not look into its very springs and fountains? Again as to health? Has disease been arrested and abated by the new poor-law of maintenance? Are typhus and malignant fevers checked or propagated and almost domiciled by these legal enactments? Does not "the plague and "grievous sickness," which spares indeed no rank, luxuriate in its slaughter of the inmates of these abodes of entire maintenance? Must it not be confessed of every contagious and infectious disease, that it either has its origin in them, or in passing through them, "*vires acquirit eundo*?" In famine and pestilence, legal enactments are most needed for the protection of health and life,—are those which this law has devised the best or the most perilous and mischievous? Do not physical, as well as moral considerations throw some doubt upon the policy or humanity of diagrams and dieteries for

\* The Chief Commissioner of the Poor Law justified the practice of Farming the Poor by an appeal, we think, to 9 Geo. I., c. 7, (1722) and the 22 Geo. III. (1782), passed after a period of sixty years. Sir F. Eden tells us, that the first Act at first produced great saving by the system of contracting for the poor, but that the system was attended with such disgusting practices and results, that the whole country revolted from it, and the consequence was a doubling of the rates before the passing of 22 Geo. III. The former Act had, indeed, repealed itself, by its cruelty. The first Section of this Act repealed 9 Geo. I., cap 7, "as respects the maintaining or hiring out of the poor by contract;" and though the second section is appealed to for a justification, after such an absolute repeal to us lay men it does not appear that the words of the second section, can re-enact the same thing, and in fact, it does not enact a justification of farming houses like Tooting out of the parish, and absolutely, of feeding, sleeping, and having the whole charge of such children. But the 22 Geo. III., c. 4-5-7-8, may well be high in the esteem of a Poor Law Commissioner, for in fact this Act is the *real model* of what is called the New Poor Law, for it enacts, "Where Guardians are appointed, neither churchwardens nor overseers shall intermeddle in the care and management of the Poor, but the guardians shall be invested with all powers given by any Act of Parliament to the overseers of the poor, and in all respects, except in regard to making and collecting the rates, shall be an overseer. But the Churchwardens and overseers shall continue to be liable to collect the poor rate, and shall pay the same to the guardians."

the maintenance of human beings at so much a head by a common discipline for all ages, habits, constitutions, infirmities, confined within the walls of a common receptacle house, on which Providence seems to be inscribing a handwriting which all must read with warning and reproof?

But "no man shall starve." We are not disputing this maxim, on the contrary, we wish there were not so many exceptions to its effect. The maxim, as a rule for a rich man's conduct to his poor neighbour, the Christian's to his poor brother, the Church's to her indigent members, and the Legislator's to the needy of the land, is good policy. We are not disputing the maxim in any case, but inquiring fairly and honestly into the modes under which the legislator and the magistrate attempt to carry it out before our eyes, under the peculiar condition of the present law, "*No man shall starve in a workhouse.*" Starvation is a horrid idea. Hunger and privation of food carried to an extremity have suggested, and perhaps justified many horrid, cruel, and even murderous means of preserving life, or rather of preventing death by starvation; but they are means to which no civilised mortal would have recourse but in the last extremity, when ordinary ideas of decency, and even common ideas of right and wrong are overruled by the peculiarity of the case. The position of a few individuals perishing of hunger on the wide sea, or in the trackless desert or forest, would suggest ideas and expedients, which could find no place in the minds or hearts of those persons in ordinary circumstances, and no reasonable man would venture to argue or infer general laws for the regulation of the passions and appetites from such peculiar cases.

At the present moment we have become so familiar with famine and contagion, or what appears contagion at least, in low and crowded abodes, and with death both from starvation and pestilence, that the delicate maxim, "No man shall starve," even under the modern condition, "*in a workhouse,*" strikes our sympathies less acutely than it used to do, or than it ought to do. The providential intimations of the present times allow us, indeed invite us, perhaps compel us, to discuss modes and conditions, and legal regulations with more freedom than we could have done before our recent and present experience domestic and foreign. The law of nature, the law of the church, the common law of the land, enacts "no man shall starve." The legislator adds his condition: "*No man shall starve who will go into a workhouse,*" where he must leave his family, suspend his will, lose his liberty, under certain circumstances endanger his health and life, under all circumstances be associated with strangers of all castes, dispositions, and habits, even the lowest and the vilest. The best feelings of relationship must be sacrificed, the worst fears of affection must be realised before he can reap the privilege and the benefit of the law of nature, the law of the church, the law of the land, "No man shall starve." We should suppose that famine would make any condition tolerable, but pestilence and contagion render it intolerable. Before our recent experience, it would have been

thought that the maxim would have been a refuge, and the condition not questioned in extreme cases, but facts have disproved the supposition. Nay, in more ordinary circumstances, the discipline and the associations, the separation from kindred, incarceration within the walls of a poor-house, and companionship with the most miserable, and the most depraved, have often made this excellent maxim, with its legal condition, appear to the unfortunate worse than death. We were glad to see the Bishop of London, whose long and large experience, and whose compassion for misery in all its forms, have made him in these respects, wiser and more discerning than most of us, lately set on foot and sanction a society, which we may hope will have some effect in reducing the number of deaths by suicide, starvation, and broken-heartedness, which have arisen from dread of a workhouse.

But the economist will say it was intended that the workhouse and the law of maintenance should be a terror and a test, otherwise you would beguile the people into habitual laziness and vice. This is the honest and true argument for the policy, and if it succeeded in checking laziness and vice, would carry conviction with it. But the misfortune is, that the workhouse is a test and a terror to the affectionate, the good, and the unfortunate, but neither test nor terror to the lazy and the vicious, the depraved and the reckless, whose only question often is, whether they should make themselves the inmates of the workhouse or the gaol. The law is in favour of the hard-hearted and the reckless, and those who are without natural affection. The question they ask, is whether the discipline and dietary and associations of the poor-house or the gaol are to be preferred, and with such the condition, and we may say, (such is the vanity of recklessness,) the character of the criminal is often preferred to the name and lot of a pauper, and the workhouse is not only a training school for crime, but often a guide and often a goad to a gaol.

Our reasoning carried on would lead us to consider the effect of this original maxim, and its modern condition, on the principle of association, as affecting the character and condition of the working classes, but that point must be reserved, though the principle of association is not altogether unconnected with the practice of incarceration—and may be one of the principal remedies and antidotes to both crime and punishment. For the present our object has been to compare the economy and the common sense reasonableness of the Law of Relief, the Law of Nature, of the Church, the Common Law of the land, without test and establishment, without any interference with the family principle, and a system of maintenance with both tests and establishments. The principle of the Natural, the Christian, the Common Law, that we should relieve a fellow creature in distress, not that we should maintain him and separate from his kindred, seems, *à priori*, more rational. It is a part of wisdom to accomplish ends by the fewest and the simplest means, to apply no remedies to evils but such as are necessary to supply what is defective or over-



come what is difficult, with the least expenditure of time, energy, and cost. The maxims of the Heathen Philosopher, "*ne quid nimis*,"—of the Royal Jewish Sage, "Be not righteous over much,"—of a greater than Solomon, "Strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel,"—of our sensitive neighbours, "*Un peu trop*,"—and of our vulgar selves, "Enough is as good as a feast,"—are applicable to the case before us. We would not offend in this discussion, we would leave facts and our reflections to the judgment of others, but perhaps we put the case hypothetically and doubtfully, perhaps the fault, nay the folly of our age may be—at least it may be a fault and a folly from which our age is not exempt—to over-speculate, to profess too much, to exaggerate, and to legislate over-much. Senators and Statesmen as well as Railroad Directors, and others, may have been tempted to over-act and over-do the thing they have in hand, whatever it may be, whether a prison or a workhouse. In former ages, and in the age just bygone, the hangman over-acted his part. Henry VIII. hanged seventy-two thousand persons for robbery alone, yet Sir T. More wondered why so many still remained in the country, robbing in all places. Queen Elizabeth hanged more than five hundred criminals in a year, and yet complained that the people would not obey her laws, and appointed Stipendiary Police Magistrates, because, as Strype tells us, the people would not prosecute and magistrates would not act. Just before the abrogation of the sanguinary code, Mr. F. Buxton stated in Parliament that six hundred men were condemned to death in that year under statutes passed in the last century, and yet that the crimes to which the penalty of death was annexed were increasing. In those merry days every county and every borough had its Jack Ketoh, and now that honourable profession is nearly monopolised by one eminent practitioner. It is some satisfaction in contemplating political excesses, to find that the mischiefs of them sooner or later expose the errors of the principles or the practices from which they sprung.

The policeman has been over-busy and over-acting his part; and it is a consolation in contemplating the consequent increase, both of crimes and punishments, convicts and gaols, to indulge the hope that this fashionable hobby-horse may go out of fashion, and that the policemen, like the hangmen, may be reduced to single specimens, and become as rare as a black swan in Europe, a pair of bustards in England, or a sea-serpent anywhere.

It may, however, be some time before gaols and workhouses become as scarce as scaffolds, gibbets, and drops. To abate the severity of punishments was a long and tedious work. It was an arduous task for the most eloquent and able men of their time to convince the Legislature that to hang a man for killing his father, and trapping a rabbit on a warren, was not wise. It may be a long affair to convince the Legislature that to incarcerate in the same gaol, under the same discipline and associations, children, country loons, and half-witted mortals, with murderers, and burglars, and forgers, is not wise. It may

be a long but not a hopeless task to produce a general conviction, that to confine in workhouses the aged, the sick, the widow, and the orphan, with the vile, the profligate, and the whore, and to place all alike under a common discipline and associations often more disgusting than the discipline and associations of a gaol, is not wise or charitable.

We propose, therefore, to go on hopefully in endeavouring to convince others, where we are convinced ourselves. On the general grounds we have assumed, and reasoning on the historical data of these domestic politics, the immediate experience of the present times, the actual facts before our eyes, the development of kindred questions on speculative principles in other countries, the Bible and the maxims of the Christian religion more studied and appealed to by all parties, and consequently the duties of property, and the claims of misfortune, more contrasted; we honestly confess our faith and creed—that the Old Law of Nature, of Christ, of Old England, coupled as it certainly was, and as it ought to be (in a more amplified manner, corresponding to the general elevation of society,) with the “*jus munerum honorum que*,” of subordinate offices among the artisans and labourers of the country, is to be preferred to the New Law with its tests and establishments, its diagrams and dieteries, and confinement within walls, the necessary condition of a gross, but hollow law of maintenance.

To carry home these convictions, our first step must be to mark out, or to trace out, in the landmarks of others, some line or lines of demarcation between first and trivial offences, and great crimes; applying to the latter, a sterner system of penalty, unmitigated by pity for a child, a dupe, a victim, or an ignorant clown; and with respect to the former, trying, instead of incarceration in a gaol, fines—small fines,—with time—ample time—for payment, and bail and guarantee of parents, guardians, friends, and small recognizances,—down, perhaps, to ten, or even five shillings,—with apology—old-fashioned open confession, restitution of property, open arrangements of parties themselves, doing away with apprehensions and committals, and the absurd doctrine of compounding felonies, and settling larcenies and offences punishable as larcenies on the spot, with personal public chastisement, and badges of infamy and ineligibility to office, and satisfaction of works to be adjudged by an officer or magistrate, or court, or jury on the spot, as the case may be. By some such process, well considered, and well arranged, with an expansion of the equestrian order through every parish, for which we have the archetypes and the models in the Anglo-Saxon Institutions of the immortal King, we may indulge the hope of checking the modern monomania of sending to gaols, of preventing crime by ceasing to manufacture criminals, and of reducing the number of convicts, substituting for transportation a system of colonization, and perchance, in many cases of delinquency, self-banishment, which would be without offence or damage to the colonies. To use the words of the admirable Blackstone, we may prosecute

these aims, "not so much by fanciful alterations and wild experiments (so frequent in this fertile age), as by closely adhering to the wisdom of the ancient plan corrected by Alfred, and perfected by Edward I., and by attending to the spirit, without neglecting the forms of their excellent venerable Institutions."

With respect to pauperism by a similar process, drawing a line or lines of demarcation for age, misfortune, infirmity, and sickness, the amount of which may be ascertained with practical accuracy, and is less, and might be more economically relieved than many imagine; we may gradually recede from the principle of incarceration in workhouses, and relieve the great majority of the innocent poor from the horror and the penalty of their discipline and associations and diseases, and at the same time treat with less ceremony, and more firmness, the idle vagabond and the impostor.

#### STATISTICS AND SYSTEMS OF INCARCERATION.

In considering the subject of Incarceration, that Promethean rock, to which, in modern times, all our domestic discipline has been chained down, it is necessary to contemplate these wide-spread though ugly parts of domestic, and unhappily, it must be added, of colonial policy. An attempt to place this question on broad and sound foundations, and to apply to the swamps and putrid marshes of Society a less superficial and a deeper drainage, required such an investigation, however painful. It appeared, indeed, more necessary than dry and copious details of evidence, in statistical or other forms, of the nature, the methods, the experiments, and the particular results of the various systems of incarceration now in practice, or suggested for adoption. We are aware that without a display of that sort of knowledge and evidence which Blue-book Literature so richly supplies, we expose ourselves to a charge, from the so-called school of practical politicians, of ignorance, presumption, and speculative enthusiasm. But as a great part of that evidence has been given again and again in various, though not always in the most accurate or genuine, forms,—and as every person can inform himself generally of criminal statistics by reference to a newspaper paragraph,—we omit *tables and schedules*, partly from want of space and partly from a conviction that they are not necessary to our purpose, without a consciousness of handling the subject imperfectly on that account.

But, though not necessary to our design and inconvenient to our space, we should be deemed superficial if we did not glance at the various modes of incarceration,—the common gaol, the model prisons, the silent and separate systems, or the new cold-water system, proposed in a popular form by Mr. C.

Pearson. Our object and our reasoning do not require such details or comparisons. We might suppose that the ingenuity with which these experiments have been tried, has been complete; that a sufficient number of cases of reformation, or conversion, or warning, have occurred, to afford the Christian Statesman and Philanthropist the highest gratification. We might admit that the experiments in prison discipline which have been tried with respect to convicts and the highest class of criminals, had been as successful as, under the circumstances, could be anticipated. In our argument, we are not called upon to inquire whether the changes in prison discipline were dictated by humanity or Christianity,—not whether Mrs. Fry, with her gifted dignity and penetrating sympathy, charmed the guilty conscience and the irritated feelings of the victims of vice into calm tranquillity, and even grateful submission to her Christian sway over them, as we know they did. The main painful question still recurs,—not whether the present gaols are better built, governed, and administered than the old prisons, nor whether the introduction of higher and intellectual education, with the more devoted services of the Ministers of Religion, and with libraries of books, which are generally circulated for amusement or religious improvement among the non-criminal population, was dictated by humanity and policy; not whether the better care of the body and soul of the criminal was demanded, no less by the progress of Society than by the humane and religious sympathy of the public,—but this painful question stares us in the face, “Have these systems and improvements *in the mode and method of incarceration* accomplished the just object of punishment, the prevention of crime, as evidenced in the present and the coming generation, of the criminal population of the country?”

The learned gentleman whose profession and office naturally bring the question of the increase or decrease of crime, at least in the metropolis, under his observation, and who, like his intelligent predecessor (we believe the most effective witness against the sanguinary code), has devoted not only a professional but a laudable personal anxiety to this subject, has come to the humiliating conclusion that crime has increased and is increasing notwithstanding these praiseworthy attempts. He has come to the conclusion, after an anxious investigation, that these systems have failed, nay more, his experience and argument go to assert, that these very modes of chastisement, with a view to *reformation*, have had a mischievous effect with respect to *prevention*; and still further, that the unknown, unseen relaxing system within the prison, coupled with more tender expressions of sympathy for the guilty, the most guilty than for the less delinquent or the innocent, is one of the main causes of the increase of crime. There appears much truth in his statement that the increase of crime cannot be ascribed to a corresponding increase of ignorance, intemperance, or poverty, as also in his declaration that many humane efforts have provoked mischiefs or at any rate have failed to prevent crime, or com-

mitment, or recommitments. But when Mr. C. Pearson tells us that he can solve this problem by another and opposite scheme of incarceration, and that he is possessed of a panacea in a new method of imprisonment, our impression certainly is, that this gentleman's view, though evidently honest, is too isolated and too narrow, and pregnant with the seeds of failure from causes similar to those by which the schemes which he impugns have failed of success. There is, however, a healthful courage manifested in this antagonistic theory of imprisonment and penalty, and especially in the earnest and candid manner of proposing it, which cannot fail to have many beneficial effects on statesmen and philanthropists, as well as on the public at large. We might speak more freely in praise of this gentleman's proposal if we had not made the rash assertion before, that if another Draco were to appear among us, he would not be in danger of being smothered to death by his countrymen. The repeated cheers of *ladies* and gentlemen at Exeter with which his Grecian scheme was received, make us shrink from taking any part in hastening the learned gentleman's death by an Athenian eulogistic process\*.

No doubt, if Mr. C. Pearson could have his scheme carried out with the appliances and unsparing expenditure of the Government, with a similar power of selecting his agents, farms, implements, and patronage, as well as punishment, we should hear of many gratifying instances of the good effects of his Draconian prison discipline. But in considering the whole subject of crimes and punishments, the great question is not whether schemes of severity, lenity, or certainty, have advantages and disadvantages; but *whether this sole system of incarceration*, sweeping over the face of the country, in gaols, workhouses, houses of correction, and all manner of lockups, applied universally as the panacea of statesmen and nations, the first and ultimate resort of the magistrates, has produced the effects, which ought reasonably to be expected, on the national conscience or on the consciences and passions of criminals. And further, whether this almost sole reliance upon it as a penalty on crimes great and small, and its consequent distributive injustice, its degradation and contagion, are not the master causes of increasing and propagating crime, and so of producing the present embarrassment with respect to society at home and the colonies abroad.

#### THE COMMON GAOL.

Look at this monster, and see whether its inherent attributes as a penalty for offences before, as well as after trial, are not the attributes of injustice, as well as of impolicy. We must be sparing of details, but the description of an

\* Report of Mr. C. Pearson's Lecture at Exeter.—*Times*, August 28, 1849.

untried felons' ward in a common gaol, will show the sort of penalty inflicted on young and trivial offenders, perhaps only suspected offenders, and often, innocent parties.

"Once here his terrors of a prison soon vanish before the levity and merriment of his new companions. He finds the great objects of admiration and envy, are the plunderers who can relate the most attractive stories of daring and successful robbery. Excited by these tales, he soon becomes ambitious of imitating the heroes of them. He is instructed in the arcana of the dreadful calling which he has entered upon, and thus, a few weeks, or even a few days before trial, have sufficed to convert the child, who, until the verdict pronounced at that solemnity, was accounted innocent in the eye of the law, into a hardened profligate, prepared and tutored for a course of iniquity, and determined to run it. I could furnish a hundred histories of misery and crime, springing from the pestiferous society of the untried felons' ward."—*Report of Mr. Clay.*

### THE SEPARATE SYSTEM.

If we view the monster in model prisons and separate systems, we find that the first experiments notoriously failed. The second repeated experiment is now in a course of trial, and the excellent chaplain, Mr. Kingsmill, has published an interesting small volume, "*Prisons and Prisoners,*" giving some details of this experiment. He enumerates many causes of crime, compares the different systems of imprisonment, but certainly his history and his comparisons, leave on the mind a painful conviction of its general tendency to harden both innocent and guilty. It is impossible to read this small volume without gratification. This chaplain's testimony as to the cases of reformation, or conversion, which have come to his knowledge, go far to recommend the separate system, as at present tried in *Pentonville*. It is gratifying to know, on authority, that cases of lasting reformation have come to that gentleman's certain knowledge; and that these reformed fellow creatures, on their return to society, whether on board an emigrant ship, or as settlers in new colonies, have witnessed a good confession, and given proof of that transforming change which St. Paul witnessed in the vile and criminal Gentile converts, of whom he says, after a catalogue of the greatest vices to which they had been addicted, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed; but ye are sanctified."

The separate system, indeed, as a mode of incarceration, has recommendations. Paley looking at it speculatively, has, in his usual felicitous manner, sketched its probable advantages, and Mr. Kingsmill's practical representations correspond, in many respects, to Paley's prophetic view of its benefits. Still it is impossible to read this volume with attention, without coming to the conviction, that the separate system may be the best in the best hands, and the worst in the worst. Viewing this gentleman's evidence as a whole, we are certainly led to the conviction, that imprisonment is a great cause of crime. Individual instances of reformation are proofs of the zeal, kind-heartedness, and Christian sympathy, of the officers, rather than of any peculiar merit in the discipline;

and, indeed, the proofs of success traced, as they are, to individual kindness, and not to the punishment, cannot go far as evidence for a general reliance on this peculiar discipline. The models of that prison are so perfect, the Board of Commissioners are so eminently trustworthy, and the zeal manifested by all parties has been so beyond all praise, that we cannot be surprised at some good present results. The models themselves, though the gallant officer who has had so much to do with the development of this scheme, is the last person to practise a deception, have probably turned the head of many a minister of state, and caught him with the guile of their theoretical perfection. One would almost imagine that Belial, or Belzebub, or Lucifer, or Satan, must come out of such a model reformed angels. Still we fear there is truth in Mr. C. Pearson's criticisms, and that we have no solid ground yet, for making the separate system universal, or for relying upon it as an example for preventing crime. Indeed, Mr. Kingsmill does not press this as the most important means of prevention. He rather relies on transportation, (now a broken reed,) on a better promulgation of its severity, and on some other more reasonable, though less ostentatious remedies. He, and some of the inspectors of prisons, seem to have a fear that its benefits may be overrated.

#### THE POLICE.

Again, if we turn from these modes and models of incarceration to its agency—the police—and the results of that machinery in the criminal returns, we have a still more painful and discouraging picture. Avoiding statistics, let us look at some facts connected with their disciplinarian regulations. If these facts stood forth in their naked deformity, unclothed with statistical attire and analysis, they would be more shocking than they appear in their present trappings and disguises. Paupers by millions, and criminals by hundreds of thousands, are painful facts. More than one hundred thousand criminals pass through the gaols *in one year*; how many must there be in the gross, tainted with the stain of incarceration? Of these one hundred thousand and more, half are under summary conviction. Among those who were committed for trial, there were sixteen hundred, (this is under the mark,) against whom no bills were found by the Grand Jury, and five thousand were acquitted at the bar. Of the condemned, under the present system of police certainty and evidence, an increasing number are *afterwards proved to be innocent*, and the petitions on the score of innocence are increasing. What with these and the selections from prisoners and convicts, the office of Home Secretary, now so conscientiously fulfilled, must be difficult in the extreme, and all but as painful as under the sanguinary code. Mr. Kingsmill's review of the causes of crime, confirms

Mr. Pearson's as to intemperance, ignorance, and poverty. The per centage of intemperance was small. The prisoners had generally received high wages, and some had saved money. Of a thousand convicts and prisoners, eight hundred and forty-five had attended some sort of school, national, grammar, Sabbath, or other schools. And he adds, education, such as it is, "Does not act as a prevention of crime." Nay more, "It changes the character of crime, and removes certainly, some of its more gross temptations; but it suggests others which are only better in appearance, and gives *an increase of power* for planning schemes of robbery, and subsequently concealment and escape." One of the inspectors, we think Mr. Perry, in one of his reports, has stated, that education, such as it is, has failed to reform in prison, as well as out of it.

But the accumulation of incarceration in consequence of the doctrine of certainty in the hands of a trained police, will be best seen in the criminal returns of the Metropolitan Police, the masterpiece of that system. In adverting to this evidence, as we must do generally and briefly, it may be right to observe that we necessarily employ the language of controversy, but we would not be supposed to make a single personal reflection on the learned gentlemen who preside so honourably in these courts, or on the great body of the officers connected with them. We think the system un-English and pernicious; but they are Englishmen like ourselves, and were we placed in their position, as we are thankful to think we are not, if we felt and acted rightly *under the law*, we, doubtless, should act as they do. But in an inquiry into a system, it is absolutely necessary to examine principles, functions, and administrations, as well as results. The apprehensions, committals, convictions, and incarcerations, have not prevented crimes. The proof of this assertion would be stronger, if we took the whole historical evidence before the adoption of this system, and all the subsequent periods. The justification of this system must be in the prevention of crimes, and the evidence of that prevention, in the growing diminution of the number of criminals. To say nothing of apprehensions and dismissals, which are a part of punishment, that justification must be clear in the diminution of the actual inflictions of penalties. In the last year, 64,480 were apprehended and brought into court, and when we find 31,683 of that number dismissed, there is a strong presumption that a great part were unjustifiable apprehensions, not according to the regulations of the police, but according to all common notions of liberty, equity, or policy. In the late returns the dismissals by superintendents do not appear to be included, and if so, the reason of the omission, in such minute details as are given, is not apparent, unless it be that it would swell the apprehensions to perhaps 100,000 annually. What the number of living criminals must be at the end of a quinquennial period, may be a difficult calculation, but it is a frightful reflection.

If we compare the two last quinquennial periods, from 1839—1843, and



1844—1848, inclusive, it appears that the highest class of offences against the person, where it might be supposed the beneficial influence of a disciplined police would be the most apparent, has doubled itself nearly in that latter period. It has risen from 1158 to 2062 ; murders and murderous intents have increased from 261 to 444, or nearly double ; of these cutting and maiming, from 147 to 308 ; rape and unnaturalism, from 347 to 404 ; and assaults from 364 to 931, or nearly threefold. These are strange proofs of prevention, and of the efficacy of police and incarceration. If the doctrine of lawyers and moralists respecting prevention be not utterly absurd, the condemnation of the whole system is clear out of its own mouth. It is a working manufactory of criminals. If the predictions of the effects of certainty be not absolutely ridiculous, these returns must be perfect falsehoods.

The increase of murders, by stabbing, shooting, and poisoning, is awful. But the cutting and wounding (crimes very rare before 1830), coupled with the number of common assaults, and assaults on the police, is the most detective evidence of the mischievous tendency of the system which can be produced. Cutting and maiming, and the cases of assault, sent for trial, have increased nearly threefold in one quinquennial period, and if we add assaults summarily dismissed and discharged, the statement is frightful in the extreme. Besides the common assaults sent for trial, there is the enormous sum of 8005 summarily discharged, of which 5186 were common assaults, and 2819 assaults upon or obstruction to this police, who are watching, spying, and listening at every door to find out a case of assault. Husband is brought up against wife, and wife against husband, father against son, and son against father, brothers, and sisters, and neighbours, against each other, to swear and see which can carry costs ; for, unhappily, these got-up cases of assault are not only the most mischievous to society, but the most profitable to many who manage them. This, in fact, is a police war against nature. It is an attempt to suppress the feelings of anger and resentment with which the God of Nature has supplied us as a defence against injury and insult. Within their proper limits, they are a greater protection to property, to person, and to feelings, than all the police in the world ; and if the ordinary and natural ebullitions of anger against wrong or insult are suppressed, or attempted to be suppressed, you will breed up, as you are breeding up, what was formerly rarely known in England,—secret sullen spite, ending in deliberate malice, and finally in the stiletto, the knife, arsenic, or prussic acid.

This is the history of assaults, and of half, and more than half, the cutting and maiming. Mr. Wyndham, who thought an active justice of the peace a mischievous animal, might have carried his creed too far, but in comparison of the modern creed and practice, it was divine benevolence. In Mr. Wyndham's time, people quarrelled as they do now, though not so frequently, but they made up their quarrels one way or other among themselves,

and nine times out of ten became friends, and good friends afterwards. Then we had no cutting and maiming, and stabbings, and poisonings. Were Mr. Wyndham alive now, we should not have the system that provokes them; and had we a Wyndham in the House of Commons, as unfortunately we have not, we should not have these statistics presented to parliament a second time. We should have no more such quinquennial epochs. These nurseries of murderers and convicts would be broken up, and these assault cases in town and country would be stopped at once.

But if we turn from these seed-beds of crime to prisoners and convicts in a state of maturity, the main facts are confessed and notorious. Criminals and convicts are multiplying to a degree which embarrasses the Imperial Government, and strikes to the very heart the loyalty and the brotherhood of our Anglo-Saxon colonies.

#### CONVICTS AND COLONIES.

In this point of view, the subject before us cannot fail to interest all who regard the rising and virtuous branches of the English family, spread over the face of the Globe, as parts and parcels of our country and our church, in the most Catholic sense of a church,—our fellow citizens, and fellow Christians.

The "Anglo-Saxon" commenced its mission with an especial view to these colonists. It opens its columns to all correspondents in those settlements who may wish to express their feelings, give information, or make useful suggestions. With the oldest and the most important branch, though now a separate and independent family, our Anglo-American brethren, and with our fellow-subjects of the British Crown, we invited an interchange of good feelings, right sentiments, natural and kindred sympathies. Correspondents from all parts may enlighten the pages of this Journal, and perhaps receive in return enlightenment themselves, on the common duties and interests of the brotherhood. We wish to know more of Society in America—even of slavery in the Southern, and of incarceration, another form of bondage, in the Northern States—two points on which we feel our brethren in error, but points which, in the political circumstances of that country, admit of illustration, comparison, and information, with a view to political amendment and example in us all. As to transportation into the Colonies, and incarceration carried to excess, the past and present history of this wonderful race of Englishmen may be most instructive to ourselves. We cannot conceal our sympathy with the colonists, loyal subjects of the British Crown, in their remonstrances against the introduction of the off-scourings of the Mother-Country. Their indignation is just, and is another instance of the protection which just resentment affords to wounded feelings. It is an honourable evidence of their

origin, their undegenerate virtue, and of their title and capacity to enjoy independent and free institutions under the British Crown.

This convict subject, this cesspool of incarceration, was one of the causes of American disgust and final separation, and before we apply, for our own convenience, unjustifiable tests to the loyalty and affection of those who have sprung from our loins, we ought at least to satisfy ourselves that we have done all we could at home to prevent this accumulation of convicts, which is the only pretence, the plea of our necessity, for this outrage on Anglo-Saxon spirit. Some of our readers will not have forgotten Dr. Franklin's "Edict of the King of Prussia." An extract from that imaginary royal document may satisfy some of the practical politicians, that prisons and prisoners, incarceration and convicts, are not mere matters of business, like the mileage of a railroad or the economy of a treadmill. This said treadmill was at one time greater than all statesmen and philosophers, not because it solved the problem whether punishment with or without labour was the more politic, but as a shrewd economical expedient for making prisoners grind their own meal, and earn their own living,—by making the gaoler the competitor of the miller, and turning prison power into the market to compete with water, wind, or steam. Yet we hear now little of the treadmill—its salutary effects or profitable return. We advert to this point now episodically, because it is just possible that this treadmill manufactured criminals more successfully than *flour, and, like other ingenious experiments*, substitutes for patriotic efforts, may have contributed to the present glut and over-supply of convicts to the Colonies.

This, by-the-bye, but the Prussian Edict ran thus:—"Frederick, by the grace of God, King of Prussia, &c., &c., &c. Whereas it is well known to all the world that the first German settlements made in the Island of Great Britain were by colonies of people subject to our renowned ducal ancestors, and drawn from their dominions under Hengist, Horsa, Hella, Uffa, Cerdricus, Ida, and others, and the said colonies have flourished under our august house, and yet have hitherto yielded little profit to the same; and whereas in the late war we ourself, (or our illustrious generals,) have fought for and defended the said colonies, for which we have not yet received adequate compensation, &c., &c. And being willing further to favour our said colonies in Britain, we do hereby ordain and command, that all the thieves, highway and street robbers, housebreakers, forgers, murderers, s—d—tes, and villains of every denomination, who have forfeited their lives to the law in Prussia, but whom we, in our great clemency, do not think fit here to hang, shall be emptied out of our gaols into the said Island of Great Britain, for the better peopling of that country," &c.

We recommend this extract to the attention of the Home and the Colonial Secretary, and to the respectable and comfortable advocates of the drag-net, the police, the gaols, incarceration, and transportation, trusting that they will see

in this sarcastic remonstrance of the American colonist, made under similar circumstances that our Anglo-Saxon brethren in the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere, have "just and reasonable grounds" for their keen resistance to the royal "regulations and commands" respecting convicts and colonists.

#### THE DIFFICULTY, AND THE GOLDEN RULE.

These are the questions,—“What is to be done with the convicts?” “How are the gaols and model prisons, and the condemned hulks, and the other reservoirs to be emptied?” “Are we, for a slight inconvenience, and even injury to our dependencies, to harbour a sore in our own bosom which may endanger our social fabric?” The Golden rule: that we must observe, or we shall be criminals if not convicts ourselves. The difficulty is great. The burden laid upon the government is oppressive. The ministers are more to be pitied than blamed. The difficulty arises from a national fault, and an erroneous national feeling patronised by foreigners, and by too many respectable people in our own country. In one point of view, and one only, “We take pleasure,” as Anglo-Saxon Puritans, at “this thorn in the flesh.” It may lead to other (Heaven grant it) more justifiable efforts than we have yet used to cleanse society, and purge the land of this curse and stain.

Without abating one jot of our zeal for amending and reforming convicts, before we empty them out of our gaols and penitentiaries into our colonies, if we are to continue the practice, with or without their consent,—without damping hope for the apparently hopeless, and sympathy for the really reprobate, which not only the doctrine, but the example of our divine Master, have taught us to cultivate

“That sympathetic glow,  
Which taught his holy tear to flow,  
While his prophetic eye surveyed  
Zion in future ashes laid.”

This national difficulty may give a shock to our feelings, and deepen our reflections, before we alter our judgment, not only as to the theories of crime and punishment, but practically with respect to policy, duty, and efforts. It may teach us to begin at the other and the right end, and, like the Prophet of Israel, to throw the healing salt from some new vessels, not into the streams and stagnant pools too large to be medicated, but into the springs and fountains which supply the troubled and polluted waters. It may teach us to disgorge our generalizations of laws, administrations, ideas, educational schemes, and material experiments on our fellow-creatures, and to turn our thoughts to the more homely but wiser policy of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers.

What is to be done? We will make a few suggestions. No apology on the score of arrogance is necessary in so doing, for the essential maxims of lawyers, moralists, and politicians, have been so often reversed, that a child might guess and speculate without presumption on these subjects. One of the curses of the age is the constant bidding for popularity, by schemes and counter-schemes, which are denominated first-rate comprehensive measures. It is painful to see men at the head of the most influential parties, justly distinguished for their eminent talents, starting the most clap-trap schemes, which endanger the structure and action of English life and manners. We are not about to propose any marvellous strides in advance. Our generation may be wise, but it has not been wiser than the occasion required, and we may prudently look back to the policy of our forefathers. We have made some false movements forward, and find ourselves in thickets and marshes, and we would sound a retreat, not for fear, but shame; not in apprehension of an attack, but from consciousness of errors, and with a full conviction that by a few retrograde marches, we may gain the high road and the open country, and then advance safely and successfully.

### *Suggestion 3.*

#### A SOUNDER NATIONAL FAITH RESPECTING CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

To establish a sounder faith and sentiment in the whole nation on these domestic questions of policy, is most important. There are errors, and great errors, or such results, after so many well intended and well supported schemes, could not have followed. This has been our humble object in opening these discussions, and in attempting to probe to the bottom, the loathsome sores which annoy and grieve us. These are peculiarly questions on which opinion, public opinion, acts most beneficially or most perniciously. In England, with a wrong state of the public mind, no good remedial measures can be effectual, and with a right state of public opinion, evil counsels and perverse plans cannot long prevail. This is our hope. If we can once establish in the minds of Englishmen, a conviction that they are wrong, (rather a difficult matter,) we have a good chance, with a little time and patience, of bringing them round to think and act rightly. With respect to punishments and prisoners and convicts, conceit is pretty well worked out of us. Expectations have been often disappointed; predictions have proved false; experiments, one after another, have broken down!! When we expected a diminution, we have had an increase; and now, both with respect to imprisonment and transportation, and the whole

theory of secondary punishments, we are at our wit's ends, "What is to be done?" Certainly not to encourage the false ideas which have led us astray. We must change, or at least correct, our opinions and practical judgment, as to the very elements and principles of our policy. In contemplating and examining these subjects with the greatest care, there is a suspicion constantly lurking in the imagination and flashing across the judgment, that all is not wise or perfect, or what might be expected in a flourishing Christian country. As we labour on in investigating the results of the practical schemes of men of the world, in spite of our desire to be practical ourselves, we are driven to speculate. There must be some ignorance of causes which needs to be removed, we must have got off the high road of common sense into some winding by-paths, which conduct us into impenetrable thickets. With respect to crimes and punishments, we are as much at fault as the doctors with respect to the cause and cure of cholera. Theory and practice alike fail. The practitioner and the alchemist are alike puzzled. Perhaps Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom and goodness, may guide us through the failures of a scientific age, and the humiliation of ignorance, to a more perfect knowledge of the causes of health and sickness, than the most scientific or experienced have hitherto been permitted to attain. That the difficulty will awaken the zeal of a noble profession, and of many of its high-minded professors there can be no doubt; and whether, or not, it shall please God to grant to chance or science, a remedy for this plague and grievous sickness, and however many faint-hearted may despair, the heroic efforts which have been called forth will do much general good, extend the knowledge of the physical constitution of man, improve the general health and habits, and by general means, peradventure, prevent the recurrence of a malady for which no specific can be discovered.

Is it rash or enthusiastic to expect a similar process with respect to the moral plague which destroys so many of our fellow creatures, and makes "many desolate?" Statesmen, like the doctors with the cholera, its causes and remedies, are totally at sea. The new gaols, the new workhouses, the new commissioners and inspectors, the New Police, the new schools, Bell and Lancaster, Mrs. Fry, Mr. Gurney, Sir F. Buxton, whatever good they have done, have not arrested this plague and its slaughtering violence. The hearts of many seem to fail before the incurable malady, and the prostrate victims of degradation and crime. Still, (who can doubt it,) the conscientious and the zealous will strive and strive, again and again, to arrest the evil. If specific remedies fail, they will devote their energies to the general health, and to the removal of nuisances. They will give their attention to predisposing causes, watch vigilantly the premonitory symptoms, and, at any rate, will not concentrate the poison and increase the chances of contagion by accumulating masses of patients. By encouraging a universal attention in individuals,

families, and neighbourhoods, to the general health; by a visitation of every locality, and especially of the diseased localities, they will carry to every house and upon every spot, the remedies for the first and curable symptoms of the moral plague, which afflicts peculiarly the lower walks of life. By these means, and especially *by exciting among the artisans and labourers themselves an interest in the means of prevention*; the malady itself, failing of the nutriment which it derived from neglect or concentration, may disappear, or be greatly mitigated among the masses of the people,—and this may be one of the most effectual means of correcting the public mind and public habits, and so of preventing crime.

At the outset of our discussion on Domestic Politics we had these objects in view, seeing how generally difficult, if not hopeless, the case seemed to be. We embodied the prevailing imperfect, erroneous creed (which seemed to have deceived us,) in a proposition, which we proposed to refute, or to show its imperfections. In another proposition we embodied other articles of faith, which we promised to fortify by evidence and proofs, and we now leave our readers to determine whether, in the Dream of Æthelingey, with its Civil Order of Alfred of Merit and Reward, including all ranks, but especially the infected ranks, in this process of cure; and, again, by this article on Incarceration, which is no dream but a sad reality, we have not refuted the imperfect creed, and established the true faith in the two following propositions:—

#### PROPOSITION. I.

##### IMPERFECT, OR FALSE CREED OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

*Crimes and punishments, as they exist in Europe, and especially in England, are distinct phenomena, which can be judged of and treated only by their present appearances and magnitude. Questions relating to them cannot be solved by any historical or natural analogy, or by any reference to their causes, but solely by the immediate circumstances and features of each case. Rulers, as well as lawyers, can only proportion, in the case of crime, chastisement to transgression; and, in the case of destitution, the minimum of the means of existence to the destitute. Punishment must be relied upon as the restraint of crime. Certainty and the fear of punishment are the only means of prevention, and Government must rely on fear, and shame, and discipline, and coercion, as the real and the only arts of governing mankind.*

## PROPOSITION II.

## MORE PERFECT CREED OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. REWARD AND PRIVILEGES.

*Crimes and punishments have been viewed under forms and representations too isolated, and questions relating to them may and must be solved by a more comprehensive view of political society, "the scope of which is "not simply to live, nor the duty so much to provide for the life as for "the means of living well." Rulers, or the Body Politic, collectively may proportion reward to duty (not personal, but official and political,) as well as punishment to crime. Rulers cannot effectually be a terror to evil doers unless in some proportion or degree they are a praise to them that do well. Ignominy has, in many cases, been applied where honour would more avail; and without honour, even in the humblest classes, ignominy is not shameful. Government may manifest their value of obedience, in civil as well as in military life, by honour, promotion, and reward, as well as by punishment and discipline. The great body of the people may learn by their hopes as well as by their fears, by their sense of honour as well as by their sense of shame, to set a value upon the law, and render their willing service in its administration. This renovated system would be less expensive, and, at the same time, by peaceful and legitimate means diminish the criminality, the degradation, and the democracy of the age.*

## Suggestion 33.—Legislation.

## DEFINITIONS OF CRIME AND GREATER VARIETY OF PUNISHMENTS.

Consolidation of statutes, however important, is not sufficient, for it may be a consolidation of injustice and error. Connected with facilities of proceedings, consolidation may increase the number of victims. The number of fines as well as imprisonments, may be increased, and a greater number, who may be unable to pay the fines, even by distraint, may become prisoners. Whatever use such changes may have in guiding or rendering more uniform the practice of magistrates and policemen, in or out of sessions, they are not likely to diminish the number of prisoners or convicts. That must be more effectually done by stricter legal definitions of crimes, and by a change of enactments with respect to penalty. We feel there must be an appearance of



presumption, as we are aware there is a real want of skill on our part, in touching upon these questions ; but our object is to excite the attention of those who have both knowledge and skill. Our remarks are totally unconnected with personal administrations of this sort, and arise solely from an observation of the effects of them upon the people in town and country. In a process of renovation, the stricter enactment of crime and punishment, must be the first point, and proceedings and enforcement, secondary. It might be natural to suppose, that severity or certainty, or both, (and we have tried both,) accompanied with facility of proceedings and strict enforcement, would deter and prevent ; but if indisputable experience prove, that instead of this effect, somehow or other, they have had a contrary tendency, are we not bound to carry our thoughts still higher, and speculate on the wisdom and morality of the definitions with respect to crime, and the enactments with respect to penalty ? Under such circumstances, are not these questions natural—" Have we defined too loosely and comprehensively ? Have we enacted too multifariously, and so by continually increasing, as it were, the criminal territory, have we not *legislatively* increased the criminal population ?"

Confounding *injuria* and *nefas*, and enacting the criminal punishment of incarceration to civil wrongs, which might be remedied by easy civil process, and in trivial cases, by an extra-judicial process altogether ; and seeing the evil results of this confusion in the imprisonment of so many of our people, are we not bound to correct the mischiefs by a more simple and restricted system of definitions, and a more equal enactment of penalties ? This is the province of the most learned lawyers and the wisest legislators. We doubt not we state these matters unlearnedly ; but if we can succeed in pointing out, somehow or other, no matter how, the thing wanted—a renovation of our criminal code—we may do some good. The ideas and feelings of the public, and the law and practice, respecting incarceration, are, in some way or other, essentially wrong. It requires no knowledge of law to be aware, that imprisonment, and its application and amount, have always, except in modern times, been viewed with the most scrupulous and religious awe, by the most pure jurists. Ancient history does not engender the idea of incarceration as the sole, or perhaps the chief punishment, of all crimes, especially among a free people. France and modern Europe adopt this system more strictly, perhaps, than ourselves ; but what is the consequence ? a growing creed defended by metaphysical arguments—that property is theft ; government, tyranny ; rebels, saints ; and prisoners, martyrs. Here is warning to steer clear of the rocks and reefs which surround us, or we must give up punishment altogether, or be glutted with prisoners to such a degree, as to destroy confidence and shake the social fabric. The error is in applying our present system of incarceration to many offences. It will be said, " we vary the term from the highest to the lowest points, from two

years to two days." But this variation constitutes the injustice of applying the same method, in whatever proportion, to the slightest injury and the most desperate crimes. Putting an erring youth, and first offender, into the same house of bondage with a murderer, or a violent plunderer, constitutes the injustice; and the shorter the time, the more frivolous the pretext for doing this wrong.

This error has been greatly fortified by the puffs and representations which have been put forth respecting penitentiaries. Prosecutors and magistrates have been taught to feel, that, in committing to prison, they were taking a child or youth, out of temptation, and sending him to a society where he would be educated and trained up in the way he should go. This delusion is, however, passing away; and if so, one difficulty in the way of renovation will be removed, and we may do away with the seven days and under, and the fourteen days and the month, two months, three months and under, till we come to a six months as the minimum time of incarceration, and to years of discretion as the minimum of age. Then imprisonment will take its proper rank and be the just punishment of offence against the person, or against property with violence or combination; where, as is manifest, not only from the nature of the case, but from the criminal returns, one of the great lines of demarcation should be drawn.

#### VARIETY OF PUNISHMENTS.

Gradations and variety we have thrown away, by the general adoption of one particular mode; but modes or methods of punishment, are of the greatest consequence to equal justice and sound policy. "The *method* of inflicting "punishment, ought always to be proportioned to the particular purpose it is "meant to serve, and by *no means to exceed it*; therefore, the pains of death "and perpetual disability, by exile, slavery, and *imprisonment, ought never to "inflicted*, but when the offender appears *incorrigible*, which may be collected, "either by a *repetition* of similar offences, or by one crime of *deep malignity*.\*" But imprisonment and fines, (fines with expenses and distress, being synonymous among the poor, with imprisonment,) are our only scales. We formerly had a greater variety of punishments—whipping, the stocks, the pillory, and branding, &c. &c.; and some of these, or some such as these, in the midst of the people, might have good effect. This subject is one of those most interesting to humanity, and requires a much more ample consideration than we can afford to it; but a glance at the eight Roman modes of punishment, may open to us some useful suggestions. They had the (*damnum*,) the mulct, and fine of goods

\* Blackstone.

and chattels, and stock, as well as money; they had the (*verbera*,) public and private whipping, but never, we believe, in the (*carcer*,) the public prison. They had the (*vincula*,) bonds, manacles, fetters, and chains, both in and out of prison\*. They had (*exilium*,) banishment, not transportation at the expense of the State, but outlawry and civil excommunication, and interdiction of (*aquæ et ignis*,) the means of existence in the locality or country in which their offence was committed. They had the formidable punishment, common to Jewish and Roman jurisprudence, the (*lex talionis*,) which, though not a law between Christian and Christian, or between the guilty and the relation of the injured, might, perhaps, be a useful law in some cases of brutal personal injury to man or beast, with the liberty of compromise (*ni quis pacit*). For higher crimes of incorrigibleness and atrocity, there were (*servitus*,) slavery, and (*mors*,) death. But the most important among a dominant and high-minded race, was the (*infamia*,) disgrace, carrying disqualification and ineligibility. Though many of these punishments were highly useful, yet we would give the Romans the benefit of all the rest—mult, whipping, bonds, banishments, retaliation, slavery, and death,—could we retain, or rather regain (for we have it not, we have lost) the punishment of infamy as a distinct penalty. How can it exist without the offices, emoluments, and honours, distributed through the grades of political society? This punishment deprived a Roman of right and eligibility to office and honour (*jus munerum honorumque ademit*). To a high-minded and privileged race, this was worse than death. Condemned to infamy, the Roman could be elected to no office, or distinguished by any honour. This loss of character, connected with disqualification, was one of the strongest restraints on crime; more generally preventive than slavery or death. This made the haughty Roman blush and tremble before the Magistrate, the Judges, and even the Censor, whose judgment, Cicero tell us, inflicted no other punishment on the guilty, than the shame of guilt and the conscious manifestation of it (*censoris judicium nihil fere damnato affert nisi ruborem*). This blush and confusion of shame, flushed on the cheek and forehead of every Anglo-Saxon, and his frank pledge and brother freemen, shared it with the guilty party. This was more than a thousand gaols, more than the torture of ancient severity, or all the fanciful discipline of modern lenity.

Society now trembles at the idea of relaxing, much more at the thought of removing punishment, but could this sense of honour and of privilege, this fear of loss of grade and brotherhood, this disqualification and ineligibility for office, this civil excommunication in the circles of humble but honourable life, be revived, how would the angry controversies and foolish questions (now the playthings of party leaders) of local rates and local taxes, be hushed into

\* The *libera custodia*, as in the case of St. Paul, were an instance of the disinclination of the Romans to (*the carcer*) incarceration.

silence. To effect this most important object in the political life, the art of living well, the *munera honoresque* of the yeoman, the burgher, the artisan, and the labourer, must be revived and amplified. Mr. Denison with respect to parliamentary honours, and Mr. William Gladstone with a view to university honours, have expressed some generous and Alfredian sentiments, which it may be difficult to carry into execution, and which can affect only a few directly, though we hope all indirectly. But how many offices, local and structural, are there, or rather might there be, which modern generalisations have swept away from parishes (as they have the exhibitions, and scholarships, and fellowships, appropriated to counties, and grammar schools of counties), which might cultivate character and talent among the different ranks and orders among us. With this view, we suggested most humbly the Royal Civil Order of Alfred, the order of civil merit, rooted in the lowest, and towering on high, through the more elevated ranks, to the highest, or rather—emanating from the throne, the fountain of honour, and flowing down through all the gradations of society,—domestic and colonial, to the most useful and the most happy.

### Suggestion 333.

BY COURTS UPON THE SPOT\*, AND OFFICERS FROM THE INHABITANTS FOR THE DISPENSATION OF DOMESTIC JUSTICE IN TRIVIAL CASES OF THEFT, TRESPASS, OR DAMAGE, AND FOR THE GOOD BEHAVIOUR OF ALL

This was the ancient court incident to every parish. To revive it, the officers must be created and vested with authority, and, to give them effect, the "*honores*," as well as the "*munera*," must be reinstituted and reordained, in a manner suitable to the advancement of society. With this object in view, we would recommend the counsel of St. Neot, in the dream of Æthelingey, to the serious consideration of all. If the people,—without education, at least without book learning and benefit of clergy, in the days of St. Neot, and of Alfred the King,—without the arts and the knowledge of men and manners which facility of intercourse, and the press now communicate,—could administer domestic justice, could present by jury, could fine and punish, could pledge and guarantee each other for mutual protection and honest behaviour, what forbids the re-adoption of similar proceedings founded on these ancient institutions still inherent parts of the English constitution? The Secretary of the Home Department knows that the citizens of London have frequently offered to perform themselves many of the duties of the police, and it is the only point to be regretted in the whole of the conduct of the Right Hon. Baronet, in the late memorable year that he preferred the increase of the police to the willing

\* The connection of these courts with the courts above them, and indeed with the highest, may be discussed hereafter. For the present we advise the clerks of the magistrates to follow the example of their juniors, the clerks of the county courts.

services of the citizens in the localities of their abode. Here are the springs of life and manners. They have been choked and overgrown ;—shall we clear and purify these living fountains of honour and honesty, or still cleave to the broken cisterns of artificial unsocial policy ? These were the courts among the tents of Israel, when Moses chose *able men rulers of hundred, and rulers of ten*. These were the courts which our best lawyers tell us brought justice home to every man's door, and were “ agreeable to the dictates of natural reason, as well as of more enlightened policy.” This was the institution of the glorious Alfred, where all “ trivial debts and injuries of small consequence” were recovered or redressed, and the effect of which, as his historian tells us, was—that when the king, to prove the effect of his discipline, hung up golden bracelets near the highways, no one dared to touch them !!!

Here is the true answer to the questions, “ What is to be done with the convicts ? How are the gaols to be emptied ? How are the greater criminals to be punished ? How are the lesser criminals to be kept out of prison ? ” The Lord Chief Justice of England has given this answer to the questions submitted to him by the House of Lords. Following in the steps of all the illustrious men who, like himself, have adorned the highest seat of judgment, he directs his countrymen, Lords and Commons, to place their confidence in these institutions in this emergency and their perplexity of crime. The opinion of this honoured judge is bold and generous, and would, if followed, go far to remove summary convictions, the national stain of incarceration, and to restore the ancient virtue of the people. It is an opinion wise because it is large and comprehensive, applying to “ all cases of theft and fraud,” and going far not only to relax but to remove corporal punishment. “ I am not reconciled to summary convictions, but I highly approve of frequent courts *to try petty offenders of all ages on the spot*, and I would make restitution of the thing stolen, or of its money value, a part of the sentence. I may observe, by the way, that in my opinion *this principle might be usefully adopted in all cases of losses by theft and fraud\**.”—(*Answers to Questions submitted by a Select Committee of the House of Lords, by Lord Denman, 1847.*)

\* Good sense is always good sense, whether in a regiment or a parish. “ I am most fully aware, as I have previously stated to your Lordship, of the difficulties which assail the Government in making provision for this class of military offenders. As regards them, I would here record my opinion, derived from experience among old and formed regiments in almost every part of the world, an opinion which is in strong opposition to the present system of awarding transportation to soldiers for crimes such as desertion, violence to officers and non-commissioned officers, theft, &c. My view is, that offences of this description should be *punished within the regiment*, under the tribunals of General and District Courts Martial ; for I assure your Lordship that I have known many instances of soldiers committing such crimes as would entail upon them, as they believed, sentences of transportation as felons, for the sole purpose of getting away from their regiments at the moment, and becoming free agents at the expiration of their sentences. By the present system, *no example whatsoever is afforded to the men generally ; and many a good soldier, although he may have committed one of these crimes, is lost to a regiment, when due punishment at the period would probably have reformed him, and rendered him hereafter an honour to the corps.*”——*Sir H. Smith's despatch to Lord Grey, Aug. 2, 1849.*

### Suggestion 38.

#### EXTRAJUDICIAL AND ECCENTRIC REMEDIES.

We had intended to make some suggestions of this kind in addition to the one recommended by the Chief Justice restitution, perhaps the most important of all. Connected with it, or in default of it, some punishments out of prison which imply ridicule, (as useful for censors as for critics) might be adopted. Some fine of chattels or of certain amount of labour without pay, might be imposed. Bail and recognizance down to ten or even five shillings might be accepted, and the fine or money restitution might be extended over six months or a year, instead of an immediate payment. Confession also and satisfaction of works proposed by the guilty party might be allowed with consent of injured party, and infamy and civil excommunication, the greater or the less, disqualification for life or for a period might be usefully applied. But we leave these subjects, and other extrinsical remedies as well as the statute of Marlbridge, *for other opportunities*, indulging the hope, and we cannot indulge a better, that we shall all soon be as good Englishmen as the Lord Chief Justice, and as good Christians as the Lord Primate of England, to whose common judgment we should be happy to submit these and other extrajudicial remedies, based on the national character and the national faith, and consistent with the common law of Old England.

Q.



# The Doughty Man.

*Vivace.*

*f*

The Queen has jewels rich and rare, and diamonds, I've been told, her

*mezzo*

glass-es are all sil-ver, and her china's made of gold. The

## The Daughtry Man.

no-bleman looks great and grand, All in his coach and four, While his

*Goes il basso.*

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part consists of chords and single notes in the right and left hands.

runners run be-hind, and his riders ride before. The

*f* *mezzo*

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal melody continues in treble clef. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a *mezzo* section. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

gentleman ungloves his hand, and it's whiter than his shirt, And he

*ad lib.*

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal melody continues in treble clef. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *ad lib.* (ad libitum). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.



## The Daughty Man.

wonders why God e - ver made an earth of so much dirt. Oh!

The first system of the musical score for 'The Daughty Man'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time signature. The lyrics 'wonders why God e - ver made an earth of so much dirt. Oh!' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of three sharps and a common time signature. The piano part includes sustained chords and moving lines.

bless them all, both great and small; Each bird must have its nest; And

8ves.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'bless them all, both great and small; Each bird must have its nest; And'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support. The system concludes with the word '8ves.' (8 verses) in the bottom right corner.

CHORUS.

he that envies better men, Will never be the best. So you and I are working men, And

The third system of the musical score, labeled 'CHORUS.' at the top right. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'he that envies better men, Will never be the best. So you and I are working men, And'. The piano accompaniment features a more active, rhythmic pattern with frequent chords and moving lines in both staves.

## The Daughty Man.

working men we'll be ; And the world, my boys, is none the worse For

*Ses il basso.*

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

such true lads as we. The working men of England, The working men of England, The

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

doughty work-ing men.

*ad lib.*

*f*

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score. The vocal line ends with a long rest. The piano accompaniment continues with a flourish marked *f* (forte). The lyrics conclude below the vocal staff.

## The Doughty Man.

### I.

The Queen has jewels rich and rare, and diamonds I've been told,  
Her glasses are all silver, and her china's made of gold :  
The Nobleman looks great and grand all in his coach and four,  
While his runners run behind and his riders ride before :  
The Gentleman ungloves his hand,—it's whiter than his shirt,  
And he wonders why God ever made an earth of so much dirt :  
Oh ! bless them all, both great and small ; each bird must have  
its nest,  
And he that envies better men will never be the best—  
So you and I are Working men,  
And Working men we'll be ;  
And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—  
The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !

II.

The Parson knows the Scriptures, and he says man's meant to work ;  
That such is Heaven's ordainment, then where's the use to shirk ?  
Come, Tailor Bill, and Mason Tom, and Smith, both black and  
white,

'Twill take a goodish bit of work to spoil our sleep at night :  
Maybe our hands are black and hard, our learning somewhat flat,  
Our manners rough—but working men are none the worse for that.  
Oh, Parson, dear ! you're pretty near the mark for speaking truth ;  
A sweating brow's our daily lot and has been so from youth—

So you and I are Working men,

And Working men we'll be ;

And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—  
The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !

III.

My father always cautioned me of being over proud,  
And certainly the idle chaps are always talking loud :  
I never knew no good to come o'mimicking one's betters ;  
The working men should stick to tools, and Lords to learned letters.  
A man don't ought to boil the pot, a wife don't ought to rule,  
Sir Robert Peel can't make a shoe, and I can't keep a school ;  
There's duty plenty to be done in every rank and station,  
And it's doing duty, every one, that makes a happy nation—

So you and I are Working men,

And Working men we'll be ;

And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—  
The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !

IV.

There's many a thing wants ordering, there's room for sense and  
reason,

Perfection's not a tree that grows all in a summer season ;  
And they, perhaps, who have the brains, and education too,  
Don't set about their proper work like workmen ought to do ;  
But you and I've no cause to join in every row and riot,  
There's not a chance for working men, except in keeping quiet ;  
And, please the Lord, bad times 'ill mend, without our cobbling  
neither,

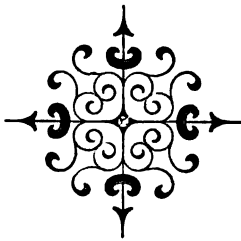
And if we can't earn bread *and* meat, we 'll be content with either,—

For you and I are Working men,

And Working men we 'll be ;

And the world, my boys, is none the worse for such true lads as we,—

The Working men of England, the doughty Working men !



# Money!

---

Money saving, money spending,  
Money losing, money lending,  
Money gaining, money giving :  
Glorious object ! Noble living !

Money saved, money spent,  
Money lost, money lent,  
Money gained, and money lusted ;  
What a waste of talents rusted !

Money !—who shall count its cost ?  
Money,—for the Future lost,  
Money,—for the Past turmoiling,  
Money,—for the Present toiling !

Money !—quick, who'll buy, who'll buy ?  
Here's a bargain, taste and try !  
Body worn, and soul unshriven,  
Money, Money be your Heaven !

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APPROVED AND FORWARDED:



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# The Great Alfred:

## A Familiar Narrative of His Life and Times.



"What makes a Hero?—An heroic mind  
Expressed in action, in endurance proved."——*Taylor.*



**A**FTER the lapse of a thousand years,—with all their changes and chances, their wisdom, and their folly, their good and evil,—the mighty Anglo-Saxon family still looks back to one bright star in the deep drear distance,—to one unsullied name shining through the vista of past ages,—one man wise, and just, and good, their founder, and their father,—THE GREAT ALFRED.

Great indeed he was, if the deliverance of a nation from impending and fast-approaching ruin,—if the establishment, or at least the adaptation of free institutions and equitable laws among a divided, and as yet semi-barbarous people,—if the promotion of religion, and the cultivation of learning (parent and nurse of civilisation) be the actions of a *great*, as well as of a *good*, man. Great indeed he was, if indomitable courage, indefatigable labour, and splendid success in achieving the welfare of his subjects, adorned by an ardent love of literature, and hallowed by sincere piety and holy trust in God, can entitle any one to this distinctive epithet.

The reign of Alfred, though it embraced a period of scarcely thirty years, is unquestionably the most important era in the history of our country during the six hundred years which elapsed between the landing of the Saxon invader in 449, and that of the Norman conqueror in 1066; and a thorough knowledge of his conduct and policy would enable us to understand fully the nature of the Anglo-Saxon rule during this interval; for it was his *valour and prudence* which mainly contributed to establish the independence of the throne

he occupied ; and it was, for the most part, his *wisdom and sagacity* which moulded into shape those customs and laws which, originally transplanted from the rude forests of Germany to the fertile plains of Britain, and slightly modified there by the remains of Roman prudence and experience, formed the basis of English jurisprudence, and which, in fact, still constitute a large portion of the *common law* even now administered in our Courts.

The history of this reign, therefore, presents many points of peculiar interest to us, who inherit from the Saxon blood which flows in our veins, many traits in our national character, and derive from Saxon institutions many ingredients in that mixed constitution under which we have achieved our national greatness. It would be presumptuous in me to expect that my limited information, derived for the most part from sources open to all, will enable me to throw any fresh light upon this important subject,—a subject which, to use the words of Gibbon, is at once “ familiar to the most illiterate, and obscure to “ the most learned.” I can only hope that a simple narrative, accompanied with a few plain and obvious reflections, may not prove altogether uninteresting, and may be accepted as a discharge of the task I have undertaken.

And, first, I would ask you to take with me a brief and general view of the early fortunes, and existing condition of the country which Alfred was called upon in the course of events to govern,—that fair ground in which, by the merciful Providence of God, our lot has fallen to us in these latter days.

Now, although a multitude of fables have descended to us, attributing the first colonisation of our Island to various sources,—to the Egyptians, for instance, to the Trojans, or to the Spaniards,—and recording the names and actions of a complete series of British kings, from the very first dispersion of mankind, we can hardly be said to possess anything worthy the severe dignity of History, prior to the time of the Roman invasion. If we accept the tradition handed down to us by Cæsar, and stamped with the authority of Tacitus, this country was first peopled by a colony from the neighbouring shores of Gaul,—a Celtic people, the ancestors of the existing Irish, Highland Scotch, and Welsh, and descended from the *first* of the three great streams of colonisation, which flowed from the Eastern nursery of mankind ; as the Teutonic tribes of Germany, which afterwards possessed it; the parents of the English, Danes, and Normans, were from the *second*.

The Ancient Britons were a bold and vigorous race, inured to hunger, cold, and hardship,—knowing few wants, and ambitious of no superfluities,—strangers alike to the luxuries and to the arts of civilised life. A scanty traffic with the Phœnicians, whose enterprise conducted them to our shores in search of the metals which they so abundantly supplied, or a precarious voyage in their wicker vessels to the parent coast of Gaul, formed their only communication with foreign nations. And yet, unpolished as they were, and little known, for want of a contemporary historian or poet to hand down the recollection of their

deeds to succeeding generations, there must have been greatness even in their barbarism. Time has yet spared some relics of that early period, to speak to us of those who then occupied our places. We may smile, indeed, as we examine the simple implements, which have been disentombed from their *barrows*; but the traveller gazes with wonder, not unmixed with awe, and the antiquary with curious perplexity, upon the gigantic circle of Stonehenge, the stupendous masses of a *Cromlech*, and the tottering but nicely-balanced stones of a *Logan*; while we all look back with becoming pride upon the noble stand which the barbarian warriors of Britain made in defence of their land and their liberty, against the disciplined veterans of Rome, directed by the military talents, and animated by the successful fortunes of him, who did—

“ Bstride this narrow world like a Colossus; ”

and who,—wherever his ambition led his victorious legions,—came, and saw, and conquered. That stand, indeed, was made in vain; for more than four hundred and fifty years the independence of Britain was absorbed in the mighty Empire of Rome; and the enduring remains of their walls, their roads, and their fortifications still attest the genius of this extraordinary people, in providing for the security and government of the nation they had reduced beneath their yoke. But the energies and virtues of a people are sure to languish under a condition of servile dependence. Trusting no longer to their own arms for defence, and accustomed to obey the will of a master where their ancestors had been wont to act only for themselves, the Britons gradually became corrupted by the vices and enfeebled by the luxuries of the Romans; and when the impending ruin, which threatened the proud metropolis of the Western world, compelled Honorius to withdraw his legions from the distant provinces of the Empire, they were left exposed to the attacks of their rude neighbours, the Picts and Scots, who poured down upon them from the hills of Caledonia; and, embarrassed by an independence which they knew not how to use, they lamented the recovery—no less bitterly than they had once mourned the loss—of that freedom which they now found themselves unable to defend. In vain did they entreat from their former masters the aid, which neither the Consul *Ætius*, nor the Emperor *Valentinian*, themselves trembling before the approach of *Attila*, were able to afford them.

In the year 449, the vices, or the misfortunes, of *Vortigern* their king, had brought their miserable condition to a crisis. They turned from the Romans to the barbarians for assistance, and the Saxons, encouraged by their soothsayers, gladly yielded to an invitation which, they were assured, laid open to them the plunder of a rich and fertile land for a hundred and fifty years, and the quiet possession of it for double that period.

Under the general name of Saxons are comprised the inhabitants of three distinct but contiguous districts, once known as the *Cimbrian Chersonese*, and

which have since formed the mainland of the present kingdom of Denmark. Of these, the Saxons, properly so-called, occupied Holstein; the Angles Sleswick, and the Jutes, a part of Jutland. Dwelling over against the Eastern shores of Britain, and accustomed, from their maritime position and their hardy mode of life, to brave the dangers of the ocean, the Saxon hordes had in former times made various piratical incursions upon our island; and the necessity of guarding against the savage insolence of these barbarians had not been overlooked by Roman precaution. One of the chief officers of their government held the title of Count of the Saxon Shore; and of the eight provosts under his command, two had been stationed on a coast so exposed to attack as was that of Norfolk; one at Branodunum, or Brancaster; and another at Garianonum, the remains of which give interest and a name to the village of Burgh.

But now those who had been so long watched and feared as enemies were invited as allies, and in the year I have just mentioned, three vessels discharged the first band of Saxon adventurers, under Hengist and Horsa, on the Isle of Thanet. Their arrival reanimated the courage of the Britons. The Scots and Picts, who had extended their ravages almost unopposed as far as Stamford, were defeated in a great battle near that place, and were driven back by their conquerors beyond the wall of Antonine. The fertility of the island into which they had been so strangely introduced, and the weakness of its natural defenders, determined the Saxons to fix here their permanent abode; and for many years after the landing of Hengist, the Cimbrian Chersonese continued to pour forth its hardy sons to take possession of the pleasant land, to which, from the designation of one of their tribes, they gave the name of *Anglen-land*, or *England*.

The Britons discovered too late the misfortunes in which their timid policy had involved them, and now exerted in vain that courage which, had it been aroused at an earlier period, might have secured the independence of their country. After a contest which lasted for eight years, Hengist had acquired possession of the whole of Kent, and assumed the title of King; and the other Saxon provinces, for we can hardly call them kingdoms, were established in rapid succession—Sussex by Ælla, in 490; and Wessex, subsequently the most powerful state of the Heptarchy and the foundation-stone of the British Monarchy, by Cerdic, in 519. It was in the struggle which the Britons long maintained with this powerful and prudent chief, that those deeds of heroism were achieved, which, exaggerated in the fantastic romances of former days, and adorned by the genius of Scott in our own, have rendered the name of King Arthur and his knights familiar to us all. Too feeble, however, were the heavy blows dealt by his good sword Excalibar, and vain was the prowess of Morolt and Mordred, of Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot de Lac. Cerdic slowly but surely stretched his dominions from the confines of Sussex till he had

extended them to the counties of Somerset and Devon. Offa landed upon this eastern shore in 575, and founded the throne of the East Angles. The subjugation of Essex followed, and of Mercia, that vast central district of the kingdom from the coast of Lincolnshire to the marches of Wales, which embraced within its limits no fewer than sixteen of our present counties. At an early period of the Saxon invasion, and while the defence of their British allies against the Scots was their ostensible object, a colony had, by their advice, been planted in the North, between the walls of Severus and of Antonine; and these having now received a large reinforcement under Ida, that chief assumed the title of King of Bernicia, the territory which lies between the Tyne and the Frith of Forth—and Ælla at the same time made himself master of the more Southern district, between the Tyne and the Humber, which received the name of Deira; these two provinces, sometimes united under one chief and sometimes divided between two, formed the kingdom of Northumberland, and the Heptarchy was completed.

Of the Britons many in sad despair had fled into Gaul, now called by its Frankish conquerors, France, where they colonised the district of Armorica, which is still known as the province of Brittany; others existed in a state of servitude to Saxon masters; and the remnant maintained themselves as an independent people under their native Princes, and retained possession of the Western coast of their former kingdom, from the Land's End to the Frith of Clyde.

In a confederacy, if confederacy it may be called, so loosely constituted as was the Saxon Heptarchy, the more powerful states would, in course of time, naturally and necessarily absorb the weaker—where primogeniture conferred no inherent title to the crown, but each descendant of the royal house was considered eligible to fill the vacant throne, disputes concerning the succession would frequently occur, which would compel or invite the interference of a powerful and ambitious neighbour. Bernicia and Deira were constantly struggling for the supreme power in Northumberland, while the four smaller provinces gradually lost their independence; and the varying fortunes of war, or the event of unscrupulous policy and sometimes of murderous treachery decided to which of the great principalities, whether Wessex or Mercia, they should severally be subject.

At the commencement of the ninth century Egbert ascended the throne of the former kingdom. His virtues fostered under the stern discipline of adversity, and his valour matured in the warlike court of Charlemagne, he was eminently qualified to direct the storm which was now shattering the Heptarchy to annihilation. Received with cheerful obedience, and supported with ready valour by his own subjects, he had little difficulty in compelling the Britons of Devonshire and Cornwall to submit to his authority, and scarcely more in humbling the pride of Mercia; while the chiefs of Northumberland,

weakened by mutual strife, offered no opposition to his progress beyond the Humber, but at once acknowledged him as their Sovereign. His success in thus placing himself at the head of the whole nation has caused, and, perhaps, entitled him to be styled *the first Monarch of England*. It might, possibly, be more correct to regard him as a *feudal Suzerain*, to whom a number of powerful and almost independent vassals were compelled to do homage, rather than disposed to yield obedience. But Egbert was a warrior rather than a statesman, and did nothing towards consolidating his conquests by a uniform code of laws, or by the general establishment of institutions which should unite in one commonwealth the whole body of his subjects. The commencement of this great work was destined for a more cultivated understanding, and a more commanding genius than his, its completion was reserved for quieter and more civilised times.

The union which Egbert achieved lasted only so long as his own power continued to control it. The rulers of Northumberland and of Mercia retained the title of King and exercised their power without much regard to the rights which they had been forced to cede to the crown of Wessex. Even Alfred, in his will, styles himself King, not of *England* but of the *West Saxons*, and it was rather the violence of the Danes than the victories of Egbert, which obliterated the still remaining boundaries of the Heptarchy, and finally united its distracted provinces under the government of the sons of Cerdic.

The death of Egbert in 836 consigned the guidance of this disjointed monarchy to the feeble hands of his son Ethelwolf, a prince who, in early life, and at a time when the prospect of his succession appeared improbable, had been destined to the service of the Church, and whose quiet virtues and inactive disposition seem to have qualified him rather for the cloister than the crown.

Ethelwolf had married Osberga, a descendant like himself of the royal house of Cerdic ; and of the four sons who survived their father, and in turn succeeded to the throne of Wessex, Alfred, born in the year 849, was the youngest. It was his misfortune to be deprived in his earliest infancy of his mother's care, and the superintendence of his education was entrusted to Swithin, Bishop of Winchester, whose name is familiar to us all as the patron of a rainy summer. To the early intercourse which was thus established between St. Swithin and his illustrious pupil, may probably be traced those deep religious impressions which so powerfully actuated the great Alfred through the future course of his life ; but certainly his education, in the restricted meaning of the term, would seem to us to have been strangely neglected, since we know that at twelve years of age he was unable even to read. But knowledge was not at that time considered necessary as a royal accomplishment, and Alfred did not grow up more ignorant than his elder brothers had done before him. In the intellectual cultivation of his mind, he



probably owed much to two journeys which he made to Rome,—one in the fifth year of his age ; when Ethelwolf, whose partial fondness for his youngest son prompted him with the desire of constituting him his successor, sent him, attended by a numerous train of nobles, to receive royal unction from the hands of Pope Leo IV. Two years afterwards, in company with his father, he again visited that celebrated city, the tomb and the monument of so many glories ; and, on their return, they passed some time at the Court of France, which Charlemagne had rendered the school of manners and the nursery of chivalry. Here Ethelwolf, now declining fast into the vale of years, contracted a marriage with Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bold, and gave to his favourite son a mother who was destined to imbue his mind with that love of literature and desire for mental cultivation, in which he stands pre-eminent among the Sovereigns of his age. Captivated by the illuminations which adorned a MS. of Saxon poems, he eagerly embraced the offer which the queen had made, to bestow the volume upon whichever of her sons should first acquire the ability to read it. His brothers, the eldest of whom, Ethelbald, had now ascended his father's throne, scorned the reward, as disproportioned to the task. Alfred soon achieved it, and thus *entered* the temple of learning ; but he possessed not the key to unlock its treasures. They were as yet concealed beneath the majestic language of ancient Rome, and we find him lamenting in after-life to his friend and biographer Asser, that in all the extensive kingdom of Wessex, he could not at that time find a teacher competent to guide him in the study of the Latin tongue.

The youngest, as has been said, of the four sons of Ethelwolf, Alfred had little prospect of succeeding, in the course of nature, to the throne ; and ambition, which might have tempted him in those troublous times, as it had tempted his elder brothers during their father's life time, had as yet presented no charms to his quiet spirit. He even acquiesced with patience in the injustice which had robbed him of the ample provision made for him by his father's will ; and in the pleasures of the chase, or the pursuits of learning, so far as he was able to follow them, the later years of his nonage passed tranquilly away, in spite of the perplexities and alarm which then disturbed the realm. His brothers Ethelbald and Ethelbert had each of them occupied the throne but for a few short and turbulent years, and on the death of the latter in 866, Ethelred had succeeded to the *sword of the Chieftain*, rather than to the *sceptre of the Monarch* of the West-Saxon kingdom. It was now that Alfred was brought prominently forward upon the stage of life ; and we must pause in his history to notice the origin of those troubles to which I have alluded—the *irruption and ravages of the Danes*.

Under the general appellation of the Danes, the historians of the period with which we are engaged, describe the natives of Norway, Sweden, and the Islands of the Baltic. These, like their near neighbours in the Cimbrian

Chersonese, who had peopled Britain four hundred years before, were members of that great Teutonic race which was destined to occupy the seats of Roman power, when the fall of that gigantic empire had completely changed the social features of Europe, and which, under various names—as Goths, or Visigoths, or Franks,—as Anglo-Saxons, Danes, or Normans,—ravaged, conquered, and settled on every coast, from the White Sea to Sicily. These tribes were, it would appear, of one original stock,—one people, in fact, in the spirit of their religion, laws, institutions, manners, and languages, and this may account for the easy gradations by which, when one branch of this great family had intruded upon the settlements of another, as the Normans did upon the Franks, and the Danes upon the Anglo-Saxons, they became united together in the bonds of national association, when the mutual strife, consequent upon the invasion, had been in some measure appeased. It may be observed, in illustration of this remark, that the Danes, formidable and hateful as they were, became much earlier and much more completely amalgamated with the English, than the English with the Welsh. These various tribes, however, existed in very different states of civilisation; and the Danes or Northmen of the ninth century were, if possible, still more rude and barbarous than the Saxons had been, when they first landed in Britain in the fifth. Rome had bequeathed many of her enduring institutions to be engrafted upon the more simple customs of the Teutonic race which succeeded her, and much of her splendid literature to enlarge and form the minds of such as should have the taste and the ability to employ it. But of these, as well as of the humanizing influences of Christianity, the savage Northmen were altogether ignorant. Their history a continuous narrative of mutual invasions and mutual reprisals,—their literature a multitude of rude ballads or extravagant traditions, recording the actions of their national heroes; and their religion a mere deification of cruel valour, they had everything to excite and nothing to restrain the natural fierceness of their disposition. Remote from countries further advanced in civilisation, they had no model by which to reform their savage manners. Dwelling along a vast extent of coast, where the scanty tillage of a narrow tract barely sufficed to yield the necessaries of life to its inhabitants, they seemed destined by nature to become the pirates they are described; driven by necessity to seek on the waves of their own iron-bound coast the simplest luxuries, which the marshes and forests of the interior refused to supply.

The division both of their main land and of their islands into a multitude of independent provinces, each under its own petty Sovereign, was a fruitful source of mutual jealousies, animosity, and strife. To this division and subdivision of their territory, must be traced the rise of that extraordinary order of men, *the sea Kings of Scandinavia*, whose history is full of the wildest and most romantic adventure, and whose actions wrought so many revolutions in the more settled countries of Europe. In a country which recognised so many

independent princes, the number of those who boasted royal birth was, of course, infinitely extensive. To these the sea offered the only theatre of renown—the only path to empire—almost the only means of subsistence. It was a law or custom of the Northmen to select one male descendant of the royal house to remain at home, the heir of his father's sovereignty; and while the empty title of King was conceded to the rest, the turbulent waters of the ocean was the only appanage assigned them—their ships were their only palace—their crew their only subjects—their wealth that only which they could win by their own swords. But the dominion of the sea was not very strictly guarded as a royal prerogative. Each powerful subject who could equip a vessel and muster a crew professed himself a *vikings* or *pirate*, and embarked in a mode of life which promised at once wealth, adventure, and renown. The young were regularly trained to the exercise of this kind of plunder, which began to be considered the most honourable as well as the most successful road to fame, and fortune, and independence. The creeks and bays of the Baltic swarmed with the vessels of these piratical Neptunes; constantly would they descend upon some unguarded coast and retire loaded with spoil, clothes, cattle, slaves, everything, in fact, that they could seize upon and transport to their ships. Often, when wearied of a roving life, or tempted by opportunity, would they occupy the territory of some less powerful potentate and drive him forth to take their place upon the ocean, and to win, if he could, from another a new kingdom by the same means by which he had been deprived of his own. Fire and sword and a long train of horrors accompanied the approach of these desperate marauders, while the groans of the dying and the lamentations of the captive followed their retreat. How fearful, then, was the visitation when their ill-omened prows first touched the shores of Britain! For centuries their operations had been very much confined to the coasts of their own Scandinavia; they had not ventured, or they had not needed, to seek the plunder of more distant lands, while spoil or settlement remained to be secured upon the continent or islands of the Baltic. But, in the course of time, as their numbers or their ambition increased, the more adventurous among them extended their enterprise to other countries; and Scotland, England, and France, began to experience their depredations.

A small body first landed in Sussex towards the close of the eighth century—in the year 787—and this attack was followed by two others upon the coast of Northumberland a few years later. The last of these, however, was unfortunate; their ships suffered much in a storm, and of the Danish adventurers themselves, many were put to death by the people into whose hands they had fallen. This reverse seems to have deterred them, for some time, from again attacking our coast; and for the space of forty years the Anglo-Saxons remained unmolested by these furious marauders.

But, in the mean time, there had arisen among the sea kings of the Baltic

a leader, whose skill and perseverance was destined to conduct them to far more ambitious, and far more important, enterprises than any they had yet attempted, and whose miserable fate, a few years afterwards, was the cause of unnumbered woes to England—shook the throne of Alfred to its foundation—gave the Danes a permanent settlement on a large portion of his territory—and eventually led to the establishment of a Northern dynasty, for four generations of kings, upon the seat of the royal Cerdic. The individual to whom I allude was *Regnar Lodbrog*, of royal lineage and himself the Sovereign of one of the Danish Islands, probably of Zealand, the most important of them all. He had been expelled from his throne by the neighbouring King of Jutland, and was driven, after the fashion of his countrymen, to achieve for himself new fortunes on the bosom of the deep; but his ambition was of a more towering character than had yet animated the breast of a Northern Vikingr, and it was no petty reprisal upon some insignificant potentate of the Baltic that he meditated. That inland sea, moreover, had now become a less fruitful field than it was wont to be to the piratical enterprises of the sea Kings. Most of the habitable portions of its coast had now been seized upon by successive invaders, and were closely watched and stoutly defended; while the more powerful Sovereigns of Scandinavia, anxious to consolidate their dominion by annexing the territories of inferior princes to their own, began to encourage law and order, and to discountenance piracy and rapine. It was therefore to distant lands that Regnar Lodbrog looked as the theatre of his future operations, the source of his future wealth, and possibly as the seat of his future empire. He was eagerly joined by the most renowned of the Vikings whom he led successively and successfully to Friesland, to Flanders, and to France. He dictated terms and exacted tribute in the very streets of Paris, and even the waters of the remote Mediterranean were ploughed by his adventurous keel. In England, he, or his companions, caused those troubles which embittered the reign of Ethelwolf, and rendered that of his two immediate successors a continual scene of strife. London and Canterbury had been plundered and burnt, and the audacity of the invaders had so far increased by the success which, notwithstanding many defeats and many misfortunes, had attended them, that, departing from their usual system of warfare, (a hasty attack and precipitate retreat,) they began to take up their winter quarters upon the Island and to give no rest to its inhabitants. Towards the close of the reign of Ethelbert, or at the commencement of that of Ethelred, the career of Regnar was terminated by a most cruel death, inflicted by Ælla, King of Deira, into whose hands he had fallen. We shudder as we read of the tortures to which he was exposed, cast into a narrow dungeon swarming with venomous reptiles, and left to expire of the wounds which they occasioned. His *quida*, or death song, is still extant, attributed to himself but composed probably by his widow, to stimulate the vengeance of his sons and kinsmen. It presents

us with one of the most ancient specimens of Northern literature. He recounts in it the actions of his adventurous life, glories in the dangers and strife through which he had passed, and meets death exulting in the savage pleasures which awaited him in the halls of Vithris, and calling upon his children to avenge his fall.

The feelings, which had before been stimulated only by the desire of plunder, were now exasperated to madness by the thirst for revenge. For the prompt gratification of this absorbing passion, all their mutual feuds were appeased, and all other objects of ambition renounced. The sons of Ragnar were joined by auxiliaries from every coast and island of the Baltic; eight kings and twenty earls devoted themselves and their dependents to the cause, an immense armada was collected, and set sail shortly after the accession of Ethelred. It was upon the coast of East Anglia that the storm first descended. There the Northmen passed the winter, collecting provisions and concentrating their forces, which were placed under the command of Ingwar and Hubba. With the earliest approach of spring, their fury was directed against the offending kingdom of Deira. A cruel retaliation was inflicted upon the murderer of Ragnar: the sceptre of Northumberland, which Egbert had left in the hands of its feeble princes, was broken, and its dominion passed under the power of its ruthless invaders. From York they dispersed themselves over the whole of the Eastern portion of the kingdom. A brave but ineffectual stand was made against their advance into the fens of Lincolnshire, where the little village of Threkingham points out the tomb of three of the pirate sovereigns of the Danes. The smoking ruins of Croyland, Peterborough, and Ely,—the murder of Edmund, near Thetford, and the overthrow of the East Anglian kingdom, bore melancholy testimony to the rapidity and fury of their progress. Unchecked they marched from Norfolk to attack the power of Wessex, and took up their quarters near the town of Reading. A bloody and well-contested engagement soon afterwards ensued, in which the valour and impetuosity of Alfred were conspicuously displayed, and the Danes, completely routed, were forced to retire to their encampment. The gigantic figure of a horse, the heraldic device of the Saxons, cut in the turf which covered the chalk hills extending from the neighbourhood of Wantage towards Wiltshire, and which, (carefully preserved, even to this, our day, is visible at the distance of many miles,) still gives the name of *the Vale of the White Horse* to the contiguous district, is supposed to have been the memorial of the victory of *Æscesdun*, or Ash-tree hill. Two other battles shortly followed, in which the Danes had the advantage; and in the latter of these Ethelred received a wound, of which he soon afterwards expired.

Ethelred had succeeded to the tottering throne of Wessex, notwithstanding an elder branch of his family existed in the children of Ethelbert, of whom Alfred makes mention in his will, and to whom he bequeathed much of his

property. But the necessities of the time rendered the law or custom of succession very arbitrary. The nobles and counsellors of the kingdom claimed the right, or at least exercised the power, of investing with supreme authority that member of the royal house, whom they deemed best qualified to exert it for the benefit of his subjects. The tender age of the children of Ethelbert unfitted them for the command of armies, or the conduct of affairs at such a crisis, and the Witenagemot at once looked to Alfred, himself but two-and-twenty years old, as the only scion of the stock of Cerdic capable of sustaining the weight of the crown. It was not without much reluctance that he assumed the honourable but heavy burden ; and the year of his accession, 871, was rendered memorable by nine fiercely-contested battles with the Danes.

Though the manes of Regnar Lodbrog might now have been appeased by the terrible vengeance which his sons had inflicted ; though the torrents of hostile blood, which had now been shed, might have sufficed to quench his savage thirst in the Valhalla of Odin, the Northern invaders manifested no disposition to quit the island which they had so extensively ravaged. On the contrary, fresh hosts were continually arriving. Ambition was beginning to act as powerfully upon them as revenge, and they evidently contemplated establishing a permanent settlement, and driving out the Saxons, as the Saxons had before expelled the Britons. Nor did there appear at present any prospect of their being successfully opposed. The conquest of Northumberland, which was occupied by Ingwar, the murder of Edmund in East Anglia, and the flight of Burrhed from the throne of Mercia, had already put them in possession of the whole country north of the Thames. Wessex alone offered any effectual resistance, and that resistance availed only to impede, it could not arrest their progress ; and it was gradually waxing weaker. From Wilton, where Alfred had found them encamped, after the death of Ethelred, they had advanced to Wareham, and from thence had moved on to Exeter. The fleet, which the prudence of the king had equipped, to check as far as possible the arrival of fresh foes upon the southern coast, had met with some success, and the Saxons, though sorely harassed, were not yet completely defeated. A stern necessity, or a doubtful policy, had induced Alfred to endeavour to gain by negociation some intervals of repose, which the active hostility of the invaders allowed him not to achieve by force of arms. They were ready enough to accept the gifts which he offered, and to enter into the engagements which he imposed ; but no reliance could be placed on their fidelity ; they recognised no obligations but the dictates of their own impetuous will ; and their system of warfare, the devastation of every tract which they occupied, prevented their long remaining stationary in any place. As treacherous as they were cruel, promise after promise was broken, oath after oath was violated ; and after the conflict had been maintained, with varying success, for six years after Alfred's accession. Fortune seemed, as it were, about to decide it finally in favour of the Danes.

. We now approach that dark period in the life of Alfred, when, a fugitive from his throne, the spirits of his army broken, and the confidence and affection of his nobles alienated from him, he was compelled to assume a mean disguise, and to conceal himself alike from his Saxon subjects and his Northern foes. It has been usual to ascribe this sad reverse in his fortunes altogether to the cowardice, the treachery, or the despair of his own people; and, were it wished to represent our hero as that "faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," we might gladly accept this solution of the difficulty. But we may well allow the real greatness of Alfred to have been shaded by some human defects; and the unquestioned glories of his later years shine but the brighter when contrasted with the imprudences of his youth, though they cannot erase the record of them from the page of history.

The Danes, at the beginning of the year 878, had made a fresh inroad upon Wiltshire, and occupied the town of Chippenham. No battle is mentioned by the chroniclers of the time as having taken place there. The Saxons seem to have retired without striking a blow, and to have dispersed themselves some to France and others to such retired districts of the country as seemed to offer them the best chance of concealment and security. It was now that Alfred took refuge in a herdsman's cottage, and neither friend nor foe knew of his whereabouts. Asser, his friend and biographer, addressing his narrative to the King himself, and writing, as he declares, from the testimony of eye-witnesses who still survived, observes of the misfortunes which at this melancholy period of his history befel his royal patron, that they happened to the King *not undeservedly*, because, he adds, in as literal a translation as I can give of his words, because, at the beginning of his reign, while yet a young man and under the influence of a youthful mind, the men of his kingdom and his own subjects came to him and besought him for their necessities, and they who were pressed down by power implored his aid and patronage; but he was unwilling to hear them, neither gave he any assistance, but accounted them altogether as nought. St. Neot, he tells us, who was still alive and related to the King, was deeply grieved at his conduct, and pointed out the evils which he was bringing down upon his head; but Alfred paid no attention to the advice, and treated the warning with contempt; till a benignant Providence permitted him to be oftentimes afflicted by his adversaries and depressed by the disrespect of his subjects. If Alfred had rendered himself thus unpopular among his subjects, whose utmost zeal and readiness were necessary to enable him to oppose the Danes with success; and if the unfortunate result of his negotiations with those perfidious invaders had still further alienated their confidence from him, the consequences which followed, the breaking-up of his army and his own concealment, do not appear unnatural. We know that they were highly beneficial in their result. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and

in his retirement the great mind of Alfred had leisure, which his pious disposition prompted him to improve, to reflect upon the follies into which his arrogance, (produced probably but certainly not justified by conscious superiority,) had betrayed him; and to form those wise resolutions, and arrange those beneficent plans, which he afterwards so completely realised.

The spot to which the steps of the Royal fugitive had been directed was a small island, formed by the confluence of the rivers Thone and Paret, in Somersetshire. Almost inaccessible from the marshes among which it was situated, and offering few temptations to plunder, it afforded a welcome hiding-place to the unhappy Monarch. In this retreat he was at length discovered by some of his subjects, wanderers like himself; and when the news of his safety began to be spread abroad, he was gradually joined by others. The place, which received the name of Æthelingey, or Ethelney, *the Isle of Nobles*, seemed in many respects favourable, both for their own security and for the annoyance of the Danes who were scattered through the surrounding country. Here, then, Alfred determined to await the returning tide of fortune, and, having constructed a small fortification, he continued to occupy the island with his few adherents for some months, distressing his enemies and obtaining subsistence for himself by frequent excursions beyond its limits. And Fortune at length began to shine once more upon the destinies of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom. Oddune, the Earl of Devonshire, closely blockaded by the Danes in the fortress to which he had betaken himself upon that coast, had made, in despair, a furious and successful attack upon the besieging army. Hubba, the only surviving son of Regnar Lodbrog, was killed, and his standard, the magical raven, (which the daughters of that unfortunate sea King had woven with many an incantation when the avenging host had first set sail from Denmark, and which, for twelve years, had so often waved in triumph over the slaughter of the Saxons,) fell into the hands of the victors, and spread greater dismay through the ranks of the invaders than the fall of their leader or their own defeat.

It was now that Alfred determined to strike one vigorous blow for the recovery of his crown, and the emancipation of his people; and having, under the disguise of a harper, obtained an exact knowledge of the strength and position of the enemy, and discovered that they were quite unprepared for an attack, he sent secret messengers through the adjacent counties, and his nobles and people, dispersed abroad and suffering many hardships, gladly obeyed his summons to rally once more around his standard, and to meet him in the neighbourhood of Selwood Forest. About Whitsuntide, in the year 878, the great battle of Ethandune, or Eddinton, was fought, and the victory which crowned it was so decisive, the Danish power was so completely broken, that Guthrum, their Prince, and the remnant of his followers, gladly accepted the



easy terms which the wise and generous policy of Alfred imposed. A treaty was ratified, which secured for several years the peace and security of the country. The alliance was consecrated by the reception of the Danes into the Christian Church; and the province of East Anglia, which their former ravages had well-nigh depopulated, was assigned them as a residence. Here they settled, and becoming gradually accustomed to the usages and the comforts of civilised life, they not only lived at peace with their Saxon neighbours, but became a strong protection to the country against the future invasions of their own barbarous countrymen.

Peace being thus restored, the attention of Alfred was forthwith directed to consolidate the power he had acquired with so much difficulty and after so many dangers, by reducing to order the distracted elements of his kingdom. Whatever offence he might formerly have given to his subjects, everything was now forgotten but the wisdom, valour, and success with which he had exerted himself to effect their deliverance, and the delight which they experienced in feeling themselves at length relieved from the weight of those anxieties and fears with which the presence of the Danes had, for so many years, oppressed them. But we can easily conceive the fearful state of confusion, almost of anarchy, in which the whole kingdom had been plunged by the ravages of the savage Northmen. Almost every landmark of law, order, and religion had been swept away by the impetuosity of the torrent which had overspread the land; ruined towns, violated churches, wasted corn fields, a people relapsing into the barbarism from which they had but imperfectly emerged. Such were the objects which met the inquiring gaze of Alfred when he re-ascended his throne, and applied himself to re-edify the social fabric which had been so sorely shattered in the recent convulsion. A less powerful intellect, a less steadfast will, must have shrank in despair from the task before him; the difficulty of it did but stimulate the *Great Saxon* to unwearying exertions and unbending fortitude in working out the plans he had formed for the benefit of his people and the security and glory of his kingdom. "He scorned delights" and lived laborious days," and by an accurate division of his time, which devoted two-thirds of it to the business of the state, and the service of God, he was able to accomplish in the few short years of life which were yet reserved to him, the complete restoration of liberty and law throughout the land; and to lay a firm and lasting foundation for the future greatness of England. His first care was directed to rebuilding the towns which the fury of the Danes had destroyed. Among his various accomplishments, he had acquired no little skill and taste in architecture, and his own knowledge and a sixth part of his revenue were devoted to the purpose. The most skilful artificers were invited from foreign countries to carry out his designs. London, which, though it had not yet become the metropolis of the kingdom, had always held a high rank among its cities, rose under his auspices from its ashes. Shaftesbury, Malmesbury,

and Norwich\*, and many other places, began again to collect inhabitants within their walls. Buildings which had before been constructed almost entirely of wood were under his direction formed of brick ; and he endeavoured earnestly to impress upon his nobles the necessity of erecting castles of the same durable material, in different districts, not only as a residence for themselves, but as a defence against any future inroads that might be made upon the country. Though the policy which Alfred had adopted with regard to the Danes, after the battle of Eddinton, had had the effect of keeping those who were already in his kingdom quiet within their allotted boundaries, he was by no means secure against the piratical incursions of other hordes of the same people ; and he, accordingly, provided to repel any such attack, by establishing a general militia throughout the country. Freemen and proprietors of land among the Anglo-Saxons had, from the first, been trained to military service. Alfred now directed that every one capable of bearing arms should be duly registered in three divisions, and assigned to each a regular routine of duty, which they discharged by turn : one remained at leisure for the cultivation of the land,—another he distributed among the castles and fortifications that had been erected,—and a third was stationed at various places throughout the country, ready to act on any sudden emergency, and to concentrate their force at any point which might be attacked.

But it was not by this means alone that Alfred endeavoured to provide for the security of his kingdom. In his encounter with the Danes, at the commencement of his reign, he had experienced the advantage of meeting the sea kings of the North upon their own element. He fully recognised the truth of the ancient oracle, that *wooden walls* are the best defence of a country open to attack from the ocean, and began to turn his attention in earnest, now that he had time and opportunity, to the construction of ships, and the establishment of a large and effective naval force. Thus he became the founder of that vast element of England's power,—the pride and the protection of our land. In this undertaking, his treaty with the Danes afforded him some assistance, which he greatly needed. The Saxons, after their settlement in Britain, had disconnected themselves almost entirely from maritime affairs. The Danes of East Anglia now became their instructors in navigation, and many of the inhabitants of Old Saxony and of Friesland were persuaded by the inducements which Alfred held out, to settle in England, and to man his navy.

\* There is a coin of Alfred's, which seems to intimate that he restored and rebuilt Norwich. It was first published by Speed, and has since been inserted in Sir Andrew Fountain's *Tablea*. On one side is a head, which Mr. Walker and Sir Andrew seem to think belongs to Alfred, King of Northumberland, though it much resembles those of Alfred the Great published by Mr. Walker himself. On the reverse is a monogram, which Mr. Edward Thwaites, who wrote notes on those coins, ingeniously guessed to signify *Civitas Northwicum*. Now this seems plainly to prove that this cannot belong to Alfred of Northumberland ; for, as Mr. Camden well observes, Norwich was not a place of great consideration in his time. It is, therefore, more probable that Speed was in the right, and that this piece of money belongs to Alfred the Great, and refers to his restoring that city.—*Note in Biographia Britannica*, vol. i. p. 52.

Conscious, too, that commercial enterprise forms the best nursery for seamen, he began to encourage his subjects to embark in foreign trade, and himself fitted out various expeditions for the purpose of exploring regions as yet unknown to the Anglo-Saxons. Under his auspices, Ochter, a Norwegian, sailed along the coast of Norway and Lapland, and from the narrative of his adventures, which Alfred wrote down from his own dictation, he must have advanced through the White Sea as far as the mouth of the Dwina, and the site of the present town of Archangel. Wolfsten, a Saxon, returned about the same time with a report of his survey of the Baltic, which the king had directed to be made, perhaps with a view of retaliating upon the Danes in their own country some of the evils which they had inflicted upon England. To the distant continent of India he also sent, for the purpose of relieving, by his sympathy and his presents, a Christian community which he had been informed had existed upon the coast of Coromandel from the days of St. Thomas; and which, cut off almost entirely from communication with the rest of Christendom, was pining in solitude and distress. Sighelm, his ambassador, we are informed by William of Malmesbury, executed his commission with wonderful good fortune, for he penetrated into India, and returning from thence, brought with him jewels of a new kind with which that country amply abounds, some of which, he adds, might in his day still be seen among the treasures of the church of Sherborne.

The peculiar circumstances, which prompted Alfred to this last undertaking, place his character as a Christian in a most amiable and admirable point of view, and we may be sure that he whose compassion had been so strongly excited towards his distant brethren in the faith, would not neglect the interests of religion at home. When the barbarian hosts of Saxony had first settled upon our coasts, they had urged as furious and destructive a war against the religion, as they had against the government of the Britons; and the ancient Church of the island, originally planted there by Apostolic hands, had been driven with her children to the wilds of Cornwall and the mountains of Wales. The mission of Augustine, at the close of the sixth century (597), had been eminently blessed. The conversion of the Saxon potentates and their subjects advanced in rapid succession, and the priests of the ancient idolatry were sometimes the first to violate the altars which they had ignorantly served.

“ Prompt reformation works the novel lore;  
The council closed, the priest in full career  
Rides forth an armed man, and hurls a spear  
To desecrate the fane, which heretofore  
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor  
Is overturned.”

Churches and monasteries,—the temples of religion, and the seats of learning,—began to rear their spires and turrets throughout the land, and

England became once more a Christian country. But the irruption of the Danes had well nigh again involved it in the darkness of heathenism. An unwarlike clergy excited their contempt, the treasures of religious houses stimulated their cupidity ; and the slaughter of the one, and the ruins of the other, marked their progress through the land. The Danes, however, had now been converted to Christianity. One great object of the various articles of the treaty by which Alfred had conceded the province of East Anglia to Guthrum and his followers, seems to have been to confirm them in the faith and practice of true religion. A heavy fine was imposed upon apostates ; divination, sorcery, and other errors, to which the Northmen were much addicted, were prohibited, and the observance of the festivals of the Church enjoined. But the establishment of his new converts was not the only point connected with religion which claimed the attention of Alfred. During the troubled years that intervened between the beginning of the career of Regnar Lodbrog and the conclusive victory of Eddinton, a generation had arisen among the rulers in Church and State, for the most part as rude and ignorant as the people over whom they presided. Alfred has himself left on record, that when he commenced his work of reformation, there was scarcely a clergyman on this side the Humber who could understand their daily prayers in English, or translate any letter from the Latin. He adds, there were not many beyond the Humber. They were so few, that probably there was not one single instance on the south of the Thames.

To remedy a state of things which, though not unnatural under the circumstances of the time, was certainly very melancholy, Alfred, as soon as he had restored in greater completeness and greater beauty the religious edifices throughout the country, began to place in them such of their former tenants as had survived in exile the troubles that had expelled them, and such learned men from other countries as he could induce to settle in England. Under their superintendence the education and qualifications of the clergy improved ; nor was the improvement confined to them ; he made it incumbent upon every freeholder who possessed two hydes of land to take care that his children should receive a liberal education ; and he compelled, moreover, the great officers of his court, and the earls and governors of every district, to qualify themselves for their places of trust by the acquirement of at least the rudiments of learning ; and so strictly did he enforce this order, that they were obliged to encounter all the difficulties with which their former habits, their age, and their prejudices had beset the paths of knowledge, rather than lose the station of dignity to which they had been elevated, as the King reminded them, not by inheritance but by God's gift and his own. It is very possible that these rude nobles themselves made no great progress in the unwonted pursuit of literature, but the regulation thus imposed upon them had this beneficial effect, at least—that it prompted them to provide that their children should be early and

properly instructed, and so escape the difficulties which they had themselves experienced in commencing late in life the task of education. In addition to the schools which he established in every monastery, he founded, or, if it may boast an earlier founder, (a more honourable one it could not have,) we may say he remodelled and enlarged the University of Oxford—establishing three Halls for the Professors of Grammar, Philosophy, and Divinity, and placing therein the most renowned scholars of the day. And that the revival of learning might not want the encouragement of his own example, and recollecting the obstacles which had opposed his own advance, he devoted as much of his time as he could to the translation of such books into the Anglo-Saxon language as he thought most useful, and adapted them to the wants and circumstances of his people. The Pastorals of Pope Gregory, the Histories of Orosius and of Bede, and the Treatise of Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy, thus appeared in an English garb.

The beneficial results of these labours soon became apparent; and the Monarch whose zeal and industry had worked this reformation, and who at the commencement of his reign had lamented with so much reason the low state, almost the extinction, of religion and knowledge among his people, was able before its close to rejoice in the belief, that every See was filled by a Prelate of zeal and learning, and every Church in England supplied with a competent Minister.

Nor had the general government of the country suffered less from the Danish invasion than had its religion and its literature. A fearful state of anarchy prevailed. The constant apprehension of attack had deranged the whole social system, and was beginning to throw back the Saxons into the barbarism of their ancestors. Uncertain to-day what their active and impetuous enemies might bring upon them to-morrow, each man lived as he could or as he would—heedless of the future, providing only for the present, careless of his neighbour, thinking only of himself. To correct the evils which had thus sprung up, as soon as the immediate cause of them was removed, to bring back his subjects under those restraints of law and order which had prevailed under the Princes of the Heptarchy, and to adapt those laws to the existing condition of the people, was an employment which engaged the attention and energies of Alfred when the pacification of the Danes and the establishment of his own authority enabled him to do so with success.

At an earlier period of his reign he had collected into one code, and had modified and improved by enactments of his own, the various laws which had been promulgated in former times by Ethelbert, in Kent; by Ina, in Wessex; and by Offa, in Mercia; and now with the view of bringing these to bear upon the practice of the whole body of the people, he caused a new survey of the kingdom to be made, remodelling the divisions which had before existed in the various provinces, making them nearly conterminous with the limits of our

present counties, and placing each under the government of its own Earl and Shirereve, or Sheriff. Every county he subdivided into three trythings, an arrangement which, though it has now very generally disappeared, may still be traced in the Ridings of Yorkshire, the Laths of Kent, and the Parts of Lincolnshire. These trythings were broken up into hundreds and the hundreds in tythings, comprising ten households. Each of these householders was responsible to the King for the behaviour of his own family, and all the ten were accounted mutual pledges for each other; so that, as every freeman who wished to enjoy the protection of the law was compelled to register himself in some tything or other, an offender was easily marked or easily discovered, and if he was suffered to make his escape the fine apportioned to his delinquency was levied upon the tything itself. Each of these divisions had its own officer and its own court, and in every county judges were appointed as assessors to the Earl, whose conduct in their high and responsible office Alfred watched with the utmost jealousy, severely rebuking any ignorance or carelessness which they manifested, and punishing with the greatest rigour any corruption of which they might be guilty. How far we may trace to the improvements which Alfred introduced into English jurisprudence, the institution of jurors, in the sense in which we understand their office, may no doubt be very fairly disputed. The custom of proving innocence, if not of detecting guilt, by the oaths of twelve or more compurgators, as they were called, was certainly familiar to the Saxons; and the laws of Alfred, by requiring that these persons should be of equal rank with the accused, assimilated the system in one respect at least to our modern practice of trying a man by his peers.

From the decision of the county courts an appeal lay to the King himself, and we are informed by Asser that he was sometimes employed both night and day in hearing and deciding the causes which were thus brought before him. To aid him in this part of his duty he constantly retained near his person a select body of advisers in whom he could place confidence, the origin of our Privy Council; and that these might not, by their attendance at court, neglect their own duties in the country, he divided them into three bodies who waited upon him in turn throughout the year. And for the enactment of such laws as it might be necessary from time to time to impose, he provided for the periodical meeting of the ancient Witenagemot, the assembly of wise men, which, though not a representative body, may be regarded as the Saxon Parliament, comprising the higher ranks of the Clergy, and the greater and lesser nobility, all in fact who possessed the qualification of five hydes of land. By these every matter involving the general welfare of the kingdom was discussed and decided, and the power of the Sovereign, without interfering with his prerogative, limited and controlled.

The result of Alfred's wise and prudent administration was as beneficial as his fond desire for his people's welfare could anticipate. Arbitrary power was

restrained; equal laws were equitably dispensed; a middle class, the best safeguard of a country against the tyranny either of the mighty or the mean, grew up in security, contentment, and intelligence; and while crime was so carefully repressed that it is recorded that golden bracelets were hung up by the road-side and no man ventured to touch them, this great King seems to have realized the maxim which he bequeathed in his will to succeeding generations, that "the English should for ever remain free as their own thoughts."

In the latter years of his reign he had ample opportunity of experiencing the beneficial effects of his wise regulations, and the perfect success of the measures he had taken for the defence of his kingdom against invasion. An attempt scarcely less formidable in strength or ability than that which had some years before all but destroyed the Saxon power, was made by Hæsten, or Hastings, in the year 898, and for four years the conflict was maintained with all the skill which that veteran warrior could bring to the assault. But, though assisted in some measure by the Danish settlers in East Anglia, he was unable to obtain any permanent advantage. His stratagems were prevented, his attacks were met at every point by the activity and perseverance of Alfred; and though so long and fierce a contest must necessarily have been productive of much anxiety and of many evils to the English, it terminated in a complete victory over their invaders, and the few remaining years of Alfred's life were suffered to pass away in peace and tranquillity.

At length, in the year 901, lamented by his friends whose affections he had conciliated by his generous kindness, his amiable temper, and his pious disposition; and bewailed by his people, whose best interests his wisdom had consulted, whose independence his valour had achieved, and whose liberty his prudence and sagacity had preserved, enlarged, and secured; this *great* man—*great*, whether we regard him as a warrior, a legislator, or a scholar—descended to the grave full of glory and ripe for immortality—comparatively young, if his age be reckoned merely by the lapse of years, but old indeed if his days be counted by what he had accomplished therein.

His memory will survive as long as the English name shall live in the records of this world's history—a name which, under God, he saved from annihilation, and which he first contributed to render famous in the annals of nations. Amid the many glories of later date which have surrounded her, our country may well look back with affectionate respect to the bright career of him who first established her throne upon the sure and solid basis of a nation's love. She may well concede to him the title of *The Great*, nor wonder that in his own days he was regarded as *The Darling of England—The Shepherd of his People*; while his example of steadfast resolution, untiring industry, and unflinching perseverance; his active discharge of his high duties, his watchful employment of his time, and, above all, his unaffected piety, may well be kept in view not only by those who, like him, are called to marshal armies and to

govern kingdoms, but by all in every occupation, in every station of life, who have duties, however humble, to perform, and responsibilities, however light, to discharge.

" Thy true nobility of mind and blood,  
 Oh, warlike Alfred! gave thee to be good—  
 Goodness industrious made thee; industry  
 Got thee a name to all posterity.  
 'Twixt mixed hopes and fears, 'twixt joy and grief,  
 Thou ever felt'st distress and found relief.  
 Victor this day, next thou didst ne'er the less  
 I' the field dispute thy former day's success.  
 O'ercome this day, next day for all the blow  
 Thou giv'st or tak'st another overthrow.  
 Thy brows from sweat, thy sword from blood ne'er dry,  
 What was to reign so, to us signify.  
 The world cannot produce so much as one  
 That through the like adversities has gone;  
 Yet found'st thou not the rest thou soughtest here,  
 But with a crown, Christ gives it thee elsewhere."

One observation more and I have done. The royal blood of Cerdic, of Egbert, and of Alfred, survived the usurpation of the Danes and sank not in the ground on the fatal field of Hastings. It was recognised in the Empress Matilda, and transmitted from her through the families of Plantagenet, of Tudor, and of Stuart, still animates the heart and beats in the pulses of the Sovereign who now fills the throne of the *Great Saxon*. We rejoice in the belief that in Her, too, are displayed many of the virtues which adorned his crown and blessed his people—his love for his subjects, his zeal for the common good, his clemency, his beneficence, his piety. Can we frame a fairer wish for her honour or for our own than that, when ten centuries more shall have passed away, if the thrones and dominions of this world shall so long survive, they who shall then occupy our places may look back to our days with the same respect, gratitude, and affection with which we regard the times of Alfred, and may trace to the events of the nineteenth century the germ of as much solid and enduring good as we do to those which we have now been contemplating in the ninth?

B. B.





# The Cholera!



## I.

Over the nations rings a solemn knell,  
The mystic voice of fearful Providence !  
It sweeps the main—the mountain—and the dell ;  
None view its march—its trace—the whither—whence—  
A dark enigma, passing mortal sense ;  
A mystery no this world's wisdom reads,  
A homily on human impotence !  
A scourge—from which all mortal skill recedes—  
And Science sinks dismayed, and help Almighty needs.

## II.

It comes, a sudden pang of wild despair ;  
Health droops to sickness in a second's breath :  
The Young, infected by the tainted air,  
Gutter and shrivel in the arms of Death !  
Yet shall the courage of a Christian's faith—  
A trust in Him whose mercy fills all space,  
Whose watchful eye protects the earth beneath,  
Whose guardian arm encircles Adam's race,—  
Console the Christian heart and aid the Child of Grace.

In ancient time—if Homer's song be sooth—  
 A plague the Grecian camp beleaguered round :  
 It spared nor age, nor manliness, nor youth,  
 But turned half Troas to a burial ground !  
 The God of Battles, in his fury, frown'd  
 Upon his people—such their fearful doom,  
 And such the measure of their sore disgrace,—  
 Day after day their sun went down in gloom,  
 Despite of spear—and sage—and blood—and Heratomb !

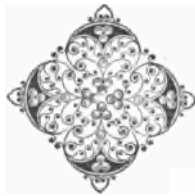
### III.

And be not we self-righteous : God is just !  
 Though pestilence be standing in the way—  
 One for our sins kept bright, while talents rust ;  
 One for the much we owe, the little pay ;  
 The oft we err, the seldom that we pray !  
 We need forgiveness for the present—past—  
 And grace to meet a future judgment day !  
 Hope, Christian, hope ; nor stand with fear aghast,  
 Though Danger fills the air, and rides upon the blast !

V.

Though this be Judgment striding after Sin,  
Sweet Mercy follows with her healing balm,  
And bids you haste the robe of Day to win ;  
To wear the crown, and wield the conqueror's palm !  
Go on in duty's constancy and calm,  
Go on in doing all the good you may,  
Speak to your own deep souls in prayer and psalm ;  
And though it come anon,—that awful day,—  
Ye shall be strong when Earth and Heaven have pass'd away !

J. G. H.



## Soho !

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Cool and sweet is the breath of the morn,  
And dew-beads glitter on thistle and thorn ;  
And linnets and larks are beginning to trill  
Their psalm to the sun just over the hill,  
And all things pleasant, and pure, and fair,  
Bathe in the balmy morning air.

Hist ! the turf is under thy feet,  
Over it, steadily,—sure and fleet !  
Steadily, Wonder !—quietly now ;  
Why, what a hot little fool art thou !  
Wild and wanton !—it's very unkind  
To leave poor Gael so panting behind ;—

Ho ! my greyhound ! Soho !—a hare !  
Good dog : after her !—soft and fair ;  
Off does she fly, and away does he bound,—  
Glorious ! how we are skimming the ground !  
Heels above head,—over she goes !  
And Pussy squeals at my Greyhound's nose.

Home : hark back !—the games are done,  
Though Cæsar's self has barely begun :  
Look ! let him change the spur for the pen,  
To hunt and to harry the hearts of men,—  
Possibles do, and impossibles dare,  
And gallop in spirit everywhere !

Q.

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# Foreign Excursions & Home Reflections:

Sequel to

## Ruminations of Travel.



" Let all the ends thou aims't at, be thy Country's,  
Thy God's, and Truth's."



### PREJUDICE AND PROGRESS.

ONCE more in our self-assumed character of Traveller, and with our self-imposed budget of "Sundry Ruminations," do we meet the Readers of THE ANGLO-SAXON, with our least outlandish bow of salutation, and our best native greeting of respect. But to none of these readers do we bend more courteously, and none do we hail or greet more cordially, than such among the honoured number as in their own persons are neither greatly given to extensive travel nor far-rambling rumination. To no class of ladies and gentlemen in England or elsewhere, do we turn with more hearty congratulation, heightened it may be with a dash of unrancorous envy, than to those who having a home are homely enough to be at home and feel at home and stay at home, rejoicing, in short, in the possession and practice of all the airs and variations that may be played upon this our singularly-musical and exclusively-national monosyllable. To such happy domestic ladies and gentlemen, or as rough-hewn *Ultimus Saxonum* Cobbett would have said, to such home-bred English men and women, dwelling in their own land and among their own people, each as a little cherished focus of law and light and life within their own loved circle of contracted but contented circumference,—to such, if such indeed there be, for the intrusion of that syllabic wil-o'-the-wisp *content*, suggests that the whole clause

may be purely hypothetical,—to such, however, in the conditional tense, would we benevolently and advisedly suggest that they be by no means too prompt in theoretically undervaluing or practically casting aside for home use and consumption, till sure of something better, a sufficient stock of good, stout, substantial, warranted-to-wear, home-spun, reason-proof, national and corporate prejudices.

“ Well, now, I declare that’s very odd ! ” exclaims a young but valued authority, who happens to be glancing a pair of bright eyes over our page, “ that sounds very odd ; I thought your new **ANGLO-SAXON** was quite for “ enlightenment and progress, and all that ; and here you are beginning your “ second contribution with a sort of panegyric on Prejudice, or a prejudice in “ favour of prejudices—*you*, too, whom some of the critics, and other friends of “ ours, think quite, quite—too much the other way, you know.”

Excellently suggested and expostulated, trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor ; it sounds very odd, or seems very odd—“ a prejudice in favour “ of prejudices,” but let it sound or seem as it will, sounding and seeming are not settled articles of faith ; perhaps we entertain more prejudices than we get credit for,—or perhaps we wish we did, and regret we don’t,—or perhaps, at any rate, we shall get ourselves explained as we go on ; in the meanwhile, as one good turn deserves another, and the oddity of a prejudice startles thee, learn a talisman that in one word makes the odd even, *adopt* it, make the prejudice thine own, and heh—presto ! all oddity and difficulty are gone ; for prejudices have this peculiarity pre-eminent, that while belonging to others they appear odd and awkward, but once our own by parental adoption, and as in other cases of family transmutation, our own dear waddling bird, late an ungainly goose, turns out to ourselves and such as love us, a stately-shewing serenely-sailing swan, a rare “ *avis in terris*,” as birds go, both to gods and men.

Prejudice means by etymology (to go to the learned root of the matter) an opinion or judgment formed or adopted previous to examination, made beforehand, or received second-hand, whencesoever variously derived, whether by family inheritance or early education, or nursery inoculation, or animal magnetism, or by any of the more vulgar methods of adult acquisition,—such as buying, begging, borrowing, or appropriating. Now, it admits of no doubt whatever, that nine-tenths of all general opinions and conclusions arrived at in civilised society, are the result of some sort of taken-upon-trust appropriation from others, and by no means the consequence of our own individual elaboration or discovery, and this fact alone secures for prejudices that degree of respect and deference which is always paid to the rule in opposition to the exception, recognising as legitimate and divine the powers that be, the *Vox Populi Vox Dei*,—the voice of the many, the voice of truth, truth of course as in all other things enduring for and adapted to a transitory season, not absolute

but *relative*; true in relation to ourselves and others, according to the time, circumstance, and condition of an ever-moving world, of which we ourselves, each an individual and separate microcosm, are collectively an ever-shifting, changing, and self-adapting part and parcel. What are called common-place people,—*i. e.* people not original and eccentric, but imitative and concentric, are therefore clearly and beyond dispute the most weighty portion of the body social or politic, far more than compensating the absence of mental activity or unrest by the influence of numerical quantity, and the well-ordered effect of that momentum which mathematicians define as “mass multiplied into velocity,” and one need not be mathematical to know that a ship of a thousand tons moving five miles an hour impinges with a far heavier and more effective force than a twenty-four pounder ball winging its parabolic flight at twelve hundred.

Prejudice, then, we maintain to be in itself an element of human society, extremely respectable because eminently powerful, and, as a sequitur, of course indispensably essential and profitable to the calculated march or progress of our collective destiny, steadied and secured alone by this conservative temperament, this self-controlling principle, from rushing headlong into chaos, like some portentous planet bereft of centripetal attraction, or rattling itself to shivers in wild career, like a run-away locomotive without its regulator.

Happy, then, useful, and wise in his generation, he who having a home is homely enough to be at home, stay at home, and feel at home, in a well-defined, however limited, circle of principles, duties, affections, and interests of which he is himself the centre; a good husband and good everything else that the epitaphs charitably assert of our predecessors—a man whose opinions and judgments on all points separable from the great ineffaceable pandects of conscience, may be, perhaps, second-hand, superficial, supercilious, and short-sighted; a man who, in his public manifestations is mighty in vociferous cheers for this, and tremendous groans for that, who, in his private colloquies, proves himself hale and vigorous, though not vicious, in his sympathies and antipathies; such a good hater as the soul of Johnson loved, falling back upon the conclusive argument, “*hoc certe scio nec possum dicere quare*,” who, in religion finds all mysteries solved by a catechism or a commentator, in politics consults his club and follows his leader, in literature quotes his review, and should he dabble in science, mis-quotes his old edition of the Cyclopædia, while, in moot cases of casuistry, content to steer by the safe and steady light of a golden star in the zodiac, the central turning point of the prudential sign *Libra*, anglicè, “The Scales.” Yes, practically useful, respectable, healthy, and happy, may be, in his generation, such a man as this, perhaps, even as happiness and generations go, among the happiest of his race, making up in intensity of persuasion, confidence of conviction, and decision of purpose, what he may lack in clearness of vision, quickness of apprehension, and expansion of understanding, backed by warm sympathy, tormented by no doubt, harassed by no misgiving, puzzled by no

paradox, doubting nothing, asking nothing, knowing nothing, and of all things in heaven above or earth beneath, least doubting, questioning, or knowing his own bottomless ignorance; for as some unprejudicial philosopher in melancholy mood said, "our profoundest knowledge we may soon sound, but who shall fathom " the depth of his own ignorance," a sorry consummation, forsooth, of all earthly knowledge, or rather wisdom—a wise folly or a foolish wisdom it would seem to spend this brief-breathing never-recurring life of ours in learning with much ado about nothing, that we have learned nothing but our own nothingness. What a summing up of life, its origin, its duration, and its futurity does this unprejudiced and uncomfortable philosophy make of it, hear and ponder the words of its departing votary—

Fœde in mundum intravi,  
Anxius vixi,  
Perturbatus egredior,—  
Causa causarum miserere mei!

"Ay, truly!" mutters another monitor from within, old "*hic et ubique*" in the cellarage, "a sorry summing and comfortless consummation in sooth, but " what have we to do with it, or such as it; for, in the first place, who told " thee it was consummation, or who taught thee to babble of thy body or bodies " (natural and spiritual) as brief-breathing and never-recurring,—spiritual " embodiments, that were and are, and are to be...embodied spiritualities that..." enough, enough! *oh jam satis!* rest, rest, perturbed spirit, who hath disquieted thee to call thee up!—we are talking, thou dark remembrancer of an undiscovered bourne, of things less lofty than befits thy meddling, looking at things here and now as they are or seem to be, not peering into dim and cold futurity, with our long-sighted glasses on, but taking a near view of its present aspect in the way of quiet conscience, fire-side comfort, good fellowship, and household happiness; get thee gone for the nonce, another time and tone shall welcome thee to tell all and more than all thou dreamest of the future tense, till then we part to meet at Philippi.

In considering the zig-zag sort of advance made during different ages by the genus homo,—or, if we must not assume the fact of absolute advancement, let us alter the phrase, and say,—in tracing history's curiously involved curve of which Progress and Prejudice may stand for abscissa and ordinate, we find men nationally and individually travelling at all sorts of different paces, some running on ahead, and getting into trouble for their pains, some straggling and sideling this way and that, some pursuing quietly the even tenour of their way; others loitering or even stopping on the road, while some positively seem bent on elbowing their way back through the onward crowd to the great apparent hindrance and annoyance of the forward movement; these people are all variously classed under the heads of enthusiasts, radicals, reformers, conservatives, fanatics, bigots, &c., and each class comes in for its respective share of



hard adjectives at the hands of the rest, all exhibiting wonderful unanimity as allied forces on the one subject of mutual recrimination.

Yet after all, to a looker on, it is clear enough that this very discrepancy of pace and temper is the natural arrangement best adapted to the safety, welfare, and ultimate progress of the mass, as we see it exemplified in the march of a disciplined and warlike host, with its scouts, pickets, pioneers, vanguard, main army, baggage train, rearguard, and a whole bevy of stragglers, laggards, and rag-tag. Here, no doubt, the main body is paramount in importance as in number, but the various distribution and apparent divergence of the rest must be approved as the result of scientific combination or accepted as a condition of inherent necessity.

In speculating then upon the question of the rate and tendency of our collective movements, we must endeavour to close with the conviction that we are travelling at the due and regulated speed, whatever be the respective rate, effort, and efficiency achieved by individuals under the banner of conserving prejudice, or reforming progress, adopting, in short, in reference to this as to every other established "*modus operandi*" of our nature, the axiom that "whatever is is right in the long run,"—a broad conclusion, doubtless no less logical than cheering, though as yet we lack the means of substantiating proof. To this principle of faith in our social destiny we must hold fast, or farewell to patience, hope, and cheerfulness on this as on every other score; the elastic spring of our existence is nothing else than confidence in an over-ruling and all-directing eye, and social or political economy becomes hopeless, shallow, and aimless delusion, unless we believe the career of nations to be under a guiding guardianship invariably directed to a definite, steady, and beneficent purpose; and this, like every other axiom of wisdom, abstract or practical, is more nobly and comprehensively announced in holy writ than elsewhere:—"When thou beholdest oppression or violence in a Province, marvel not at the matter, for He that is higher than the highest regardeth and there be higher than they." Words, these of weight and import that can never, one would think, be too well remembered or too deeply pondered, as a soothing, elevating, and purifying truth meant and calculated to allay the captious puny spirit of party strife, with which, on all debateable questions of religion, ethics, and polity, we mutually embitter, hinder, and exasperate each other. Let us but keep in mind the presence of the great looker on in the world's game, and we may play our part more decorously and not less efficiently. If HE can tolerate poor Man's fantastic tricks as having their law and time and purpose, it may surely calm the fiery aspiring spirit of the eagerest among us who would fain run full-tilt in fierce crusading mood against the power of what he deems the pride and prejudice, the ignorance and obstinacy of the world:—

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,—  
The law's delay,—  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

So whether partisans of the Past or the Future, whether lingering in the worn and well-known tracks of Conservatism, or pushing on for the adventurous and exciting paths of Progress, let us, kindred Readers and Writers of the "Anglo-Saxon," begin by self-controul and self-denial as our peace offering and pledge in the bond of Brotherhood, keeping a watchful check upon our foolish factions, jealousies, and antipathies, and while doing our own work and saying our own say, in singleness of purpose, with all zeal and hope for the common cause, let us leave the result in fearless faith to Him who we may rest assured employs means measured to the end, and then differ as we may and happen what will, in patience and fortitude possess we our souls.

## SIC-DONEC.

"To every thing," says the wise man, "there is a season, and a time to every purpose under Heaven." Now it would seem that the social history of former ages, and even the recollections of our own day, afford no result more instructive and consoling in the midst of individual struggles, discouragements, and disappointments, than the clear and ample illustration of this ultimately well-devised mutually-adapted fitness of times and seasons to men and measures.

*Sic Donec* may pass for the device of history as well as the legend of a noble house, and the only safe law of progression for every body, purpose, and thing under Heaven, each and all biding their time and turn. "Thus till then," and then, but not till then, no longer thus; the change coming surely with the need, the hour, and the men, coming too at the same mandate, whether we, in our capricious whim, hail it as from Heaven or denounce it as from Hell,—alas! what murkier Hell shall we seek than that of our own gloomy heart, when denouncing, distrusting, or opposing the course of the all-controlling wisdom whose seasons and purposes in their sequence no man knoweth or can know by "private interpretation," known and declared as they are by the issue and event alone. Let each of us through the voyage of life steer his own little bark by the stars of Heaven, trimming his own sail watchfully, and pulling his own oar vigorously, and he may whistle down the wind all fear and doubt of the drift of the strong calm under-current on which the world and its fortunes float.

To many among ourselves for example, eager, zealous, and sensitive of temperament, how slow, circuitous, and zig-zag seems the march of social improvement even in this boasted æra of the nineteenth century, how apt do we feel for throwing up the cards as in a hopeless game, with a groaning conclusion that "man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward," forgetful or doubtful of our glorious *second* birth and *second* mission, summoned to be "per-

“fect even as God is perfect,” doing His will on earth even as done in heaven, hailing the meanest beggar and the miserablest sinner as our suffering and benighted brother, vindicating his rights and reclaiming his faults as we would our own, doing as we would be done by, meting as we would be measured to, showing expansive and reflective self-love in the noble love of our neighbour, proving our love for the Creator whom we have not seen, by that of his Creature our Brother whom we have, and thereby proving ourselves, according to our God-given code, not liars but true men.

Keeping these unerring principles steadily in view, we may open our eyes and senses to the worst realities of life, not only without discouragement, but even with additional determination to do what is given us to do in the great work of our own regeneration, well assured that the means given are sufficient for the end appointed.

If, under the too strong impression of actual visible misery about us, we would turn for some reinforcement of hope to the lessons taught by history, or the notes gleaned in travel, we should perhaps find materials of comfort in proportion to our acquired data of comparison; would we judge of our own time, we must compare it with other times, of our own country, we must compare it with other countries, we may then form a conclusion as to which way we are tending and as to what rank we are holding. It is worse than useless to set up some ideal absolute standard of our own, and then sit down to weep and whine, or stand up to roar and ramp, because forsooth we cannot make things actual look like things imaginary, things that are like things that might be, and if as they should be, as they certainly in good time will be.

Look where we may, in city, town, village, or afield, we assuredly find enough of human folly, sorrow, sin, and suffering, to check the pride of premature triumph, to rouse the dull slumbers of apathy, to stir the sleek sides of selfishness, to melt the warm heart of sympathy, and even kindle the hot blaze of indignation; but we cling to the conclusion as imperative and religious, that no where and never under any aspect or condition yet realised, and least of all in the age in which our lot is cast, do we meet with any sign, token, or symptom in our lengthening career that should shake our strong base of faith or bend our elastic spring of hope in the creed that we are gradually verging towards the consummation of God's beneficent will on earth, as we believe it to be already fulfilled in spheres of an older and higher order in the viewless regions of space which we call heaven.

When growing impatient to hurry through the chapter of changes faster than seems fit to the commissioned angel that turns the pages of the Book of Life, we may calm our feverish mood by looking back to history, even of the latest, and marking how in recent days, which we are inclined to think the old days of our grandam earth, have been accomplished what might well seem to us the most essential and elementary conditions of its primary existence as a

sphere of action for a homogeneous and dominant race; we say advisedly might *well* seem, for from this and similar seeming, we are not far from the conviction that our planet, so far from being in its old age, has as yet hardly reached the term of adolescence, that the few thousands of years we laboriously and doubtfully reckon as approaching the allotted span of our glorious globe, form indeed but an evanescent fraction of its lease in the eyes of Him to whom a thousand years are but as a day.

Let us remember, for example, that less than four centuries have rolled, since the discovery of America, and yet what should we think of the world now without America! Why, it would be but half a world, an odd-shaped, unbalanced, ill-imagined hemi-sphere,—and we Anglo-Saxons, above all, with our present world-wide moral supremacy and steam-power ubiquity, we of the old stock-and-block, should be cut down at one fell swoop to half the growth, and spread, and strength of our blood and bone, our laws and language, our lives and liberties, in short, to half the kindred souls and bodies that now in mutual love and pride, as mother and mother's sons, hail and cheer each other across the sympathetic waves of the broad Atlantic, to keep the faith, run the race, and fight the fight.

How strange may it seem to us, knowing the relations now existing between our own islands and those vast continents, that they should, for ages and ages, have confronted each other so mysteriously and unconsciously, across that wild and pathless ocean, now furrowed at all seasons, and in all directions, by our roaring and hissing Leviathans of the deep, fraught with the wealth, the tidings, and the affections of kindred and sympathetic, but emulous and rival millions. Yes! strange it seems to us that so many thousand years should have passed before one half of the world became conscious of the other's existence; and perhaps, stranger still, that the destined discoverer should up to the very day of the discovery, have been scorned, rebuffed, and hated, as a dangerous and impious enthusiast; but though it seem strange, since we now know and see the issue, which of us is not ready to acknowledge that America remained undiscovered till the fifteenth century, because till the fifteenth century the world was not ripe or ready for the change, and, therefore, that the prejudice, the apathy, the ignorance, and the bigotry that opposed its premature fulfilment, were doing good service and furthering the appointed end in awaiting the appointed hour? the hour came, and with it the man, and then in the teeth of scorn, rebuff, and hatred,—of prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, did Columbus cross the Western Ocean, and the cry of "Land!" announce to each half the world the existence of another, as the helpmate meet and fit, reserved for the mature season, then and not till then, when the hour ordained had struck upon the listening ear of Time!

Who does not know and love, for the sake of the same moral, the dungeon story of the "Starry Galileo," in danger, a century later than Columbus, of

racked limbs, for reading at length aright the Heaven's declaration of the glory of God! but then and not till then, in spite of priest and prejudice, fire and faggot, was their voice heard and understood to our wondering globe, pealing thenceforth louder and wider to the news, for the hour and the man had come, and he knew it, as he stamped indignantly his signed denial upon the revolving Earth, to the words, " Yet, yet it moves."

We avoid risking the patience of our benevolent reader, by dwelling much longer on this text, as illustrated and exemplified in all the leading epochs of our ever-changing history; as of Columbus with his New World, and Galileo with his new Heavens, so also of Saxon Guttenberg with his new types, and Saxon Luther with his new Church,—think only of what Printing has done, is doing, and will do in the education of the fast-developing family of Man,—how prejudice, ignorance, and bigotry, are beginning in all lands to skulk, and shirk, and wink, and blink, like startled owls, before this dawning daylight of popular knowledge, flung abroad by the mighty and ever-multiplying mechanism, that

" Speeds the clear intercourse of soul with soul,  
And spreads a thought from Indus to the Pole."

It is almost amusing, as well as edifying, to imagine and picture to ourselves what we should do, and how we should get on,—or, rather, how we should not do, and how we should not get on, if all the multifarious and important speculations, calculations, and lucubrations, (to say nothing of the *ruminations* and hallucinations that might well be spared,) but if all the really important MSS. that now issue from the London press in good, clear, clean, legible type, were suddenly to reduce their gigantic proportions to the capabilities of a respectable body of scribes, irreverently called quill-drivers, sitting on tall stools, to the number of twice ten thousand, twelve hours per diem, scribbling and driving for life, in the Strand, Fleet Street, and elsewhere. We opine that, taking the daily typography of *The Times*, as a sample of the quantity, and our own ANGLO-SAXON as an illustration of the quality, suited to the demand of modern readers, our supposed indefatigable and innumerable chirographers would quickly be overwhelmed, and forced to seek refuge from the literary storm of the Strand or Fleet Street, in the Johnsonian precincts of Bolt Court. The eclipse of another subordinate, but correlative discovery, derived in earlier times from Arabia, would materially conduce to the *sauf-qui-peut* of the scribes; we mean the re-establishment of the good old Roman numeral *letters*, in lieu of the oriental cyphers or digits; the compilation and publication in this guise of the *Nautical Almanac*, with its lunar distances for the year MDCCCXLVIII. would, we suppose, be as little desired by the illustrious authorities of Greenwich, as by their respectable and industrious amanuenses. *Writing* out the volume of Napier's Logarithms, would we

suppose make the courage ooze from most men's finger ends ; and the task of adapting the Arabic to Roman numerals would probably have caused a headache to the indomitable calculating cranium of Mr. Abraham Sharpe himself, who spent twenty-five years of his life in raising a given number to the required power.

In this Chapter *Sic-Donec*, we say nothing of the illustration of its principle, as evinced in the religious history of Luther and the Reformation. Such a topic would need elbow room, and though we are very far from thinking that a religious tone should be monopolised by Ecclesiastical topics, or confined to ecclesiastical times and places, yet our Church is too weighty and momentous a subject to be lightly introduced as "*Luna inter minora Sidera.*" Sufficient for us, at present, to remember that many a gallant soldier, in the forlorn hope of the army of martyrs, perished in the jaws and fangs of the dragon persecution, before those fell jaws could be muzzled, and those sharp fangs cut at the given hour and by the right man. Well did the old mythology allegorise their garden of Hesperides, with its golden fruit and fiercely-watching dragon, and well is it for the world that any monster, however fierce, should guard the fruit of the tree of knowledge from being gathered as unripe apples of discord, and flung before their time to an unready world of ignorance and superstition. Yet for ever honoured be the memory of the heroic Jerome and Huss, with a host of others, who died in vainly grasping at what Luther clutched and lived ; they lived and died manfully—Waldenses, Lollards, and the rest, for the true cause in the service of One whom none can living or dying serve in vain.

Before changing our capitular superscription, let us only recall the examination of George Stephenson before a Committee of the Commons, and remember the mingled astonishment, incredulity, and contempt, with which the House and the country received his assertion of the feasibility of accomplishing not *fifty*, as in his own mind he longed to say, but *fifteen* miles an hour ; yet what mattered prejudice, incredulity, or contempt ; they had had their day, and done their worst ; and could point in justification to the best net work of national roads, and best system of national locomotion that the world had as yet seen or dreamt of ; but the day of change had arrived, the right hour, and the required man, and here we are as he proposed and promised, careering North and South, and East and West, through the iron-laced land, outstripping the eagle's wing in a flight almost as smooth as his own, and witnessing the achievement of perhaps the most gigantic and efficient material means for social advancement, physical and moral, that it has hitherto pleased Providence to entrust mankind withal.

We who are now scribbling with a purpose which the reader may think somewhat indefinite, but which has a steady drift in our own mind if we can but follow it, we remember to have heard a high scientific authority publicly deride and almost scout the notion of steam-ships traversing the wide

Atlantic: impossibility of water, impossibility of fire, impossibility of fuel, impossibility of wood and iron, sheer impossibilities above, below, before, and behind, and yet in the reiterated teeth of "*ce bête de mot*," as the fiery Mirabeau called it, do monster steamers plough the billows of that ocean that divides us from millions of our kith and kin, with as much regularity, speed, and safety, and as little wonderment to the lieges, as a few years since, to the delight of our boyhood, the red and royal four-horse mails trotted gallantly to bugle-note at 8 P.M., through the assembled crowd at the wide-flung gates of the General Post Office.

These are days in which we certainly may be said to move fast and live fast, crowding as much variety of phase into ten years, as would have sufficed our forefathers for as many centuries, not that we are necessarily better or happier, or even wiser, individually, but that our social epoch has lately "gone ahead" at a pace that may be called miraculous, and *nolens volens* carries us all with it. Why! we (we love the majesty of the plural number) we now writing with perhaps the hallucination of writing to be read, we who can yet count by years to the completion of our eighth lustrum, we remember the first general introduction of the "new fangled" system of gas-lamps in the city and suburbs of London, the fearful and imminent anticipated dangers of contingent burnings, burstings, and blowings-up, and yet how it flew in flashing radiance from street to street, and square to square, and house to house, when the time had come; and what should we think now of a return to the rows of little yellow dots of dim-ignited post-suspended cotton-wicks, which paled their ineffectual sparks before the magic-gushing blaze of aerial fire that now flashes in dazzling double lines from ten thousand shafts of flame-tipped iron, at the waving wand of this new enchanter?—and yet, even here, in the cause of gas *versus* cotton-wick, the verdict for nocturnal light rather than darkness-visible, is not *nem. con* among us. Much may be said for darkness by those who love it and live by it: "What do I honestly think of gas?" said a poor half-ruined pilferer of pockets, "Why, Sir, I candidly consider it almost as bad as daylight!"

But what do we with our *Sic-Donc* Philosophy gather from all these and more than these physical miracles of human science, or rather, these physical revelations of providential means tending to the peace, progress, union, fellowship, and brotherhood of all the families that constitute the human race? Why we would propound, as preliminary to our conclusion, that the stupid prejudices which in the above examples move our pity or indignation, may be, after all, of great use as conservative social instincts, binding men together into strong compact bundles of fragile separate sticks; bundles known under different names, such as Nation, Sect, Tribe, City, Craft, Clan, or Club, and that such conglomerations, however rude or temporary, are good while they last, and that they ought to last till superseded by combinations pre-eminently better, but by no other, no changing for changing sake; and that against such futile changes

these prejudices are the warrant and guarantee; strong enough to answer their purpose, but no stronger, always giving way when forced to give way by the required force, and at the right time, as we have seen exemplified in the physical changes already mentioned, and as may be recognised also in the succession of the extended social phases of humanity, distinguished by the epithets, Adamite, Patriarchal, Savage, Barbarous, Feudal, and Civilised, the series to be continued, doubtless, by a prolonged Nomenclatura, only not yet in *esse*, because not yet in *posse*. In this sense, then, and to this extent, the spirit of conservative prejudice may be held as essential to and co-ordinate with progressive liberality, the two joined together by banns of marriage, and not to be put asunder; linked by Nature's law, and illustrated thus—*Sic-Donc*.—From all which we gather, or at least grasp at, a conclusion which we trust is neither far-fetched nor little worth; a lesson of cheerful faith and patience to eager and irritable spirits, spurning the past, and straining towards the future, like greyhounds in the slip, fretting, repining, and chafing at the hopeless inveteracy of prejudice, the mulish obstinacy of ignorance, and the unconquerable power of evil,—a lesson, too, of timely instruction, expansion, and elevation to valuable minds of another bias, casting a longing, lingering look of affection to the past, distrusting and disclaiming the future inheritance of their race, "*pavidi futuri*," inert to move, unapt to change, and, like the "grave and reverend seniors" of the poet—" *laudatores temporis acti, se pueris*."

This surely is a moral worth deriving from the succession of stupendous physical achievements that have graced the annals of modern history, advancing, it would seem, at a rate of geometrical progression, with the names and deeds transcendently distinguished of our own countrymen and our own kindred beyond the seas, with whom, yet a little while and despite the seas, we may whisper to and fro on lightning-wires the *pros* and *cons* of world-wide questions of mutual welfare, breathed in English words and by English lips of life, flashing with the speed and warmth of English thought, through the slimy deep of the wild wide waste of waters! Nor do we adduce in evidence of social vitality the changes and improvements in *physical* rather than *moral* and ethical science, because we think the former more important or momentous than the latter, but because, being more palpable and tangible, they present themselves as the readiest, most patent, and striking evidence of the conclusion aimed at. Every one of us in these days can judge for himself, on his own experience, of the nature and value of powder, printing, magnetism, steam, gas, and galvanism, and every schoolboy may, if he will, become better versed in the terrestrial and celestial nature of the planet on which he lives and grows, and the system of concentric worlds to which it belongs, and other ineffable siderial systems to which our whole cosmogony is as a grain of sand, better versed we say, as far as the simple truth of the result, than were all the philosophers of the sixteenth



century, armed with the powers of genius, and furnished with the accumulated science of their predecessors. The evidence then of past and the pledge of future progress appears thus far to be irrefragable, and the rest might be left to analogy. But let us look for a moment, and we may perhaps see enough to satisfy the sceptic, taking a sweeping glance of the moral and social horizon of humanity. We have no difficulty in at once bracketting as cast off abominations of former times, a double column of ancient national offences against justice, mercy, and truth, and to expose them the better as condemned handcuffed felons, we shall turn them out of our text and draw them up thus in convict squad:—

- |                         |                            |
|-------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Cannibalism.         | 7. Burning of Witches.     |
| 2. Slavery.             | 8. Question by Torture.    |
| 3. Polygamy.            | 9. Penal Death by Torture. |
| 4. Exposure of Infants. | 10. Religious Persecution. |
| 5. Gladiatorial Shows.  | 11. Penal Death for Theft. |
| 6. Ordeal Trials.       | 12. Legalised Monopolies.  |

There they stand, a sad set to associate with, but gratifying to behold in array as evidence of good riddance of bad rubbish, and the number might perhaps be increased without injustice to the proscribed, and with considerable advantage to society. However of that the future is judge, and will assuredly sit in judgment. Sufficient for us at present the cheering evidence that we are travelling onward in the right direction, physical and moral, and therefore religious, towards what we may well trust is destined eventually to be a development of the new and promised earth, “when the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall be the serpent’s meat.” “When violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction within its borders; but when we shall call our walls salvation and our gates praise.” But be it as it may, now, till then, and then, let our philosophy be *Sic-Donec*, and our religion *Fiat Voluntas*.

#### SOCIAL SCIENCE *versus* POLITICAL ECONOMY.

While travelling round about from Amsterdam to Gibraltar during this last *annus mirabilis* of political convulsion, we have been naturally led to speculate upon the causes and the nature of the subterranean force that has been of late shaking, heaving, and upturning, the foundations of all the thrones, powers, and principalities of continental Europe. No sooner has France led the way in changing her newly chosen dynasty, and tearing her newly-acquired charter, than the surface of half the civilised world is strewn with overturned

thrones, wrested sceptres and cast off crowns—expulsions, flights, abdications, and humiliations, Papal, Imperial, Royal, and Ministerial, follow so fast and furious that we want a new monthly edition of the Almanac *pour nous orienter* as to the political and diplomatic whereabouts. And now that the storm has lulled at least for a breathing space, now that the French Republic proves of a peaceful temperament, politely acknowledged and tolerated abroad, strongly gagged and fettered at home, now that his Holiness the Pope has resumed St. Peter's chair, aided by the persuasive bayonets of most Christian allies; now that a new Emperor, without Metternich, sits on the throne of Austrian Cæsars, settling family quarrels with the help of two hundred thousand Cossacks; now that the King of Prussia, once more safe at Berlin, has lent his cousin of Baden the military means of convincing the Baden people and the Baden army, that they had better take him back again as the less of two evils; now that Bavaria is tranquillized and Lola Montes married, Hungary conquered, Lombardy put down, Sicily bombarded, and Venice crushed; now that summary martial law has hanged or shot the noisiest and most troublesome of deputies, doctors, priests, professors, students, soldiers, and peasants, all wonderfully of one accord at Vienna, Berlin, Pesth, Baden, and elsewhere, in the thought and death-cry, "*sterben für die Freiheit*," now that all this and more than this has been done, and we are comparatively quiet, the question occurs—What next? Are things to travel the same road and arrive again at the same goal, only through bitterer tears, deeper blood, and fiercer flames, or is another track to be tried in hope of a better and safer issue for contending parties? and if so which, what, when, and whither? But first let us lay down, as a preliminary and consolatory truth, that the dangerous elements of revolution, rebellion, and insurrection, are by no means safe or pleasant things to meddle with; that the natural inclinations of mankind are by no means in that direction, that it requires nothing less than a course of long-continued and intense suffering, humiliation, and exasperation, to induce deputies, doctors, priests, professors, students, soldiers, and peasants, to leave their homes, families, and interests, their professions, trades, callings, and crafts, to clutch the unaccustomed musket and bayonet, and fight with mercenary disciplined troops trained at sixpence a day, to shoot and stab as their natural and lawful vocation, no pleasant foes to fight with at any time, still less with the contingent reversion of a rebel's halter in the event of escaping the soldier's ball of lead or stab of steel. This condition of affairs is, at any rate, so far satisfactory on our side the question, that we may at least feel tolerably safe on the score of social convulsions lightly incurred in mere animal effervescence or *gaité de cœur*, resting well assured that the hideous and awful conflict of civil war requires causes and reasons of suffering, oppression, and exasperation, at least adequate to balance a sure result of extreme pain, peril, and privation, and the probable consummation of perpetual exile, or a felon's death.

But if these causes of civil strife be so weighty and grievous, surely they ought to be seen and known, and therefore checked, before reaching such fearful and perilous proportions, and by whom so well seen, known, and controlled, as by those with whom resides the delegated vigilance, authority, and administration of the community, to wit—the Statesmen of the day !

It would seem so in theory, but in practice the events of the last year alone would indicate a flaw in the conclusion ; let us see what clue can be found to this anomaly of the ignorance of able and influential men on subjects as to which one would think them of all others the most conversant, both from facilities of high position, and in the discharge of paramount duty. As a matter of fact, it is clear the continental statesmen have all within a year been taken grossly and egregiously by surprise, knowing nothing, fearing nothing, and believing nothing of trains, mines, and magazines of popular wrath, discontent, and combination, which were silently and surely preparing under their very feet to blow them into infinite space ; so far from looking into hidden causes, they could not even see tangible results, but they were soon fated to feel them. In France, for instance, it is historically certain that up to the morning of the 24th of February, 1848, neither the King Louis Philippe, nor his minister, Guizot, nor the leaders of opposition, Thiers, Barrot, or Mauguin, ever thought of Socialism and Communism as anything but contemptible chimeras floating in the morbid brains of moon-struck dreamers, or raving demagogues. But what was the result, the ignominious and instantaneous downfall and flight of the king, his family, and dynasty for ever ; the disguised *sauf-qui-peut* of the ministry, happy to escape with life, the setting aside indignantly and repeatedly of all sections of political or constitutional opposition, and the instalment, ratified by an overwhelming majority of the nation,—of a Provisional Republican Government, of which nearly every member was more or less a known representative of actual rampant hydra-headed million-armed Socialism, whose very existence had hitherto been doubted by those now too happy to sacrifice all else, and find themselves in bodily safety as refugees on a foreign shore. As in France, so in Austria, Prussia, Italy, and the smaller German States, nothing but surprise, dismay, confusion, overthrow, and flight of established authorities, in presence of those new and portentous spirits, summoned suddenly from the vasty deep. Surely this is no common matter of astonishment and inquiry, and no slight ground for misgiving as to the foresight of that political wisdom or experience which holds the state-helm in the great communities of the civilised world. If a railway train runs off the line, with injury and loss of life to a score of passengers, we hold an inquest, strictly investigating the conduct and skill of all the officials concerned, and with good reason ; but what is the amount of suffering and loss in this case, compared with that involved in the convulsions of insurrection and social conflict ?—the causes, however, are likely to be similar in both catastrophes,

and public opinion at once questions the efficiency, experience, or vigilance, of the established and responsible administration.

But suppose the inquest held, and the verdict given against the Metternichs and Guizots of the day, in what are we, the popular mass, benefited by their condemnation,—can *damages* be awarded for the horrid pell-mell in which our lives, interests, and affections, have been sacrificed? Oh, no! the verdict matters little to us, and might as well be a mealy-mouthed declaration “that not the slightest blame attaches to anybody.”

“ Quidquid delirant duces plectantur Achivi.”

But it *does* matter to us all, as a question of intense interest, to inquire whether we are to expect a recurrence of these calamities, as natural and inevitable earthquakes; or whether we may regard them in the light of visitations that human science may controul and conjure, as we do agues and fevers, by draining and ventilation, though our ancestors were content to accept them as “the inscrutable Will of God.”

We in England, more it may seem by mercy than by merit, have hitherto escaped the blood-quenched fires of revolution, and scarcely realise in our minds the actual suffering and misery, bodily and mental, caused to myriads of people by the events of which we quietly skim the account in our morning paper. But we may lull ourselves, on the strength of this exemption, into a very dangerous and deceptive sense of security; we should do better to look to our own roof when our neighbour's house is on fire—

“ Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.”

In the body politic, as in the body natural, there are various diseases and various symptoms, the inflammatory are more striking and startling; but the physician watches not less anxiously the slow and insidious approaches of consumption or decline.

On the continent, at the present epoch of crisis and transition, the attention of thinking men is much more engaged on questions of national or social interests, as eminently practical things, than with us; with whom all *abstract* matters, as we oddly call them, merge in the consideration and preparation for fighting two great battles, and if possible achieving two great yearly victories, under the auspices of our Lady and St. Michael, to say nothing of weekly skirmishes on Saturday night; and though they may sometimes sufficiently harass too many of the Queen's lieges, it is well to be thankful that we have as yet no worse conflict to confront than the battle of the bills.

The prevailing and growing impression of reflective men, out of the mere red-tape routine, in France, Germany, and Spain, seems to be, that Political Economy of the old stamp has had its day, and must give way like other old

things to new. While the gigantic advances in physical discovery during late years must not be allowed to outstrip the growth of a system of scientific combination, as the machinery for employing and regulating these means to the result of the general good; the advent of some such system, whencesoever forthcoming, is now looked for under the name of *Social Science*, not only as a desirable but as a probable and even necessary consequence of the position we have now gained, and the age we have now reached in this planetary life. Among all classes of the community, civil, military, educational, and ecclesiastical, this idea prevails and pervades, more or less, in spite of every effort on the part of governmental authorities to talk it down, write it down, and put it down, especially among the rising generation of colleges and advanced schools. In France, large sums of money have been subscribed under the auspices of the highest and richest individuals, for writing, publishing, and distributing, at nominal prices, an immense mass of pamphlets "to counteract the poison of socialism;" but the attempt is an acknowledged failure, they are either not read or produce no effect against the *Association* doctrines, domestic, agricultural, and industrial, of Fourier, or others of a very different, less philosophical, and really dangerous tendency for vested interests. Throughout France, Germany, and even smuggled into Spain, we found this "poison" fermenting without its antidote, and unless causes shall cease to produce effects, we, even of the present generation, may look to reap a large crop from plentifully scattered seed, though it should prove no better harvest than the whirlwind.

A distinguished modern historian, who takes an optimist view of the present condition of *all* classes in our own country, has a passage as follows, while writing of the progress of physical science in the time of Charles the Second:—

"The spirit of Francis Bacon was abroad, a spirit admirably compounded of audacity and sobriety. There was a strong persuasion that the whole world was full of secrets of high moment to the happiness of man, and that man had by his Maker, been intrusted with the key which, rightly used, would give access to them." Now this persuasion, not as touching physical science, which may be said to have already ripened into certainty, but as touching social science, which is as yet wrapped in the obscurity of the unknown, this persuasion we believe to be widely and deeply gaining possession of the popular mind among the tempest-tossed communities of the continent. A growing conviction prevails that the highest and best gifted creature upon earth, is not destined by his Maker to remain in large proportion destitute of or deficient in the first and simplest requirements of animal existence, the feeding, clothing, and lodging of that body which is the casket of an inappreciable gem, an immortal spirit. That though bodily labour be the natural, healthy, and indispensable condition of bodily sustenance, yet that it is in no case intended to be insufficient for the purpose, nor moreover of a kind and

degree so exclusive, exhausting, and incessant, as to leave torpid, stifled, or latent those intellectual and sensitive faculties that mark us as beings of an aspiring, progressive, and divine stamp. They remark that the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, with the innumerable insects of earth, air, and water, are always comfortably, and appropriately, and often even resplendently clothed, that they are never left without a congenial home where to lay their head, whether cavern, lair, nest, shell, or the beautiful combinations of scientific architecture, which seem offered as examples for our instruction by the ingenuity of the inferior social communities; they would maintain, again, that, in the daily labour of finding food for themselves and their families, these small citizens are not only not tasked beyond their strength or resources, but are moreover influenced and supported to all appearance by a kindly and gracious *attraction* for the work, as we see it so beautifully exemplified in the bee humming his song of happiness while lading himself with rich store from the sunny chalice of his lovely and perfumed flower.

Now, certainly, unless we are prepared to sit down in our own easy chairs, with the very unchristian conclusion that clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and taking in the houseless, are matters unworthy of Divine cognizance, or human exertion; unless we do this in the very teeth of the only earthly example of divine and human agency blended into one, we must acknowledge that the complaint of the multitudinous poor of civilised societies is not unfounded, nor their cry for redress unnatural. They have been taught from higher authority than that of human assumption, that their privations and sufferings are deemed worthy of infinite regard and interposition, that the very badge of recognition, as professors of our faith, is this very sympathy and energy, not in mere saying and wishing, but absolutely in furthering and fostering the bodily as well as spiritual interests of those that appear for a time the meanest of the mass, though we know not how soon the last may be first. And let us remember that, if they, the poor, are taught by the same Teacher come from Heaven, to oppose patience and long suffering to misery and oppression, yet *we* who are not poor, or only comparatively and conventionally so, are even more solemnly warned of an imperative and indispensable duty to be fulfilled in their behalf, without which all believing and preaching ever believed and preached, though backed with signs and wonders to boot, are no more germane to the purpose than the tinkle of brass or the sound of a cymbal.

In the midst of these fermenting elements of present disquietude, but doubtless eventual advantage, comes up once more to our notice the name of a potent enchanter in the mystic maze, of which the plan is as yet unseen, the name of *Fourier*, whose spirit is now working as that of Francis Bacon once worked, a spirit it may be safely asserted not less admirably compounded than his in audacity of conception and sobriety of calculation, possessed with the persuasion that animated his predecessors in physical philosophy—"that the

“ world contains secrets of high moment to the happiness of man, and that  
“ man is by his Maker intrusted with the key, which, rightly used, will give  
“ access to them.”

How far this idea may be founded on any basis more solid than delusion, or how far it is reconcilable with doctrines whose foundation rests, not upon delusion, but the rock of Truth, we are not at present going to inquire, far less going to assert. All we believe is, that those who are entrusted with the welfare of nations, are bound to examine a theory professing elaborate scientific data, proposing to conciliate all interests, and abiding the issue of practical and feasible experiment.

Fourier's leading principle, the key-stone of an arch at least magnificent in plan and elevation, namely—that “ our attractions are proportioned and “ adapted to our destinies,” was at least true once,—true before the happy balance of a creation, pronounced by its Author “ very good,” had been disturbed and destroyed by that influence of evil, which for an inscrutable purpose was active in the Universe long before it pleased the Creator to breathe into the nostrils of the first man the breath of life, and Adam became a living soul. Whether it may be compatible with the will and way of Providence to restore this balance during the present or forthcoming social phases of our planet, we know not; but we know not, either, of any infallible Rabbi who is qualified to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, a categorical negative as to any means by which the will of Heaven may be hereafter done on earth, as it has already been done once, and as we are taught to believe and pray, will, in some form and season, be done again.

It would not be here the time or place to enter into any consideration of transcendental Theology; but a *caveat* may fairly be put in as to any summary conclusion against new views and interpretations merely as such, seeing that all such conclusions of unreasoning dogmatism are ill fitted to deal with even erring genius, or to reclaim cloudy enthusiasm. How many zealous and conscientious Christians, from the Apostolic days downwards, have fully expected, from Scriptural interpretation, the approaching conflagration or destruction of the world; yet the event has proved their interpretation erroneous: the Globe on which we live still turns on its axis, and sweeps through its orbit as heretofore, and judging from the aspect and progress of human affairs, it is likely to be yet far from the consummation of its career. Who can look at the vast Steppes of Asia, the Prairies of America, and the Deserts of Africa, scarcely yet trodden by the foot of man, without feeling almost assured that much remains for mankind to accomplish before this terrestrial sphere of ours shall undergo any astral change at the hands of its Maker? Who can consider the gigantic strides of physical discovery in these latter days, the introduction of steam machinery as applicable to manufacture, navigation, and railways, with the almost annihilation of time and space in

reference to the electric intercommunication of our species, without believing that these revelations of heretofore hidden powers are to be the Providential agents for bringing the human race into a condition of homogeneous unity, which would appear even to our short-sighted vision the true and appointed means for the development of the vast *latent* powers of the great family of man, which hitherto seem so mysteriously to be born with multitudes, only to exist, to slumber, and to die, in cold and unblessed obstruction? As we have been, then, so often wrong in our attempts at reading and anticipating the over-ruling decrees of Infinite Wisdom, it may well teach us diffidence in fore-gone conclusions, and the expediency of *trying* the potent spirits of the day whence they come and whither they tend; the issue will alone decide the solidity or fallacy of all theories and speculations as to human improvement and advancement, and a less satanic and sarcastic dæmon than the famulus of Faust might tell their authors and projectors in no unfriendly tone—

"Ihr durchstudirt die gross' und kleine Welt,  
Um es am Ende gehn zu lassen  
Wie's Gott gefällt."

Towards one conclusion then at least men's minds on the continent of Europe are fast verging, which is, that the old routine of political and diplomatic economy is no longer the thing needful and sufficient for the age, but that the panacea needed and imperatively called for, must claim and deserve the name of *social science*, directed to the result of developing and bringing to bear all available means for improving the physical, moral, and intellectual condition of the fast-increasing masses of the People. The simple fact of every organised community in Europe being burthened with a large and increasing proportion of their population, who either offer their labour without finding employment, or receive in exchange a price inadequate to the maintenance of mere bodily health and strength, is a complete and irrefutable condemnation of all existing systems, on the score of patent and contemptible inefficiency in the first elements of that social aid, security and guardianship, in return for which individual men give up their natural indefeasible right to maintain, in defiance of all conventional laws, the sacred and divinely-chartered property of a God-given life.

The assertion, that such a condition of burdensome abasement for any fraction of our brotherhood is unavoidable, deserves no notice, being nothing better than a subterfuge of drivelling or dishonest incapacity. *Labour* is the source, and only source of wealth, and there is no man or woman in existence who might not while in health add to the common stock by daily toil three times as much as they individually require for decent and comfortable bodily maintenance. If means be refused for bringing the productive muscular strength of man into profitable contact with the untilled or half-tilled soil, or with any of the multifarious appliances of skilled industry; or if similar opportunity be



denied to the expert untiring fingers of modest and helpless womanhood, we assert that condemnation rests collectively with the ruling classes and administrative powers of society, and should they continue to plead impracticability and impossibility, it might be well for the common-weal that the creative or inventive resources of the *ins* and *outs* were quickened by some more stringent recipe than the monotonous *ôte toi de là que je m'y mette*.

No profound investigation is needed to discover that even among the most advanced nations of civilised life, millions of acres remain untilled, and millions of men half-clothed, half-fed, and half-lodged; while millions of willing and able hands offer in vain their aid to increase the common stock of food, raiment, and shelter. If the science of political economy cannot solve the problem of bringing *this* and *this* together, in pursuance of God's law, which decrees that industry and increase are not to be put asunder, why then, in the name of Heaven, let political economy and political economists take themselves hence, and give place, before worse happen, to better things and better men, to aid the cause of social progress and human happiness.

Far be it from an Anglo-Saxon to undervalue the political right of being taxed with his own consent, and all the contingent and collateral privileges of suffrage, and so forth, we would willingly give our vote for all the five points of Chartism, if we thought the people in a condition to wield the power to their own profit; but while myriads, alas! are left in a state scarcely to know their right hand from their left, their best friends may naturally have misgivings as to any measure entrusting them with the use or abuse of double-edged weapons. What they need first, and what they would ask first, if it pleased God again to open the mouth of the dumb laborious and long-suffering Ass of Scripture, is not political power or privilege, but education and social improvement; then let the rest follow in due time, and for fit use, each man in his rank, free, fearless, and without favour, before a law like that of God, knowing no distinction of persons.

France, as political Coryphæus of the day has taken the lead in the solemn game of Charters and Constitutions, the people are avowedly in possession of sovereignty, secured too in their own keeping by universal suffrage; but what does it profit them as yet, or what prospect is there of the approaching hour? Have they not gained their political majority before arriving at years of discretion?—would it not have been better to wait awhile, had the old governments shown any will or capacity for promoting their practical interests, instead of running a-muck in a public career of selfishness, extravagance, monopoly, and immorality? (See trial of Ministers.) Is not, for instance, our English exemption from the plague and impertinence of passports and *octroi* duties, with our respect for life, as shewn by coroner's inquests, something more to the present purpose, than the declaration to a suffering, half-starved people, that they are their own sovereigns,—“ lords of themselves, that heritage of woe?”

No! No! it is not political power as leading to social improvement, but social improvement as preliminary and preparatory to political power that our people want. The reverse order may be forced on us by necessity, but will always prove a hazardous and doubtful experiment. In the very brightest foci of civilisation, the mother cities of the first nations of the earth, how is the open eye appalled at the apparently overwhelming amount of ignorance, brutality, disease, destitution, and filth! If we look down from the aspiring cross of some proud Christian Cathedral, the sense wanders restless, dissatisfied, offended, and confounded over a confused irreconcilable jumble of a hundred thousand human habitations, crowded in all shapes, angles, and disproportions, that could be contrived or conceived, as unsightly, inconvenient, prejudicial, and poisonous to their occupants, the only discernible trace of system, looking like systematic defiance of the rules of order, beauty, cleanliness, and health, protected by positive enactments of the state interdicting, under pain of fiscal penalty, a sufficient circulation and supply of Heaven's freely-lavished gifts, the thrice-blessed boons of air, and light, and water, among the dingy, cheerless, and squalid dwellings of the all-supporting sons of toil. Gracious powers! might exclaim some benevolent visitor from the planet Jupiter, is this the result of their boasted wealth, genius, science, and philanthropy, such a pitiful ill-looking, ill-smelling, conglomeration of brickbats?—why, if this be their social architecture, let them hide their diminished heads before the weakest and smallest of earth-born creatures endued by their Creator with gregarious instinct, let man go to the beaver, the bee-hive, the ant-hill, or the wasp's nest for lessons of proportion, adaptation, congruity, and comfort. And if the Ouranian visitor were to turn from the man-made city to the glorious sky vault and fresh earth-sward of the God-made country, what would he say or think of our political economy at the sight of ragged and rugged tillers of the soil, standing idle in the midst of undrained, half-reclaimed acres, because no man would hire them to enrich others and sustain themselves with a sweating brow and a bent back!

Let us hasten, however, to a capitular conclusion, as a required breathing place for even the most patient and best-conditioned reader; and by way of giving our well-bred companions something to do more worthy their capacity than passively accepting our lucubrations, we would beg them to tax their own experience and memory, by setting down in their own mind, such measures as may occur to them as plain, practical, and feasible ameliorations in the condition of their multitudinous and least prosperous neighbours; such measures, for instance, as they would advise if summoned to-morrow to advise her gracious Majesty's advisers. We will begin by dotting down briefly as may be, such measures as on the spur occur to ourselves, any one of which we pledge our modesty to back against a fair average specimen of legislation next Session. Now then for

No. 1.—Repeal of the window and malt taxes, both highly injurious to the health, comfort, and morality of the people, making up revenue, if needed, by equivalent annual demands upon accumulated property.

2.—A tax upon spirits up to smuggling point, as a heavy blow and great discouragement to the devil and his doings.

3.—The appointment of well-paid medical or chemical officers to inspect the quality of bread and other primary articles of food, supplied to the public, and with crushing legislative pains upon wholesale poisoners.

4.—Utter abolition of interments within towns, “carrying out” the dead in consonance with the practice of scriptural and classical antiquity, as also the dictates of humanity and decency.

5.—The establishment of numerous Artesian wells in the Metropolis, and other cities, to supply the inhabitants with pure and plentiful water, instead of the strained gruel of offensive filth, factory poisons and hospital poultices supplied from the Thames and elsewhere.

6.—The establishment of parochial or district receiving houses for the dead, where corpses might be duly, *honourably*, and gratuitously tended, to the relief and consolation of many who now keep the half-fermenting remains for several days in the close, confined, single room which lodges the living family.

Seventhly and lastly, to end with a sacred number, which we leave our enlightened reader to double, let us put down the sacred national duty of teaching all classes, irrespective of sectarian opinions, the elementary means of acquiring knowledge and self-respect, by reading and writing; those means which the Will of God has ratified and sanctified as universal, by making them the medium of his revelations, written alike for our learning, whether high or low, gentle or simple, rich or poor.

But go on, dear reader, we stipulate for *fourteen*, real practical legislative enactments, for the comfort and relief of millions, if simple and on the surface so much the better, for we are out-growing Figaro's advice to the politician, “*de s'enfermer pour tailler des plumes, et paraître profonds*,”—bargain for metropolitan drainage, Thames purification, and the abolition of pedestrian tolls, —don't forget, either, to expunge the disgraceful legal commutation of punishment in favour of the rich ruffian who can afford the five-pound luxury of maiming an honest man, or insulting a modest woman. But *halte-là*, we are trenching upon our reader's province, as well as patience, so we make an abrupt full stop, and close our chapter.

#### RELIGIOUS ETHICS.

Under this imposing superscription, we shall venture the remainder of our paper to the practical consideration of some popular views in connection there-

with, though a faithful monitor at our elbow suggests caution in the presence of our respected reader, who may, perchance, think differently from ourselves. But, after all, why should different opinions be embittered by hostility?—how can truth be better elicited than by the collision of opposing convictions, and what higher claim to general esteem can be proffered by the pages of *ANGLO-SAXON*, than that they afford a fair field and no favour, to all and sundry, who may be willing to break a spear, and risk a fall with a bold heart and a good intention. Far be from us the pretension to dogmatize, or the inclination; wherever proved wrong, thrice welcome shall be better instruction; we, moreover, religiously respect even religious scrupulosity, bearing the stamp of sincerity, provided it prove harmless in its practical working; but at the same time, in disclaiming all predilection for the verb *dogmatizo*, in the first person of the active voice, we profess no disposition to submit to the commencement of its conjugation in the passive.

The common misgiving as to the track we enter upon, is founded upon the supposition that it runs through ground that has always proved shaky and unsafe, and not seldom fatal to an adventurous foot,—that the region of religious speculation is a vast mysterious expanse, marked here and there with ominous descriptions, *heretical*, *dogmatical*, *pragmatical*, and the like, equivalent to “moving sands,” “poisonous winds,” “dangerous swamps,” &c., in the Lybian Zahara, “*Leonum arida nutrix*,” which has hitherto, it would seem, been successively braved by enterprising units of civilisation, for little other purpose but to leave their bones bleaching in the wilderness, though we doubt not that the issue will prove their gallant lives to have been expended for a worthy result.

It would certainly tend greatly to the individual safety and comfort of an explorer of the metaphorical wilderness, were he well equipped in a complete suit of those corporate prejudices for which we have already professed our respect, which might entitle him on the eve of setting out to hook on to some goodly caravan of travellers and traders, where the insignificance of his unity might merge in the collective importance of the company; but then, what he would gain in security, he would lose in enterprise,—so, after all, the lack of such livery may be rather desirable, and we shall accordingly sally forth without it.

“Oh, ho! Sir Traveller!” breaks in a lynx-eyed critic, “now we see your drift. We are to play at follow my-leader through this pleasant country you talk of, over hedge and ditch, in chase of soberness and truth, on the promising trail of an unprejudiced guide, and doubtless a modest, in his own opinion. Now, sir, if you are so hopelessly crochetty, as to think yourself without prejudice,—so consummately foolish as to suppose yourself without ignorance, so ridiculously vain as to imagine yourself without vanity, so——” “Now, dear sir,” in his turn, interrupts the author, “pray don’t get

“ excited, above all, to so little purpose, in going across country on a false scent ; let me have my own way for the few pages left ; and then if you will and must quarrel, do, though it were far better to shake hands after a cuff or so with the gloves on.”

The prejudices we were speaking of are *corporate* prejudices, not the stray random, self-willed notions of which your humble servant, gentle reader, pleads guilty to his full allowance ; but such as are compact, consistent, and homogeneous, which, as the world yet goes, are of all things the most likely to make a weak man strong, and a poor man rich, for a time ; it is in a well-conditioned suit of such habiliments, lay or ecclesiastical, that your ruminating acquaintance, courteous reader, expects to be found deficient,—he has tried at times, to don official garments that would qualify the wearer to walk in procession with an important guild or fraternity, to cheer to their cheers, and groan to their groans, but has generally found something too tight in one place, too loose in another, wrinkling, or, as the French tailors say, “ *faisant des grimaces* ” in a third ; so, to satisfy a native love of elbow-room, he is beginning to contemplate the prospect of walking through life in the private insignificance of plain clothes.

Let thus much of egotism, indulgentissime lector, pass unchallenged as introductory and explanatory to what may otherwise strike thee as too self-maintaining in the following pages, under the head of “ Religious Ethics,” a subject the intrinsic dignity of which demands to be guarded and limited by deference to opinion and authority. For the *guarding*, we trust to our genuine respect for all conscientious convictions, as well as distaste for dogmatic self-inflation, and for the *limiting*, it is easily laid down by our profession of faith, as among the zealous and humble disciples of the Church of Pentecost.

One word more, in reference to valuable readers, whom we have as yet done nothing to propitiate, and who are probably far beyond hearing. “ Why, Mr. Ruminator,” may ask some gay young lady, or light-hearted Lothario, “ do you hang out false colours for your tiresome prosy disquisitions, for all the world as bad as sermons, which you ought to have called them ? Can’t you tell us something of bull fights, mantillas, and banditti, as you say you have been in Spain ; which is likely enough, to judge by the *Châteaux en Espagne*, of which you seem to be dreaming or ruminating, as you call it ? ”

Now this would be very fair, and we should at once plead guilty, simply advancing, by way of excuse, that we could not help it ; at home or abroad, a man remains much the same, old thoughts under new skies.

“ Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,”

Which we leave gay Lothario to construe for his fair friend, to whom having tendered our apology, we now promise best amends in the way of moving incidents by field and flood in some future number of the Anglo-Saxon, if we

live and don't change our mind, which latter is unlikely, as on the strength of our resources, amassed between the Texel and Gibraltar, we expect to become popular contributors, beginning with the broad based integuments of those amphibious sons of earth,

"Where the tall ocean leans against the land,"

and ending, if on such a topic it were possible to end, with the bewitching mantilla and restless *abaneco* of "Spain's dark glancing daughters."

But now to graver matters, maintaining always our principle that religious questions are not of an order to be set apart from every other, a notion which usually ends in their being for practical purposes shelved altogether; our belief is, that to a Christian Citizen everything is to be considered under a religious aspect, the actual and the common-place, no less than the mystic and the transcendental, the pleasures and the charms of life, no less than the sins and the sorrows, all times, all thoughts being inalienably sacred to Him whose presence is alike revealed in the beauty of the lily and the melody of the lark, as in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire; though never so deeply to the heart of man, as in the "still small voice" that proclaims neither "lo! here, nor lo! there," but "behold the kingdom of God is within you."

#### SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

In reference to this heading, we have little inclination to quarrel with certain terms of dissent called forth by a section entitled the "Sabbath for Man" in the preceding "Ruminations of Travel," No. II. of the Anglo-Saxon. The measure of disapproval has rather given a raciness to sundry expressions of approbation marked more by the hand of generous liberality than stingy justice, so we only, with humility and deference, beg leave to maintain the ground occupied, till driven out of it *vi et armis*. Meanwhile let no courteous adversary demur at a weak garrison trusting in the strength of solid walls.

In reverence for the first day of the week as one of religious rest for the toiling body, and religious exercise for the torpid spirit, we yield to none, and would rather lose Magna Charta than give up the most glorious and beneficent festival that ever, in brief and blessed recurrence, gladdened the hearts of millions; our only debateable matter is, on what foundation the sanctity of the day rests, and in what manner it should be profitably and appropriately commemorated.

Now, as to days and seasons, it scarcely admits of doubt in the mind of a Christian, that all days of the year are recognised by his faith as intrinsically alike, all equally "Lord's Days," and to be dedicated to his service, according to the divine axiom "*laborare est orare*."

What says the great Apostle of the Gentiles in a tone of reproach to

those that were disposed to hold otherwise? "How turn ye again to beggarly elements—again to be in bondage? ye observe days and months, and times and years, I am afraid for you;" and to another church, "let no man judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of sabbath-days, which are a shadow of things to come;" and still once more, "he that keepeth the day, keepeth it unto the Lord, and he that keepeth not the day, keepeth it not unto the Lord."

Now, it is surely german to the question to remember that this truth is again and again in the strongest language announced to those who were always hankering after a stern gloomy Jewish sabbath, as the means of bringing with it the whole cumbrous, slavish, and class-profitable system of the levitical code, dear to scribes and pharisees, but a yoke grievous to the people, which had been given to their fathers for the hardness of their hearts, but which neither they nor their fathers had been able to bear.

Every reader of sacred writ knows well enough what reception was met with at the hands of the highest and gentlest authority that ever graced the earth, by those who laid special stress upon a morose sabbatical observance, even while its first sanction yet nominally lasted. The only words breathed by the Prince of Peace, less in sorrow than in anger, seem to have been those addressed to zealots of this order with the "*væ vobis*" that still thrills in the ear of Christendom. As to the fact of the original sanction, founded on the first birth of man and the earth's completed creation, it was doubtless of great weight to a small-peculiar people existing by special favour under exceptional conditions as to that alienation from their Maker, entailed upon the rest of the race by the degeneracy of our first parents; but what was it to the rest of the world, what cause had they to celebrate a *birth-day* that had only ushered them into a brief uncertain lease of embittered life, soon lapsing into the awful darkness of inexplicable death? Rather one would think, while left in such doubt and darkness, might they have been tempted like Job to curse the hour, when the first man-child was born into the world. Now let us recollect that we are the descendants and representatives of these same Gentiles or nations, and stand in relation to the Jewish sabbath on just the same ground that they did, except that our position differs in this, that we knew what they did not *viz.*, our new day of a *second* birth, not by the first Adam in whom all died, but by the *second* in whom all are made alive, and thence it is that we celebrate the *first* day of the week as that on which, by the consummated triumph and restoration of the second Adam, we were new born to life and liberty, celebrating it not in obedience to an irksome law, but in voluntary joy of heart; not in severe silence and ascetic privation, but in thankfulness, cheerfulness, sympathy, charity, and brotherly fellowship. If this seem anything strange or new to those who derive their notions in a direct line from the Jews of old, or from authorities nearer home in second-hand adoption, from Oliver Cromwell's

fighting Ironsides, we can only say that it appeared neither new nor strange to the early christians, who carried their idea of *triumphant* observance of the day to such a pitch, that *kneeling* was prohibited in the churches on the great weekly festival, and all devotional exercises were offered to God by man in an exalted posture which raised his head as near to Heaven as his stature permitted. This view of the matter was also strenuously asserted by Luther and the great German and English Reformers of the sixteenth century.

Why the Jewish fourth commandment or indeed the Jewish *ten* at all instead of the Christian *two*, should have been introduced where it is, into our Church Service, we cannot attempt to explain, and we never heard of anybody who could.

As to the other point, "In what religious exercise consists," we still hold, till forced to let go, the belief that it consists not alone in the repetition of oral prayers, and the inculcation of council-compiled creeds, but in everything that tends to raise, purify, gladden, and instruct the mind of man, in reference to the will and way, the mercy and the wisdom, of his Maker; and on this ground it is that we ventured the wish, that the rising generation might live to see the national museums and galleries thrown open for their instruction on the only days in the year which their body-toiling avocations leave to them available; and we see, moreover, no Christian cause why church pulpits themselves should not be made instrumental in the diffusion of *naturally* revealed religious knowledge, as co-ordinate with, though subordinate to, that which is special and supernatural. Man consists of intellectual faculties, as well as bodily limbs, and moral or religious sentiments; the proper balance and development of all these constitute the highest condition of happiness he can reach in this life; neglect or over-task any one of the three systems, and you injure the whole combination. The body may be enfeebled by too little, or worn out by too much exercise,—and so with the intellectual mind and spiritual soul, the latent powers of either may be stifled in their own smouldering smoke, or burnt out in the fierceness of their own consuming flame; and surely we in England find examples enough, in our Sunday-and-Monday experience, metropolitan and other, of intellect from lack of exercise drugged in the pot-house, and religion from excess of excitement burnt out in the conventicle.

Thus much in support of our Sunday heresies in Part II., we trust we may not have made matters worse; we would gladly compound with our respected opponents about museums and so forth: let them be closed by all means during divine service in the morning. We wish to see the Christian festival kept holy and sacred as much as any man; but we think Christian holiness consists in the healthy development of body, spirit, and understanding, with which we believe King James's Royal Sports, and a walk in the British Museum, to be quite as compatible as the legal imbibing of either beer or bigotry on their respective premises.



## FAST DAYS.

Will anybody be obliging enough to lay down an intelligible theory of modern occidental fasting, as illustrated by the presumed voluntary privation of eating, drinking, or sleeping, less than Christian temperance and bodily health may prescribe? We ask this question in real gravity and sobriety, as suggested by large printed placards on the walls, and innumerable "letters" in the *Times*, indicative of the existence of such a theory. Of that unhappy style of fasting, which is not voluntary, but *involuntary*, we need no explanation; it is unluckily a much more common thing than the other, and must be taken as one of the most disagreeable of the million and a half of facts already familiar to the public. But bodily extenuation, as desirable, or beneficial, in our damp Northern climate, is really so adverse to preconceived notions, that it is but fair to seek explanation, before submitting to the experiment. Can there still lurk anywhere, or anyhow, a disposition to establish analogies, and seek parallels, between the "beggarly elements" of ceremonial Judaism and the royal consummation of spiritual Christianity, between Levitical ordinances, "touch not, taste not," and the glorious law of liberty, which teaches us as men putting away childish things, to add to our faith *temperance*, and trouble ourselves with no foolish questions of "meat and drink" for conscience sake!

Strange, that in these days, one should have to deal with an historical anachronism of such inordinate error, and a religious *bathos* of such immeasurable sinking. But stay, it strikes us, even while writing, that we are all wrong, and the very extremity of the dilemma should have warned us at once that it could be only imaginary—yes! yes! there is an explanation and a clue to this our metropolitan fasting, in the year of our Lord 1849, very different in theory from that of expiatory extenuations of the body, or votive shavings of the head. We see it now as a real practical work of manly Christian benevolence and sympathy, which may well speed and prosper. What, indeed, can be better in its way, than that those who have habitual superfluities in this same "meat and drink," should during a season of pressure and pestilence, content themselves with a *little* less than enough in favour and behalf of those who have *much* less; this, no doubt, is the key to the mystery, and nothing could be more satisfactory than a large distribution of good cheer upon the smoking boards of Lambeth, Bermondsey, and Spitalfields, at the expense, for a time, of the tables of Belgravia, Bloomsbury, and Islington. We began by supposing that we had to remonstrate against a deplorable, though perhaps, well-meaning desecration of that "Kingdom of God,"—which is not a matter of "meat and drink," as we are indignantly reminded by an Apostle,—always jealous to watch and vindicate the manliness and

dignity of Christian maturity against any relapse into the *second* childishness of Judaism; the first had been natural and promising, the second could be only drivelling and doting. How glorious the sublime simplicity of the declaration of the once zealous Jew, lately become a divinely enlightened Christian, "when I was a child, I thought as a child, and spake as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

Paul of Tarsus, the Apostle and the light of nations! whether preaching to the wise men of Athens, or fighting with the wild beasts of Ephesus; whether pleading before Agrippa, or appealing unto Cæsar; whether withstanding Peter, or at strife with Barnabas; in all things, and all times,

" A combination and a form  
Where God himself, did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a Man!"

Some things, indeed, in his transcendent letters, "are hard to be understood;" but how little could he, who wrote them, have anticipated that those few things could have been so "wrested to destruction," as they have been, "by the unlearned," and the uninquiring as to the why and where, and when and how, which could alone render intelligible to any succeeding age, a collection of letters written on particular occasions, to especial persons, with limited application and relative bearing: who ever finds practical difficulties and apparent contradictions, in the *Catholic* or Universe-addressed epistles, written by those holding the same commission, and teaching the same doctrines as Paul; who understood and loved him as they alone, perhaps, could understand and love, a nature at once so lofty and so strong, so tender and so true; one who could be alike himself, and himself alone, whether confronting and baffling Festus, by appealing unto Cæsar, or mingling his own tears with those of his brethren in the house of Philip, to the words of upbraiding pathos—"What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?"

It certainly has been, by some one, somewhere whispered, or carried by birds of the air, that enlightened ministers of Christian England have, in the late cholera epidemic, urged on the authority of Paul, and such as Paul, the religious duty of foregoing the law of Christian Temperance—as a means of disarming, what they in figurative language, call "the Wrath of God." But having had no opportunity of judging personally in the matter, we are not obliged to believe it; but suppose, rather, that they would reply in the indignant tone of the great Prophet—"Is it such a fast that I have chosen? that a man should afflict his soul for a day? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sack-cloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?"

Let us stipulate, however, for recollection of a *proviso* in favour of Church-

imposed fasting for the benefit of the ill-fed at the expense of the well-fed ; we think the old Wednesday and Friday arrangements, might be adopted with advantage, from the regions of Belgravia down to those of the humblest mediocrity, in favour of two good dinners weekly to that large class in London, and elsewhere, who never dine at all.

#### HUMILIATION.

So, also, with the kindred measure of *humiliation*, which is usually attached with a hook-and-eye to *fasting* ; it would, doubtless, be conducive to much good, that the habitually exalted should occasionally humble themselves for the benefit of the habitually depressed ; we would go so far, as even to applaud our Metropolitan Sumptuosities, were they, in these cholera days, to consult the Parish doctors for a list of convalescents, to whom air and driving exercise might be advantageous, and forthwith send round their coaches, chariots, britskas, and one horse chaises, with orders to take up, according to the medical index, and make the best of the fine weather in the lovely neighbourhood of the Metropolis ; we see objections to this, but they might be all over-ruled in favour of humiliation. The gentlemen in plush, who open Magnates' doors in fashionable squares, are not the meekest of mankind, and might demur at the idea of mixing with the inferior orders, whether lay or clerical ; but humiliation would be more honoured, were the wishes of their masters made imperative ; then, again, there might be risk of infection to silk linings and soft cushions—an objection not so easily obviated ; so it would do as well for lower Superiorities to job their equipage, and go oftener a-foot, and the money saved, should form a fund for this “ airing ” of the sick, which is a favourite notion of ours, and might thus be made subservient to two good purposes,—“ bringing down the lofty from their seats, and exalting the humble “ and meek.”

But it would seem as if the world needed a new dictionary of definitions for its virtues, ethical and theological, and as if we were always going wide of our mark, for want of knowing thoroughly, what the mark is. This virtue of humiliation, for instance, what vague notions seem to be entertained of it as a religious grace ; how many seem to think that it really does consist in bowing down our head like a bulrush, and grovelling before our Maker as an abject slave before a tyrant despot ; as if, as in the case of the poor fool dressed in a little brief authority, the Spirit whom we should worship in spirit and in truth, needed comparative exaltation by our relative abasement. How different the language and lessons of Christian scripture, urging us to stretch onward and upward, to the prize of the mark of a high calling, to be perfect (in our sphere) even as God is perfect, hailing and cheering us as sons of God, to assert

and vindicate the glorious rank into which we are born again ; this, surely, sounds more like a summons to loftiness, than lowliness ; to draw ourselves up to our full height towards Heaven, rather than stoop and crawl downward and earthward with a whining profession, that our best deeds are " filthy rags," and ourselves no better than good for nothing.

Yet no doubt there is such a Christian virtue as Humiliation in reference both to our Creator and our fellow creatures,—then what is it? Towards our Maker,—the conviction that He is in Heaven, though the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Him, and that we are upon earth, and in Him, and for Him alone live and move, and have our being. Towards our fellow-creatures.—recognizing the lowest and meanest of mankind as our equals, save in such superiority of mind, body, or estate, as argues but an enhanced tenure of responsibility, for the well-being and well-doing of our neighbours and our selves. Beyond these two measures of Humiliation, we doubt if there be any finding source or warrant in the examples or precepts of Christianity.

The idea of propitiating or disarming the Deity in His wrath or fury by prostration, either of body or mind, can be nothing but Judaism of a very early stamp,—the notion of such wrath to be appeased in the Godhead is as little admissible as that of human humiliation for an appeasing agent. Wrath is sure evidence of weakness and disorder, and can be no attribute of a Nature without change, or shadow of turning. The literal acceptance of such oriental terms in Jewish Scripture and language, becomes highly dangerous when used in these days as a foundation for doctrines incompatible with the more advanced revelation of the Divine Nature as one of infinite benevolence and beneficence, ordaining mysterious, magnificent, and assuredly adequate means, not in Wrath, but in Love to this world, for its ultimate emancipation from evil and regeneration in good. The practical mischief arising from unreasonable, inconsistent, and unworthy notions on this head, is the tendency to alienate from the most important topics minds of a high and bold order, disgusted at the anile or puerile tone with which they are met on the threshold of the Temple.

#### VISITATIONS AND INTERPOSITIONS.

During the late prevalence of cholera in England, how strangely has sounded in the ears of such men, the ordinary language of Religious Professors as to the Visitation, the Wrath, and so forth, backed by public prayers and supplications to *stay the plague*, as in the days of Moses and Aaron, instead of simply offering and teaching the sublime and enlightened Christian formula, *Fiat Voluntas*, with a national Amen! How do we know that the cholera *is* a plague, or that it would be expedient to stop it at our pleasure?

OR rather do we not well know that cholera, like everything else, as far as it is beyond our control, is also beyond our comprehension, and that having first sought and adopted all practical means of alleviation and prevention, we have nothing left but to accept an inscrutable purpose with all faith in its mercy, adapting our own conduct in cheerful conformity thereto. Once allow any other theory, and we might as well shut up our medical schools and hospitals, and put up State prayers against disease, old age, and death.

In this Annus Domini 1849, it is we trust no heresy to propound that the object of heavenward petitions, public or private, is not to change by one hair's-breadth the laws of Providence, but simply to produce a reflective influence on our own mind and conduct, in furtherance of faith and cheerfulness in the one, industry and energy in the other. What confusion arises at the thought of *wrathful Visitations*, attacking indiscriminately the young, the old, the helpless, the suffering, the benevolent and enterprising,—how utterly untenable the supposition in its abstract or practical bearings, and how it all clears up at the clue of Mercy rather than Anger, manifested no less in cholera than in winter's frost or summer's heat, warning us of health, strength, and life, wantonly wasted or neglected in the mad pursuit of despicable delusions,—ostentation, vanity, and childishness, ousting soberness, utility, and manliness,—and, if left unchecked, threatening decay, degeneracy, and the dregs of life, to a race yet unborn.

If the cholera were to be regarded as a peculiar visitation of chastening wrath, how comes it to have fallen with so heavy a hand upon the poor Pariahs of society that seem in relation to ourselves to be so much “more sinned against than sinning,”—outcast dwellers in the mesopotamia of Lambeth and Bermondsey, infected with the reek of fat graveyards, and piled mountains of “green bones?”—if, again, a spiritual dispensation be to be appeased by humbly offering a cheek to the smiter, who shall explain the simultaneous *sauve-qui-peut* of the higher classes in flagrant dereliction to passive obedience?—why did they not rather as leaders of the people seek foremost danger in the hour of darkness, as they court highest honour in the blaze of noon-day,—why not, in the true Mosaic spirit, have stood between the avenger and his victims, and said:—“Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold; yet now if Thou wilt forgive their sin——; and if not blot us, we pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.” Why not have *changed places* with the emaciated masses of Spitalfields?—But we stop, for all this sounds like mockery, yet it only shews “something rotten” in the spiritual state of Denmark, that won't bear probing; let us then beware of fostering the worst enemy that religion has to dread and deal withal,—let us while we live, tell truth and shame the devil.

There are data enough, did we need them, to prove that cholera is amenable, no less than other scourges, to practical measures of amelioration; a

lover of truth would ascribe more potency to the late articles in *The Times* than to all the "Humiliation" bill-stickers between Lambeth and Islington. The gentlemen of the establishment in Printing-house Square, have been, happily for the public, within whiff of Fleet Ditch, and the four quarters of the Globe have rung to the news that Blackfriars is not savoury. *The Times* has written *in earnest*, her broad sheet inscribed with the stirring device—

"Haud ignara mali miseri succurrere disco."

Ask *medical* men,—of all others the best informed and the ablest judges in these matters, the class, too, of all others evincing the Christian virtues of self-denial and compassion in such trials,—ask them whether they accept the theory of "wrathful visitations," and you will be indebted to nothing but their courtesy for an uncontentious answer. No! they point to your pestiferous "Rookeries," your city grave-yards, your defective drainage, your reeking shambles, your deficient water, your gloomy window-tax, your fiscal encouragement of gin,—in short, to the *remediable* causes of misery to millions, as yet ignorant, vicious, and brutal; and having thus pointed, they tell you cholera may be, by God's blessing, the means of doing what nothing else can, rousing selfish apathy by the death-knock at its own door, and waking avaricious dotage by a summons to pack up and get hence, "taking nothing away;" they will tell you that this is doing, and will be further done under the influence of *Fear*, and then, fearless themselves, plunge into the thick of the dying and the dead, religiously using the allotted means, with head, and heart, and hand in the cause, to soothe suffering and allay alarm. And surely we too, each in our vocation, and according to our ability, shall be doing well and wisely in the service of God and man, if we go and do likewise.

### Respire Finem.

Dear reader, we have rambled thus far, up and down, and round about,

"Herauf herab und quer und krumm,"

till abruptly stopped by peremptory limits of time and space, so with little warning and brief peroration we take our leave, in the hope, however, that we part as friends to meet again,—meanwhile "*Hasta la vista*," fare thee well; or, as the grave and courteous Spaniard more emphatically and nobly words it,

"VAYA USTED CON DIOS."

*N.*



## Fons Parnassi : the Solace of Song.

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### I.

Ever babbling, ever bubbling,  
Bright as light, and calmly clear,  
Cure for every trial troubling,  
Solace ever new and near,  
Fons Parnassi ! free and flowing,  
Fons Parnassi ! glad and glowing,  
Rarefied creative pleasure !  
O they lie who say that Song  
Is a merely graceful measure,  
Just a luxury of leisure,  
Not an anthem sweet and strong  
Rich in spiritual treasure,  
That to Seraphs might belong,—  
Not a tender consolation,  
All the cares of life among,  
Not the balm of broad creation  
In this maze of right and wrong,—  
Not the secret soul's distilling,  
Every nerve and fibre filling  
With intense ecstatic thrilling,—  
Evoe ! Fons Parnassi,  
Fons ebrie Parnassi !

II.

Ah ! thou fairy fount of sweetness,  
Well I wot how dear thou art  
In thy purity and meetness  
To my hot and thirsty heart,  
When, with sympathetic fleetness,  
I have raced from thought to thought,  
And, array'd in maiden neatness,  
By her natural taste well taught,  
Thy young Naiad, thy Pieria,  
My melodious Egeria,  
Winsomely finds out my fancies  
Frank as Sappho, as unsought,—  
And with innocent wife-like glances  
Close beside my spirit dances,  
As a sister Ariel ought,—  
Tripping at her wanton will,  
With unpremeditated skill,  
Like a gushing mountain rill,  
Or a bright Bacchante reeling  
Through the flights of thought and feeling  
Half concealing, half revealing  
Whatsoe'er of Spirit's fire,  
Beauty kindling with desire,  
Can be caught in Word's attire !

Evoc ! Fons Parnassi,  
Fons ebric Parnassi !

C.



## Stillling the Storm.



The night was dark, the weary bark  
Was tossing to and fro ;  
And round the sail the stormy gale  
Howled like an angry foe.

From blacken'd cloud the thunder loud  
Boomed o'er the quaking wave,  
And lightning flash amid the crash  
The heavens asunder clave.

Oh ! such a night of wild affright  
Was never known before ;  
And justly then those trembling men'  
Might think of Time no more !

Through all the crew, One only knew  
The calmness of repose ;  
His breathing deep and peaceful sleep  
Nor fear nor trouble shows.

With fright appalled, aloud they called !  
They roused Him with their cry—  
“ Sleepest Thou still ? the boat will fill !  
Lord, help us—or we die ! ”

Ah wondrous hour, ah voice of power !  
“ Ye waters, peace—be still ! ”  
Each wave's high crest sinks down to rest  
In homage to His will !

The wondering crew the marvel view  
“ What man is this ? ” they say,  
“ Whose words assuage the tempest's rage,  
Whom winds and waves obey ? ”



# The Nursery.



“ Visions of childhood ! ”



You bid me, my dear C., write of the Nursery—but surely the vision is past. Nearly thirty years have dimmed its lights and deepened its shadows; and it is the young mother's pencil which can alone faithfully portray its minute tracing, or its bright and glowing colours. Other scenes have unfolded their interests, and the deep tragedies of life have taken the place of the sweet drama in which infancy, childhood, boyhood, and girlhood alike occupied and charmed the heart and the imagination. But give me a little leisure, one hour of still thought, and the balmy influence will steal over me :—

“ I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow ! ”

Yes ; it is all revived and I am young again, and can greet with a kindred sympathy all Anglo-Saxon mothers, whether on our native shores or in our remotest colonies.

Dear young mothers ! If ever a high and holy mission were the lot of humanity, it is yours. That deep, yearning, never-wearied love which overshadows and fills your hearts is not a mere instinct which you share alike with all the animal creation ; though that is a bright beam from the fountain of tenderness, and well described by Herbert :—

“ Mothers are kind, because Thou art ;  
Thy tenderness o'erflows their heart.”

But in Christian women it is the breathing of a spiritual life—the glad answer to that appeal, “ Lovest thou me ? Feed my lambs.” Infancy, always lovely in its unfettered graces, and ever commanding respect from its ignorance of evil, has, from the commencement of the Christian dispensation, received a new and an intenser interest. It was the first visible form in which the Redeemer of mankind manifested Himself when He came amongst men and dwelt upon

our earth. "To us a *child* was born;" and it was through the helplessness of infancy and the obedience of childhood that He grew up to His perfect manhood. Thus to every mother, who looks at things which are seen as types of things which are not seen, her infant becomes an emblem of the Babe at Bethlehem. Nor is it in this view only that the Boon becomes so precious. She thinks and thinks again over those scenes so simply and beautifully sketched in the Gospel narrative, where the Saviour, in illustrating to his Disciples "the kingdom of Heaven," called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them; and again, when they brought unto Him little children, He took them into His arms and blessed them! She gazes till she realises, and it is *her* child who is set amongst the inquiring Disciples, and it is *her* infant who is smiling in the arms of its Redeemer. Is it wonderful that with these high and sacred impressions on her mind, her whole Being, her body, soul, and spirit, should be devoted to the office of tending, rearing, and ministering to such a trust? and if her affections remain unsullied, and her efforts be guided by wisdom and carried out with simplicity, who can calculate on the blessedness of the result?

Children thus loved and thus nurtured, as Christ's and for Christ, do flourish and will flourish, and reward the Parent ten-fold into her bosom. Those who have most devotedly tended a young family have acknowledged that the first fifteen years of a mother's life have been the happiest and the brightest of her existence. Whilst instilling Heavenly principles and sentiments into their minds, and cultivating in them the habits of Christianity, her own faith and confidence have gained daily strength; and in the interchange of pious acts and artless devotion, she has forgotten for a time the weariness of the flesh or the flagging of the spirit, and has felt the refreshing breezes of Heaven sustaining her through her work of faith and her labour of love.

But, perhaps the setting sun has been gilding the picture too highly, and my young friends will say—"You have forgotten that we live an every-day life; and that, bewitching as infancy and childhood may be, there is a constant tide of crying and waywardness, fretfulness and quarrelling, sickness and ailings which become a source of weariness to both the body and mind of those who are surrounded by children."

No; I remember it all. More or less these are essential realities in the experience of life—not only of the Nursery, but of its onward stages; but as we would blow away the dust on the canvass of a favourite picture, so let us not make too much of these annoyances, but, as far as possible, remove them with a light hand. Attention to the health of a child will prevent many nursery trials; and though it has always appeared to me of little use to set down rules for general adaptation, which can only be adopted by persons of similar stations in society, yet there are a few maxims which can be carried about and acted upon in every place and by all people. A quick observation

and strict attention will be a sufficient guide to most mothers as to the principal points of diet, clothing, and habits. Simplicity, sufficiency, and regularity will include the monitory system; and if no artificial wants are excited, no false stimulants administered, and Nature be tended without officiousness, there will in most cases be little cause for anxiety on the score of health. Good food suitable to the age, good clothing suitable to the climate, good air, plenty of exercise and play, with regular hours, will generally prove the best assistants to vigorous health; and as to the moral ailments—the “won’ts and don’ts,” the selfish contentions between little brothers and sisters—let them be dissipated as quickly and as gently as possible, removing the occasions and restoring the equilibrium. *Cheerfulness* is the sunbeam of childhood; and those who have the charge of young creatures, whether parents or nurses, cannot too assiduously cultivate a merry heart and a joyful spirit.

And yet there are mothers, for whose deep and lofty spirits this surface treatment, this superficial picturesque touch, of even nursery trials, will not suffice. To them it may appear a mockery of real and penetrating anxieties. They cannot witness the impatient struggle, the pouting lip, the cry of passion, the angry eye; nor, as infancy advances into childhood, the strong self-will, and self-preference; they cannot listen to the prevaricating excuse, or to the first bold untruth, and satisfy their aching hearts, with the plausible idea, that these indications are mere *annoyances*, the dust on a fair picture, which can be dispersed as easily as it accumulates. To the watchful, jealous apprehension, of such fond and true hearts, other thoughts must be suggested, and words of deeper meaning and consolation be addressed. Let me affectionately urge upon such characters, the simple study of the sacred scriptures. In the light which they will cast around their paths, they will penetrate the intricacies of moral beauty and deformity, which are otherwise so bewildering to their faith, hope, and charity, and from the disappointment and fearfulness, which, like a chilling vapour, have risen around them and the objects of their maternal idolatry, they will emerge into the wholesome and invigorating atmosphere of revealed truth. The experience of every day, will unfold to them the mystery of original, or birth-sin, and whilst they read its commentary in living types, and arm themselves to the daily task, not only of self-conflict and earnest endeavour, but of training and disciplining young soldiers in the Christian warfare, they will recreate their hopes, and renew their strength, by the blessed assurance that “there is no condemnation to them that believe and are baptised.”

To those devoted country-women, who, far from their own land, are acting a true mother’s part, and feeling their solitary position, are thinking with regret, not only of old England’s homes, but of her churches and her helps to education, may I suggest the study of the Church Catechism as a directory. In its doctrines and precepts they will find the essence of Christianity, and full

materials for carrying out, both in creed and practice, the religious education of their children, whilst in the appointed psalms and lessons of each day they will find refreshment and assistance for their own spirits. In this communion of saints they will no longer feel themselves severed from the fold in which they were themselves nurtured, and may be the honoured instruments of training up a band of Crusaders who may hereafter add a fresh stimulus to their fellow Christians, and unfold the Banner of the Cross in lands where England's home-born sons have never trod. If these lines should reach the eye of any such mothers, I would entreat them to be of good cheer, and not to envy those who, surrounded by appliances, are less likely to seek wisdom from the Fountain-Head, or to walk with Faith, Hope, and Charity as their handmaids. And now dear C—— the quiet hour has fled away, and the prattle of grandchildren reminds me that the pen must be laid aside and their little pleasures attended to. Farewell!

Yours ever,

F——.



# Regeneration.

—♦♦♦—  
By A Curate.  
—♦♦♦—

“ Thus from the elect regenerate through faith,  
Pass the dark passions, and what thirsty cares  
Drink up the spirit, and the dim regards  
Self-centre.

COLERIDGE.



It is my weekly, almost daily, duty to baptise infants. The rich and the ragged; the healthy and unclean; dressed in lace and fine linen, or tied up in an old torn shawl; attended by wealthy Godparents, meditating costly gifts, or by Workhouse Godparents, sponsors of misery and sureties of wretchedness; they all come to the curate's arms to be sprinkled with the same water, signed with the same sign of the cross, received into the same—no there's some mistake here—*not* received into the *same* congregation. For if Christ's flock be the society into which the rich and healthy, with the lace and fine linen, and the gift-giving Godparents are to be enrolled for help and comfort, and improvement during their earthly pilgrimage—what hope is there that those other poor little ones will ever partake of its advantages? There may be a “Christ's flock,” an Ark for them, but undoubtedly it is an ark of the third class, and they are parliamentary passengers, admitted thanks to legal establishment, and who, though they may arrive at the end of their journey as safely as the others, yet will be exposed to a hundred dangers and trials from which the more fortunate first and second class travellers will be by care and suretyship protected.

Let me not, however, jump too rashly *in medias res*. "Regeneration" is my text, and there are so many diverse opinions and fervid sentiments kindled by the very mention of the name, that I must seek to win attention rather than provoke discussion.

The occurrences and recurrences of a curate's duty, force into practical reality many a speculative doctrine or theory which is eagerly debated at half the dinner and tea tables of England. Whilst others dispute, the Curate is called upon to act. What one man, while carving his melon, denounces as a "damnable heresy," or another, fortifying his argument by wine and walnuts, proves to be the teaching of the church or doctrine of scripture; this, be it true or false, must be inculcated by word, and sign, and deed, every day of the curate's life. He has generally no time to read, though many incitements to think, and he must judge, with the best help of an honest heart and humble spirit, whether creeds and doctrines are, not speculatively, but practically true or false. The sermons that he has week after week to compose, must be to his own mind, by their effect or their failure, a test of the value of his own or his church's opinions. The daily working of the offices of religion must be to him a matter of observation and reflection. And, therefore, though with all due deference, he may venture a few remarks even on high and difficult subjects, in the belief that truth may be discovered and explained without self-important learning on the one hand, or fanatical abnegation of reason, and the common senses of eyes and ears on the other.

If I could but make my lay reader enrobe himself, in imagination, in my surplice and hood and be present with me at the various occasions on which a curate is required to officiate, I am sure he would return to his coloured garments a wiser, perhaps a sadder, perhaps a better man.

He would see life especially in all its more solemn realities, in new lights,—certainly in new shades. Called upon perhaps within the same hour to baptise, to marry, and to bury,—sent for to administer consolation to the dying, even while in the act of teaching the young and healthy; the confidant of misery in its most secret extremities, and thereby made alive to the evils of luxury, and the glaring inconsistencies of wealth,—it would be strange indeed, if he did not learn to read both his Bible and daily life with a freshness of interest, which the regularities of ordinary occupations cannot impart.

But come away, Reader, come away! we'll leave thorny discussions and ever-world-without-end controversies, and go forth with open eyes and ears to see and to listen—let the thinking come in due course. And first and freshest we'll to the country, to the fields and woods and lanes, to the birds and beasts, the flowers and fruits, the clear sky and pure water. For strange to say a country rector has grown weary of his Elysium, and must needs off to the Great Babylon, to rob his blooming daughters of their too natural rusticity, to finish their education under those indispensable mentors of good society—



dancing-masters and singing-mistresses, and milliners *à-la-mode*; and you and I, reader, for we are now one in the mystical bond of fancy, you and I are to take possession during that anxious parent's trimestrial absence of the pleasant rectory, with its shrubbery and garden, and paddock, and piggery, and pony, and pony chair,—treasures inestimable to the emancipated town-curate, how ever lightly esteemed by their urbanising possessor. Oh! the luxury of that retirement! How we smell the flowers, how we rake the beds, how we trim the shrubs; nay, why not confess it? how we climb the trees and steal the bird's eggs; how we groom the pony; how we mow the lawn; how we romp with the big dog;—happy, happy curate, those simple joys, that pure air have in a day—almost in an hour—banished years of care, sickness, and depression, and made out of that pale, prim, starched reverence, a Man or, rather and better, a Boy.

And now having breakfasted on rural delicacies, we issue forth, even in that unclerical garment a shooting coat, to drink in luxuriously the unsooted air, and bask in the smokeless sunshine, and then and there without forms or formulas, to hymn our own *Te Deum*, and to praise God with the freshness of unprescribed gratitude for “creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this “life.” But it is not only to look upon the beauties and listen to the sounds of glad nature that we have come forth. It is to meditate there, free from the fret and fever of crowded humanity, upon the many things we have been saying and doing during the busy life of our town-curateship. It is to gain or regain, freshly and vividly, as when we first thought upon them unprofessionally, those higher motives for gratitude,—“the redemption of the world,—the means of “grace,—the hope of glory.” It is to recall the great principles which when merged in the successiveness of perpetual routine had lost their true meaning, and withered into lethargic forms and vacant expressions. Vain attempt! subjects such as these are not for reveries and contemplations, but for deed and action,—not for fields and woods, but for houses and streets. In vain we try to penetrate mysteries, and solve perplexities,—the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we cannot tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. In vain we try to compass, and arrange, and systematise a perfect creed, and to harmonise all the relations of God and man,—we are losing ourselves in the depths of the unfathomable, and wearying ourselves by soaring through traverseless eternities. It is a vain attempt! Let us return to man and to life, and there study our duties, and seek to apply our doctrines, being sure that whatever of Divine revelation has been imparted to man, has been given for *his use*, and that whatever is not available to *profit withal*, but would tend only to idle speculation, is of man's dreaming, not of God's teaching. And so, reader, we will return from our rural digression, and changing our purpose of studying the important subject of “Regeneration,” amidst the solitude of leaves, and flowers, and streams, try to approach it from another quarter.

On one Sunday more than a hundred children were baptised out of the comparatively small population of a parish, in a manufacturing town. An examination of the registries had proved that a large number were not only heathens in practice but also in name, so far as any outward symbol of their faith was concerned. And without trenching on any ground of cavil or controversy it may yet be observed that the neglect of external observances had certainly not produced internal godliness—the disuse of the outward visible sign had not been compensated by a greater diffusion of the internal spiritual grace. The humble church, a pretty little building though inheriting the disfigurements of many generations, is crowded with parishioners, an unusual occurrence, and two consecutive services of peculiar interest take place. In the afternoon some forty infants are brought to the font, led by the hand or carried in the arms of their ragged mothers, for they are almost all of a class too low for “respectable” children to be allowed to accompany even to the font. The muster of Godfathers and Godmothers, previously harangued, is large, and the lookers on numerous. The whole scene moves the curate, and he tries to read the service in his most impressive manner, and succeeds first in arresting their attention, and presently tears and audible sighs tell him that even this rough and ragged mob, the scum of the place, is nevertheless composed of men and women moved with like feelings and sympathies, and capable of hopes and fear as solemn as his own. There are evident signs that this wild, almost barbarian assembly, are much moved, and join, at least for once, in the prayers of the clergyman, “that these infants may lead the rest of their life according to this beginning.” In the evening, during the regular service, a somewhat larger number of adults are received into the congregation of Christ’s flock. Such an occurrence, reader, hadst thou been present, as I have wished, would have brought many thoughts, perhaps some perplexities, into that thinking store of thine now so crowded with commodities of more current, but less real value. The thought would have occurred to thee: Is all this service a mummery? an unprofitable ceremony? implying, if it have any meaning, a blasphemous superstition? God is thanked that these children were then and there regenerate. “No,” says Mr. Gorham, “God is only thanked hypothetically, *supposing* those children to be regenerate—we asked, but *perhaps* it was not given to us—we sought, but *perhaps* have not found—we knocked, but *perhaps* the door was never opened.” “Heresy!” cries the bishop of Exeter. “There is no *perhaps* about the matter, the language of the church is as plain as daylight, this child *is* regenerate.” Superstition! Blasphemy! Popery! cry a chorus of listeners.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? or is there not as usual truth on both sides, or rather a higher truth which includes in unconscious union the two disputants. For say to the Bishop,—“My Lord, there is a person living

“ a very careless life, I don't speak of actual sin, but he's not showing any signs of a Christian's faith or hope, and I'm anxious about him.” Who thinks for a moment that the Bishop would answer, “ Oh, never mind, make yourself easy, he's safe! the church says he is regenerate—a child of God—what would ye have more?” Or say to Mr. Gorham,—“ Sir, I have a child whom I wish to bring up as a Christian, but some of my friends tell me that baptism is of no avail unless there is some ‘prevenient grace’ given to the child, unless he is already accepted by God before he is brought to the church; now I want to know if I had not better wait till the child is old enough to give evidence of having received such grace, for I should'n't like him to be received into Christ's church, and to be called a Christian, and to be no Christian after all.” Would not the reverend gentleman, if no unseasonable recollection were to remind him that he was the champion of one side in a controversy, answer at once,—“ Oh, bring your child now by all means. If you wait till you think he's good enough, you may wait till he's too bad. Suffer little children to come unto me, was our Lord's maxim, and his church has wisely acted upon it. We receive all who come because of the merits of Christ's sacrifice once for all—we receive them not because they are good, but because God has told us that He is merciful, and that he wishes all to be saved, and that the knowledge of his will and faith in his Son are the way by which men are to be saved—and this knowledge and this faith are only to be found among christians—unhappily too little among them—still they, so far as their profession goes, are, compared with other men, new creatures, with other hopes and other helps;—would you then wish to deprive your child of these benefits on the chance of his being some day more fit to deserve them?”

Is not the higher truth, which both the Bishop and Mr. Gorham forget to inculcate whilst fighting for their respective Yes and No, that MAN—not only the individual I and Thou, but the whole race of Adam's descendants, has need to be regenerate—to be ushered by a new birth into a world that shall be a kingdom of God in a far more perfect and complete sense than is this in which they now live and move? It is not perhaps a wise or a practicable wish, but it is one that will often occur, that new language might be coined or employed to express with the reality of freshness to lip and ear hackneyed doctrines of Christianity. An outcry would perhaps be raised if we were to speak of those doctrines of Christianity as of the “Teachings of Christianity,” but how many a rising argument would be checked in our breasts if instead of “sound doctrine,” we were to hear of “truthful teaching”—if “preaching the gospel” were habitually spoken of and felt to be “telling happy tidings.” How few, even among most anxious controversialists, appear to realize any actual idea upon the subject of Baptism, beyond the negative of their antagonists' proposition. I would take such persons to an infant in its cradle; for the

font would recall preconceived suspicions or predilections, and their attention would be on the look out for particular phrases already predestined to approval or condemnation—but there by the babe's crib they will listen perhaps unbiassed. Look then at that child now born, *generate* into this world, this present existence! Who dressed the little actor in that charming apparel of flesh and blood, with its ornaments of curls, and smiles, and gestures? And if we cannot answer the wonders that perplex us as to the whence and how, at least we may reflect upon the where and what of this new performer? No matter whence he came; where is he now, and what is he? He is in a world, on an earth, among many hundreds, thousands, and millions like himself; there is air for him to breathe, food for him to eat—towards the production of which in due time he is to bear his burden of work. There are pleasant fields cultivated and yielding fruit through the previous work of others his like, there are houses well built and conveniently furnished, whose shelter he may share till he helps to raise better by his own skill and toil; there are great stores of information collected and arranged for his use; there are other creatures like himself ushered by a similar birth into this world to bear him company in his new existence. And what is he himself?—a workman equipped for his work, with a head to plan, hands to execute, and feet to carry him to his appointed place and occupation, with sympathies to bind him to, and antipathies to sever him from, the fellow-creatures who surround him; with hopes to urge him forward to success, and fears to draw him back from danger,—above all, with a power of self-control and guidance, expansive as the expanding circumstances of his coming career. But is this the complete description of this new-born being and the world that receives him? Are there no darker shadows among the bright spots of the picture? That labour, by which he is to get his share of food or clothing—will it never be greater than his strength will sustain? that beautiful but delicate body, will it be subject to no suffering, no disease? or will it never sink under its own frailty and the too heavy requirements of its lot? That internal guide or ruler—will it not be mastered or at least occasionally disobeyed by the rebellious passions and impulses which it should control? And how long shall this existence—good or bad—last? is there not an end—one of pain, and doubt, and dismay—the consciousness of which will taint every enjoyment he may hope to taste? Let us think of all this while we gaze on what *has been born*, and so begin to realise the need of that new birth, that *regeneration* which, while it is a word only, we bandy about so recklessly in our jealous controversies; let us begin to hope, and so to pray, for that infant—that this present life may not be *all* that is in store for him; let us try to paint to ourselves what the perfection of a complete creation might be—and so casting about how to do all that man can do, to help to *better* the prospects of that infant, let us remember that there have been promises—nay, something more, assurances given that there is, somewhere or other, a better

world, that there is, somehow or other, a new birth, by the process of which this child may be ushered out of this imperfect into that perfect existence, a regeneration by which, casting off the coil of frail mortality, he shall become a new creature, and partaker of a new existence. And so believing and so hoping, let us bring the child where he may be prepared for that promised future. Let us even bury him to this present life, so far as its poor prospects are alone concerned ; let us, if there be the means or the place, or the institution, let us bring him where he may have some foretaste of the better hereafter, where, being buried, he may also be raised again ; where, though not perfectly or completely, he may yet become *regenerate* ; a creature with new hopes and joys, helps and encouragements. Only let us not be content with so bringing him to a font, and calling him regenerate. Let us hope and pray that one day or other he may be really and truly born again,—a new being in a new world. But, meanwhile, let us do our part to make even the present symbolic birth of baptism a real and effectual change. Let us create a Church,—a kingdom of God, a congregation of Christ's flock,—such as may indeed prove itself to this infant an ark of salvation. Let us not be guilty of the superstition that is satisfied with words and forms, or of the fanaticism that believes God will do all, and we need do nothing.

And surely these are times in which no affectation of indifference, no unnatural, artificial shrinking from subjects which to MAN, such as God has made him, are or ought to be of the highest interest, should hinder us from writing or talking, so that we do it honestly and humbly, about religion and its concerns. It is not cant, if men have got souls given to them, and there are matters of intense importance to those souls, it is not cant to write about those matters and those souls, even in the pages of a periodical. The cant and hypocrisy, the unreality of our modern society lies in ignoring and passing over, or reserving only for Sundays, and fast-days, and sick beds, and prayer meetings, all the subjects most delightful to man's intellect, and most helpful to his daily life. Our national Cant is, that being by name and profession a Christian nation, we never require or expect in our rulers or officials any recognition of Christian principles,—that a Christian Queen addressing her Christian people would not venture to insert in a speech from the throne any nearer allusion to what her people do, or should value most, than a vague reference to the bounties or judgments of " Providence." And thereby is free scope and indulgence given to that bigotry, and intolerance, and Judaistical narrow-mindedness of the religious *classes*, which makes often the name of religion intolerable to the intelligent, and ridiculous to men of the world. Our social Cant is, that attending churches and chapels duly and regularly, and being well instructed in the knowledge of Christ's Gospel, we yet carry on our daily relations of life,—our buying and selling, our marrying and giving in marriage, our intercourse with those *above* us, and those *around* us, and those *below* us,

just as if we had never heard or read that men who really believe in Jesus Christ are regenerate, new creatures, who are to live, not selfishly for their own interests or advancement, but for their brethren,—the highest serving the lowest, the richest helping the poorest, the strongest giving his strength and his life for the weakest. This is the Cant that a curate sees daily going on in social life, whether from the reading desk he surveys the well-painted and cushioned pews, full of their gorgeously apparelled *disciples*, with here and there in the free seats a scant sprinkling of the “meaner sort,” of whom he soon learns to his sorrow and disgust, that even their appearance in those walls is from a hankering for the crumbs to be gathered under the rich men’s tables,—or whether service over, he hurries with the panting clerk to the miserable grave-yard, there to read words of hope, comfort, and anticipated glory over the mortal remains of some victim of vice, filth, and misery, and their climax, cholera. “Dear Brother,” indeed! Little brotherly kindness has he experienced to alleviate his share of the miseries of this sinful world.

While these things go on, we may talk, and argue, and write volumes about “Regeneration,” and every other Christian doctrine, but they will be empty words and barren symbols.

Even while writing these lines, I have had to lay down my pen, and been summoned away to baptise a child. Another soldier enlisted, another child of wrath made a child of grace, another poor perishable son of Adam received into the ark of Christ’s church. Let us think, reader, what are the benefits of which he ought to be partaker thereby. Doubtless, if brought in faith (as we trust he was), and according to the Saviour’s institution, he was not rejected by Him. Doubtless He, for his part, will most surely keep and perform every promise He has given. Doubtless He will not refuse the promised gift of the Holy Spirit, to mortify that child’s natural corrupt affections, to prepare him for the new life he must lead on earth, if he is to be partaker of the life everlasting. Doubtless, being by nature the child of wrath, Christ will have suffered him to come to Him in that sacrament, and will not forbid that he should become a child of grace, a son of God, an inheritor of heaven. This we cannot and will not doubt, for His promise is more sure than man’s unbelief. But is God’s forgiveness and acceptance all the benefit that this child should partake of in his baptism? Surely not. Christ suffers him to come to Him and looks upon him with love and compassion; but he is not yet saved. Christ’s time is not yet come. Meanwhile he has to prove his own faith, to work out his own salvation. At his baptism he was signed with the sign of the cross, in token that hereafter he should not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and to fight manfully under His banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ’s faithful soldier and servant unto his life’s end. And this token he must himself redeem, this pledge he must fulfil. What his Godfathers and Godmothers promised for him he is bound to

fulfil and to do. And here it is that he ought to receive the great blessing of being regenerate; of being born into a Christian Church; of being made a member of a society wherein all have the same vows upon them, all are looking forward to the same hopes, all are fighting the same fight against the same enemies, and all are or should be fellow helpers of each other, "members one of another."

But is this really the case amongst us? Can we, dare we say that this child has received blessings like these at his baptism? Will he be thereby entitled to the support, and comfort, and encouragement of *all* those who have already been made members of the same society, and by the same baptism? Will he, when this life is over and the conflict ended, look back to his baptism, and thank God that he was then and there admitted into a church which had indeed proved to him an ark of salvation?

Reader! if you and I have any doubts how we ought to answer these questions,—if, looking round upon the present state of things, we feel conscience-smitten, and constrained to own that the Church of Christ amongst us is a mere collection of individuals, who live together as if they had no Christian tie to unite them, no hopes, no fears, in common; no warfare to fight in which they needed each others' aid, and would be responsible for each others' failings,—if it seems almost a mockery to apply to our own state the language of one who knew what the society of new-born-men ought to be, "we being many are one body, and every one members one of another,"—shall we then sit down and leave things as they are?—shall we shrink from observing, or pointing out the real evils that abound?—shall we say that "Regeneration" is a subject to be confined to sermons and controversial pamphlets, and not rather to be adopted as a motto for every new effort to do good or remove evil, and to be placed even before the readers of "the New Quarterly," as a subject of all others deserving their thought and attention?

Aye! though preachers be dumb, and prelates be questioning—let the pages of the ANGLO-SAXON go forth to tell the World that it must be born again; nay, that it *is so*, would it but awaken from its torpor, and feel and enjoy and develope that new life which has been bestowed upon it by a Father's love at the cost of a Saviour's sufferings. Children of Adam, men are children of sin, suffering, and of death. Children of Christ, they are heirs of holiness, happiness, and life. Children of Adam,—witness their frailty, their grovelling lusts, their earth-bound spirits! Children of Christ,—witness all their higher hopes, and holier instincts, and germs of love! As whom, then, shall we address them? Shall we add enervating weakness to their frailty, pander to their lusts, and feed only their earthly appetites? Or shall we boldly cheer them to the *highest* hopes; elicit, train, and strengthen every good instinct and impulse, and tenderly cherish the only root of all divine and human perfection—pure, unfeigned, universal Love?

Let the world hear it! Man is regenerate. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall *all* be made alive! Arouse thee, O new born Universe! and hasten to thy destined perfection. The bonds of sin and death are loosed. Assert then thy freedom and taste the liberty wherewith Christ has made thee free. Walk worthy of the vocation to which thou art called. Listen to the tidings, ye far nations of the earth, listen, and forget for ever those earth-born discords that have charmed your ears from the heavenly melody. Listen, thou mammon-serving England; listen, in this thy day, to the things that concern thy peace! Listen, ye rich and powerful, and learn that you are summoned to higher joys and nobler pursuits than the miserable getting and spending of money, and the rival exaltation of your paltry individualities. Listen, ye poor and destitute, and cease to murmur that wealth and comfort is denied you, for ye too, poor sufferers, are regenerate, born anew to joys and hopes, and riches, which gold and silver cannot give, and oppression cannot take away.

£.





## Minstrelsy.



MINSTREL SPIRIT ! if again  
Heart of man may wake thy strain,  
If forgiving though neglected,  
Not rejecting tho' rejected,  
Thou wilt deign once more to cheer  
Drooping hearts, thy wonted sphere—  
Scourge of evil, potent spell  
Lust to conquer, rage to quell,  
Holiest minister of good,  
Rouse thee from thy silent mood.

Time hath been when minstrel skill  
Healed a nation's deepest ill,  
Bade the patriot's ardour flow,  
Sooth'd the mourner's frantic woe,  
Boldly check'd the tyrant's might,  
Boldly claim'd the poor man's right,  
Smooth'd the old man's brow of care,  
Bade the youthful warrior dare,  
Taught to honest hearts and true  
Joys that monarchs never knew ;

Treasures by the rich unbought,  
Wisdom by the wise untaught,  
Hopes to cheer the hardest lot,  
Love to bless the humblest cot,  
Mirth that leaves no after shame,  
Pleasure worthy of the name,—  
Friends remembered, foes forgiven,  
Earth enjoyed, and forefelt heaven !

Time hath been, and time shall be,  
When mankind shall learn of thee,—  
Learn to love, and learn to live,  
Kindly take and freely give ;  
Learn to spurn and cast aside  
Envious wrath and bigot pride ;  
All the fears that should not frighten,  
All the hopes that should not brighten  
All the needless woes that man  
Forces into life's brief span,—  
Minstrel spirit ! thine the spell,  
May we learn, and use it well !



## Advent.

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HE came, but not in conquering pride,  
In gilded chariot set on high ;  
No cringing courtiers by his side,  
With fawning tongue and flattering eye !  
No robe of pomp was round him thrown,  
Circled his brow no glittering crown ;  
Unknown to splendour, wealth, and fame,  
Despised, rejected,—Jesus came !

He came ! but when he comes again,  
And highest angels round him throng,  
Vengeance shall be their seraph-strain,  
And Judgment claim their awful song :  
Then louder than the thunder's roar,  
These words shall sound from shore to shore,  
Shall daunt the bravest of the brave,  
“ He comes to judge, who came to save ! ”

Oh ! at that second Advent, Lord,  
When earth shall vanish, time shall cease,  
When all the world's most wealthy hoard  
Shall fail to buy the sinner peace,  
When earth and ocean's secret bed  
Shall yield the long forgotten dead,  
When sinners to the hills shall call,  
“ Fall down, and hide us in your fall,—”

Saviour ! in that escapeless hour  
Of conscience-stricken wild dismay,  
May thy first Advent's saving power  
Be strong to drive the fear away ;  
Thou, who for our poor sakes didst die,  
Be with us when that hour is nigh ;  
Reap then the fruits thy word has sown,  
And let the Reaper save His own !



# Peace-making.



"A false peace is grounded on an implicit ignorance."—BACON.

"To seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of the stoics. We have better oracles :  
'Be angry and sin not.'"—IUD.

"Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace."—SHAKESPEARE.



A GREAT and a true distinction should be drawn between peace-making and peace-mongering. The peace-maker is eminently a rational as well as a religious man. With Christianity at his heart and humility in his mind, he recollects to just conclusions the fall of man and the corruption of his nature. He does not expect that in the present era of things, evil and good can be at peace together, any more than that "the wolf will lie down with the lamb, or "the lion eat straw like the ox;" he qualifies the mandate, "live peaceably "with all men," by the wise additions, "if it be possible" and "as much as "lieth in you;" knowing full well that the aggressions of wickedness limit the one and a just indignation the other. He is not, for all his philanthropic efforts (wherein, for duty's sake, he energises, though often unsuccessfully), to be cajoled into the idea, that any set of men or any code of morals can, just now, regenerate mankind. He is living avowedly under a dispensation wherein goodness and, therefore, peacefulness must be in the minority; and while, as a peace-maker, he is well pronounced "blessed," his blessedness arises rather from the charitable exertion of his own faculties than from the positive success by which they are rewarded. He has peace at his inmost heart, though he may not be able to quell the wars raging at his very hand; he says to the strivers, "ye are brethren," and will not add his weapon to their strife; but little is he cooled in his charity or disappointed of his expectation, if he takes note that "nation will still rise up against nation," and that men are not yet ready to "change the spear into a pruning-hook."

A peace-monger is a very different being. His first tenet is the absolute innocence and consequent perfectibility of man; to this he is likely enough to add some hard-headed doubts as to the existence of God, or, at all events, as to a positive Divine superintendence, and an undeniable human responsibility. He treats man as no creature of passion, impulse, or even affection; but as the cold calculating mercantile machine, devoting, from cradle to grave, talent, will, and power to a systematic heaping-up of dollars, crowns, or five-franc pieces. He thinks he has done enough, and has won the cause of peace, if he can prove, by figures, that war is an unnecessary and an expensive luxury. He

proposes to establish an universal commonwealth by the wise plan of drawing all the teeth and claws of every beast of prey,—if they are reasonable enough to allow it ; and then, he sets down “ every creature after its kind ” to a vegetarian banquet. He can sympathise and fraternise with all manner of queer characters, seeking only to keep up the game of personal notoriety : and it matters little that by a series of revolutionary speeches or unholy feuilletons, he has heretofore broken down the barriers of society, and corrupted the fountain of morals ; for all this reduction of character and circumstance to one lowest level tends, according to his theory, to the peaceful and equal democracy of men. He speaks “ Peace where there is no peace ” in the very metropolis of war, garnished by military trophies on every side, and in a state of civil siege ; and, protected himself as a better-class member of society by bayonets from popular revenges, is not unlikely to spout out, in the capacity of Peace’s messenger, a very volcano of fire, smoke, and blood against “ tyrants ; ” meaning, thereby, the more order-loving rulers of mankind. He pretends to damp the flames of war with an application of the softest cotton,—but, alas for his consistency, it turns out to be the most explosive and inflammable of all known substances.

Very far are we from denying that the idea of widespread, international, and systematic peacemaking is a bad or a false one ; the thought is both noble and true ; but we do assert that mankind has thus far been attempting its realization on false principles, and is singularly unfortunate in its Peace-Apostles. If the word were War, and not Peace, we might reasonably think the cause happy in such principal promoters as some who might be named as the most prominent in a recent Congress ; more particularly since one among them has ventured upon those unlucky prophecies, European quietude for the past year, and Russian impotency for the current one. After such obstinate condemnations of sagacity, and such absolute contradictions to foreboding, who may not reasonably expect that the sheepskin hides a wolf, and that Peter the hermit urging on his fiery crusade may not psychologically be disguised in Richard the wanderer vaingloriously preaching Peace ?—No, no ; we fear, we much fear that, so far as Manchester principles are concerned, strife is not more certainly (though unintentionally) their errand, than Tyranny was that of the old time revolution, its boasted “ liberty, equality, and fraternity ” notwithstanding. Who can forget that in 1792 the National Assembly of France solemnly proclaimed perpetual and universal peace, and that in the year following they commenced a war with Europe which lasted till the field of Waterloo !

Now, let it not be fancied that, for our parts, we should not rejoice earnestly and heartily, to find the peace of the world secured by any means whatsoever ; to perceive that mankind really will listen to reason ; that enmity and ambition are toppling down into the category of obsolete vanities ; and that all the cannons from every arsenal are henceforth doomed to do duty as half-buried cornerposts at streets and doorways. No doubt Peace is a glorious

end ; a peace medal would be a far more noble distinction than a war medal : and it needs no demonstration to prove that plenty and prosperity, art, science, religion, and humanity, are vastly better things than discord, desolation, misery, and pain. However, to ensure peace, we suspect that there must be somewhere or other "the strong man armed;" the arbiter, however just and wise, must be able to enforce his verdict. Additionally, when we consider the modern peace-champions, we are forcibly reminded of the old school-line, *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis!* A mountebank may be very amusing, and certainly is so far a peacemaker ; seeing that he helps to keep people in good humour : but he must aim at something higher than a cheer, something deeper than a smile, before he can hope to eradicate hatred from man's hard heart, or wrest from his strong hand the weapons of war.

This mighty object, we had thought, is and has been for ages the errand of the Christian church ; meaning, thereby, the organised body of Christ's flock, lay and clerical. We had thought that even so, the conquests of Christianity must be individual, and could scarcely hope to be gregarious in the sense of including all manner of characters, whether converts or not. Religion, in whatever communion, comes always with the message of peace ; towards his GOD and towards himself, the good man is at peace ; and especially towards men his brethren. He will practise it in his life, as well as preach it by his lip. All this is an old sermon ; but some folks are now in the nineteenth century finding it out for the first time, and taking credit to themselves for the discovery.

How comes it that, in this latter day of the world, Odd Fellowship and Peace Congresses are allowed thus to be usurping the functions of Christianity ? Is the church effete ? is it obsolete among men ? Is that one true and universal communion, the congregation of faithful men under whatever name, and with whatever ecclesiastical or political government, is that one great family as a united and a disciplined array, extinct ? Are there none left systematically to energize for Peace upon those true principles of Brotherhood, Duty, Forgiveness, and a Judgment to come ? Stand out, ye many good men and true, and let it not be thought that love of money wins the wreath of peace which baffled Christianity has lost. Rise up in thy purity, O Zion, and walk upon these waves of discord, as a dovelike spirit of peace. Haste we all to the "help of the Lord against the mighty," by labouring each of us for peace : let not the scandal go abroad, that demagogues and casual philanthropists, (not seldom misbelieving Christianity while they gain from it secretly what little good there is in them,) that such guerilla bands, and stray adventurers, can do more for human happiness, than the organized Army of Religion ; that Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, can rush in and make conquest of a mundane peace, whereof the Church of Christ, despairing, flees the battlefield,—“as when a “standard bearer fainteth!” Not that the Church herself can avail to give

Peace to the world. A Mightier than man is the only Great Pacificator : but the Church is bound to do her best for peace, whatever be the actual results. The Church cannot make evil at peace with good, nor good with evil, any more than others. But it is at all events her bounden duty to do her utmost for this victory, to overcome evil with good. The effort purifies and exalts, even if the contest otherwise be vain. Peace-making is eminently the Christian's work on earth ; but he will be a mere amiable enthusiast, ignorant alike of man's nature and of the scriptures of truth, if he hopes for its universal reign until the second advent of the Prince of Peace.

At the last, let us make some amends to the good motives of many who must yet rather be classed among peace-mongers, than peace-makers. Great is the force of kind words and good actions. The benevolence and beneficence of a quietist is a mighty antagonistic power. A quaker sometimes gains his end by dint of a courageous peacefulness : and all men may well rejoice to see the wild waves of this wicked world smoothed a little,—though it be but superficially,—by the oil of those soft speeches, which “turn away wrath.” No doubt, in a state of general disinclination to war, as at present, from national bankruptcies, and a pervading sense of the pleasantness of peace, sentiments such as those will be cheered to the echo, and the flattered speaker will imagine that his eloquence has won the hearts of all men, and knit them to each other. Vain hope,—however well-meant, and for the nonce apparently half-realized ; let but some “Jeshurun among the nations wax fat and grow wanton,” let but prosperity provoke pride, and a love of excitement stir up prejudices ; and again, even to the end of our era, we shall find nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and we shall perceive that not less terribly in our day than in that of Attila or Charlemagne, there is, as a living power, not Peace on earth, but a Sword. Yet, while, as a matter of conviction, we say thus much discouragingly of the *issue* of any great peacemaking effort, there remains ever to our hand the paramount Christian *duty* of continually exerting it. With evil of all sorts, physical and moral, we are bound to wage perpetual controversy ; we fight against Sin and Death,—not because we expect to attain Perfection and Immortality in this world, but because God has laid the effort upon us as an essential characteristic of renovated manhood. And as with individual disease, mental or bodily, so is it with War, the great social distemper : we dutifully, heartily, piously energize against it : our motto is ever, “Peace on earth, good-will towards men ;” but so long as we “dwell in Meshech, and have our habitation among the tents of Kedar,” so long as we live in a world that “lieth in the wicked one,” we may reasonably expect to say with the sweet singer of Israel, “I labour for Peace, but when I speak to men thereof, they make them ready for the battle.”

C.





# Rich and Poor.



“ The liberal mind deviseth liberal things.”

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GENTLEMEN,—I have been of late much struck and shocked, by reading and listening to the sad accounts of the dwellings of numbers of our fellow-creatures in this magnificent wide-spread city of London, with its spacious streets, and handsome houses. I am daily pained by observing that whilst the higher and richer classes are most evidently exempted by the purer air they breathe, from the pestilential diseases which attack the poor, no voluntary or effectual effort has been entered upon unanimously to communicate to our suffering brethren the same blessings of light and air,—those common gifts of God to all his creatures,—those best remedies or antidotes to cholera, typhus, and other causes of epidemic sickness.

I by no means intend to assume to myself the motto I have chosen for my letter to you, as an exemplification, as it might appear to some, of my own devices, but to keep it in view myself, and humbly to work up to its spirit, as all should endeavour to do. I am not a millionaire, nor a *sœur de charité*, nor a rhapsodist, nor a philanthropist, nor anything out of the way, but a very plain sort of person, heartily wishing, if possible, to lessen the amount of human wretchedness, and to see the enormous sums now almost fruitlessly devoted to charitable institutions and purposes, available to real funds for the poor, instead of enriching, as I fear they do, commissioners and overlookers, and all the tribes of middlemen who make their profits out of the wants of the poor and the benevolence of the rich. We hear a great deal, and read a great deal about model lodging-houses for the poor, but while they are being invented and constructed, as an investment for some one man's capital, the poor are dying by thousands; and, what is still worse, a sickly and half-starved population are growing up and, surviving to perpetuate the misery and wretchedness that is so shocking in a Christian country.

In this *dead* season as it is called familiarly, without meaning to

allude to anything but the cessation of the din of dissipation, and the extravagance of the *fashionable season*, the dying are indeed this year fearfully increased, and all from the over-crowding of their wretched habitations, and the vicious habits learnt in the dark abodes of misery. And yet whole acres of uninhabited houses meet the eye as we walk along the streets, at most tenanted for three or four months in the year by their wealthy proprietors, who even then feel the necessity of resorting for renovated health and strength to purer air, at the sea-side, or in their country houses, leaving their toiling brethren, to prepare for their next visit to London in the best cases, by a daily round of never-ceasing labour, and in the worst, when that labour is either not sought or quite unattainable, to starve, sicken, and die, in the near neighbourhood of plenty health and life among their more fortunate neighbours. Were I of importance enough to take the lead, or rich enough to do more than a very little in my own place, I should trust to example being better than precept, and at once begin the plan I propose, feeling assured that many would imitate what they saw might lead to good results. I have indeed mentioned it to a few, but with one or two exceptions, have met with a discouraging reply, " Hoping to " be excused from adopting it;" that it would lead to being " contaminated by " vice," &c. &c. I have therefore determined to endeavour, through the medium of your impartial journal to explain my views and to induce you to advocate the cause.

It appears to me that the upper story of all our better streets might be converted into good and comfortable dwellings for some among the best of our poor population, and that every family having thus, according to its own limits, one or more industrious families quartered upon it might, without further building or enlarging this already overgrown town, give the required advantages to our poorer neighbours without delay, and secure with Light and Air, the blessings of good Moral and Religious Education to the young and improved habits of life to their elders. These are now, much more laboriously and inefficiently, sought to be communicated by District Visitors, Ladies' Committees, and Scripture Readers, who penetrate into some few abodes in their immediate neighbourhood for the few minutes allotted to their several visits. I have been often answered, when speaking of this plan, by a question put to me :—" What! would you bring into your own house, or into " mine, vice, and dirt, and vermin?" It is precisely because I would have no vice, or dirt, or vermin, that I would rather bring the poor to me and to us, than go to them, where, by the nature of their dwellings, and their habits in them, this wretchedness is fostered; and the shame is more to *us* than to them, that such things should be the supposed necessary accompaniments to Poverty!

I have all my life seen a great deal of the poor, and I hope I have still many a good kind friend among them in the parishes in which I have lived, more in the country than in towns. I can truly say, I have learned from them

many a lesson of Patience in suffering, of Christian Faith, and Confidence, and Truth.

One object I should have in thus dividing them, and bringing them to live more with us, would be more effectually to teach the ignorant, to tend the sick, to school the young, and to make friends and protectors of such as may now be considered as aliens to us, and envious of our better lot in life. Why should they be vicious or dirty in their habits? You do not allow your servants to be so. Is it not because they are kept at a distance, and not sufficiently cared for, and assisted to learn better things? They would make better workmen and better citizens for living in better dwellings and learning better habits; and we might be equally improved, by learning how much we could spare of our superfluities and luxuries, and by becoming attached to those who would be our inmates, and a part of our own families. As none would be so received, but upon a certificate of good general conduct from a clergyman or magistrate of their different parishes, their punishment or reward would depend on their own characters, in the same degree that you insist on a good character before you accept of a new servant: and, although there might be some disappointments, as there are in every human undertaking, yet as they would, of course, lose their situations by misconduct, I cannot see why the plan might not generally succeed, with no great injury to the more refined comforts of the rich.

Let any one who doubts there being in every district an abundance of respectable poor, who would be most worthy of such encouragement, inquire of the working clergy how many of their parishioners are suffering from losses, against which they have contended year after year;—widows who, with their husband's life and labour, have lost every support to body and mind;—children bereft of parents before their own power to work could clothe or feed them, much less pay for healthy lodgings or schooling, or apprenticeships; and although born in comparative ease and comfort, and tenderly watched over as long as their parents could earn their own independence, reduced to herd with their inferiors in station and education, in dark unwholesome cellars. Who that could know such individual cases, would give the answers I have quoted, or refuse shelter to such out-casts, "for fear of dirt or contamination?" To the working clergy, it would in some degree lighten their labours, whilst at the same time it would extend their influence. They would escape some of the unwholesome pestilential air to which their duties now expose them, and they might gain more intimacy and connection with many of their Parishioners, whom they now rarely see but in church.

Look at the hundreds of applications for the aid of the Royal Annuity Society, which are necessarily rejected twice a year, when the elections are made for the vacancies that occur—so few in comparison of the candidates for them! Study their stories of misery, and say if two rooms of your garret floors, where

the sun shines, and the roof is a protection from the weather, will not be well bestowed on the rejected Candidates, without danger to the inhabitants of a palace.

I endeavoured by printing cards and writing a thousand letters last summer, to obtain for one poor widow of a tradesman the relief of this society. She and an exemplary son, both born to better circumstances, and having had a good education and a good character, were reduced by failure in business first, and by entire loss of health subsequently, to lodge in a cellar, and often and often had passed their whole day without a meal. Not a word of discontent have I ever heard from them; but I have witnessed in them a great deal of real gratitude without servility, for the vain endeavours to assist them, and their misery borne more cheerfully than many people's luxury. Who would be the worse, for associating such a couple to their family?

Another case which came under my notice last autumn.—The widow of the foreman to a coach-maker, labouring under a very painful complaint, and who, during the dying illness of her husband had neglected herself to attend upon him, and whose whole maintenance depended upon her needle-work, was compelled to give up even this resource. She had been in an hospital, and had undergone a painful operation. And when I saw her she repeatedly told me, that the medical men were only waiting till she was *stronger* to operate on her again. The confinement in the hospital was so bad for her general health that they would not allow her to stay there, and how was she to *get strength* without the means to get food? In a miserable lodging house, without even a bed or bedstead, much more a fire—for she had pawned everything she had beyond the clothes she wore to *pay rent*,—when the clergyman of her district came to help, and made me acquainted with her, she had nothing left to pawn! I am bound to say she inspired me only with respect and admiration at her patience, her gentleness, and her gratitude. Her example could only have been useful to any family who might have received her.

I have visited, thanks to the same clergyman, a wretchedly untidy, crowded room, where a talented sickly artist resides, who would, with more space and light and air, be a most interesting inmate. Though not *so* ill off as the others, he is lost to the community, whom he might help to instruct and amuse, from the miserable hole he lives in. And I could mention several other families. There are hundreds of such cases, of intelligent and well-informed people sinking in poverty and darkness in every parish.

Surely none of these, extricated from their wretched abodes, need be offensive, either on the stairs or in the sky parlours I would appoint for their dwellings. They would not be strangers, after two or three visits to them, and would it not be more easy under our own roofs to administer to their wants or their consolation, than to visit them in their dark courts and streets, and crowded lodging houses?

The children would thus be brought up to cleanly, decent, habits, for I would require that they should keep their apartments, *especially clean*. And this they would take pride in doing, if they were fitted for their wants. They would by thus living rent-free, retain their pay for their living, and so make their earnings go further, without clamouring for increased wages. They would some of them grow up to take their places, as servants in the families where they resided, or be put out after school to good apprenticeships and tradesmen's shops, and never need be a burden to the families who thus sheltered them. I do not wish here to go into all the details that I can think over. The points I am most anxious for are *healthy dwellings, good habits, the mutual intercourse of different classes, and the exclusiveness of none*. If a few influential families would but try the plan, and see if it did not lead to general good effects,—better at least than each class remaining in unhappy ignorance of the good feelings of the other, I feel sure it would very soon take with all. “The sacredness of homes,” would not be violated, but extended; “noise, dirt, diseases, and fires,” would not be necessarily increased more than when any family's increasing wealth adds many servants to their establishment; an influx of *poor* which no one *dreads* under such favourable circumstances.

The *economy* of the plan would be one recommendation; when you could at the same time obtain a great result of happiness and good. How many penitentiaries, prisons, and gaols,—yes, and charitable societies too,—might be reduced, if the poorer population thus became one with the richer. All would thus combine for the mutual benefit of one another, and Christian brotherhood and benevolence would take the place of envy and malignity, and of what I am told must be the end, revolution and socialism. If you think this sketch of a plan for the benefit of London society worth noticing and improving upon, I shall be happy in having merely led the way to its better development, and shall hope that it may be carried out by others more fitted for such purposes.

Yours truly,

J. P. C.



Be it known to the public that the Editorship of the *Anglo-Saxon* is not one and indivisible. The annexed editorial remarks upon the above communication, will, we think, satisfy our readers of the independence and impartiality of a publication, the conductors of which can very cordially “agree to differ.” The Editor to whom the Lady's letter was first sent, ventured to speak thus for himself and his colleagues:—

“*The Editors* of the *Anglo-Saxon*, with great pleasure, insert this communication, and hail it as a sign that their recent appeal to the Gentle-women of

our Race will meet with many a cordial response. Any bold plan for ameliorating the state of London, and removing the glaring unchristian contrast now existing between the habits and dwellings of the rich and poor, is worthy the most earnest attention, come from where it may; how much more when it comes recommended by the gentleness, the kindness, and the sincerity of An English Lady? *Æ*."

One of his colleagues, however, protests as follows:—

"With my very best regards to the benevolent authoress, I really cannot sanction the insertion of so utterly Utopian (or rather *Up-atop-ian*) a scheme. Who would consent to have his sacred home overrun by strange men, women, and children, with all their noise, dirt, diseases, accidental fires, and what not? Where are the servants to go to? Very few of even the largest London houses but are already well tenanted by night. If the poor lodgers could get in and out like birds, it would be bad enough: but to have them continually swarming up the staircases,—who'd stand it? would you? or would the Lady Bountiful herself? If we wish to make ourselves perfectly ridiculous, we had better insert this proposition. I'm sorry to say so much; but I must tell the truth. How in the world can *you* lend it your imprimatur?—A far better idea (if only your fair friend could persuade Belgravia to adopt it) is to let Spitalfields have the run of our West-end palaces, when London's out of town! A countess's boudoir would be a pleasant change of air and scene to a respectable herring-vendor; and the contrast between a Berkeley Square drawing-room, and a Monmouth Street cellar, no doubt, very refreshing and delectable! How far all this sort of interference with the Englishman's castle, would tend to good or happiness in any way; how far the poor man, (then the undoubted upper class) would accept rent-free lodgings up at the top of a grandee's house, far away from his work, his mates, his sense of freedom, and his penny-market; liable also to perpetual scolding if he fries an onion, whips a baby, washes a shirt, or toasts a sausage; and exposed to daily benevolent incursions from all the patronizing family,—Judge thou!

"More seriously though. Through the utterly impossible benevolence of the whole matter I discern a genuine Christian purpose; and, upon second thoughts, I will not hinder the publication of the letter, seeing we are entirely Catholic, unclassic, and philanthropic; and as *you* seem to desire it. At any rate, it will serve to demonstrate to our poorer brethren that (however impracticably) our Gentle-Women (witness J. P. C.) are most lovingly disposed towards them,—and our Gentle-Men (witness thyself,) well inclined to further all such unqualified benevolence. *U*."



## The Breakwater.

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The winds were high on Devon's coast,  
And many a gallant vessel lay,  
That once had been her country's boast,  
All shattered in the Deadman's Bay ;  
When Science, generous friend to man,  
Arose, and pointing to the deep,  
At once revealed a wondrous plan,  
To lull the stormy waves to sleep.  
Then Labour lent his willing aid,  
Whilst Indolence looked on and smiled,  
As though the storm could ne'er be stayed,  
Nor Genius curb a power so wild.  
At first they brought a single stone,  
Which flashed and sparkled as it fell,  
And seemed, as if at random thrown,  
A stranger in the watery dell.  
But others came, and found a place.  
And as the circling years ran by,  
Men soon began design to trace,  
And praised the builder's energy.

For now extended, many a rood,  
And rising 'midst the water's green,  
A walk, where once was solitude,  
Above the ocean-depths is seen.  
Outside, the fierce south-west may rave,  
And fling aloft the crested foam ;  
A barrier stands its wrath to brave,  
And give the storm-tossed bark a home.  
Full many a wearied eye will turn  
To catch the heart-inspiring ray ;  
From where the watch-fires nightly burn,  
To cheer the shipman on his way.  
Who then such stately work can view,  
A monument of human skill,  
But must admit what Man may do  
If Energy attend his will ?

A.





## The Forerunner.



Child of prophetic Birth,  
Thou Heavenly Star !  
Whose dawning on the Earth  
Chas'd from afar  
The gather'd clouds of darkness and despair ;  
We hail thy vision bright,  
The ray so pure  
Was of the Eternal light  
The Herald sure,  
For thou didst lead to Penitence and Prayer.

By Thee were Sinners won,  
With eager gaze  
To watch the rising Sun,  
Whose matchless rays  
Alone could perfect health and life impart.  
Thou bid'st them weep  
Those fruitful tears,  
Which had in fatal sleep  
Been dried for years,  
But now flow'd freely from each Mourner's heart.

From covetous desire,  
From pleasure's thrall,  
From passion's wildering fire  
Thou rescued'st all :  
Still was Thy quick'ning word " Repent and Pray."   
But Thou could'st not impart  
The vital breath,  
Which heals the broken heart,  
Gives Life for Death :  
Thou hid'st thy beams before the Eternal Day.

F.



# Reviewing.



" *Papillon*. Upon coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the — Review.

*Wilding*. What; were you an author too?

*Pap*. Oh, a voluminous one. The whole region of the *belles lettres* fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics. There, Sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure, in obedience to the caprice and commands of my master; I have condemned books I never read, and applauded the fidelity of a translation, without understanding one word of the original.

*Wild*. Ah! why I thought acuteness of discernment and depths of knowledge were necessary to accomplish a critic?

*Pap*. Yes, sir; but not a monthly one. Our method is very concise:—We copy the title-page of a new book; we never go further. If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scattered through as many periods, effectually does the business; as 'laudable design, 'happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument.' If we are to decry, then we have, 'unconnected, flat, false, illiteral, stricture, reprehensible, 'unnatural.' And thus, sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

*Wild*. A short recipe!

*Pap*. And yet, sir, you have here all the materials that are necessary. These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal: plays or sermons, poetry or politics, music or midwifery, it is just the same thing.

*Wild*. How came you to resign this easy employment?

*Pap*. It would not answer. Notwithstanding all we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung on hand, and all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a week, and my small-beer."—*The Lyar*, by SAMUEL FOOTE.

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"Why, alas! will not men strive to form opinions of their own, rather than submit to be guided by the arbitrary dictates of others? If a work please me, of what importance to me is it, whether the *beau monde* approve of it or not? What information do I receive from you, ye cold and miserable critics? Does your approbation make me feel whatever is truly noble, great, and good, with higher relish, or more refined delight? How can I submit to the judgment of men who always examine hastily, and generally determine wrong?

Who ne'er advance a judgment of their own,  
But catch the spreading notion of the town;  
Who reason and conclude by precedent,  
And, where they cannot echo lies, invent;  
Who judge of author's names,—not works, and then  
Nor praise nor blame the writings,—but the men."—ZIMMERMAN.

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"Better be condemned by all the periodical publications in Great Britain than by your own conscience. Let the dunce, with diseased spleen, who edits one obscure review, revile and rail at you to his heart's discontent, in hollow league with his black-billed brother, who, sickened by your success, has long laboured in vain to edit another, still more unpublishable,—but do you hold the even tenour of your way, assured that the beauty which Nature, and the Lord of Nature, have revealed to your eyes and to your heart, when sown abroad will not be suffered to perish, but will have everlasting life. \* \* \* \* He who knows that he writes in the fear of God and in the love of man, will not arrest the thoughts that flow from his pen, because he knows that they may—will—be insulted and profaned by the name of cant, and himself be held up as a hypocrite. In some hands, ridicule is indeed a terrible weapon. But ridicule in the hands either of cold-blooded or of infuriated malice, is harmless as a birch-rod in the palsied fingers of a superannuated beldame, who, in her blear-eyed dotage, has lost her school."—*Recreations*, by CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ii. 340.

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WHO shall worthily extol, and who will dare to emulate, the great Reviewers of our day? Who can speak too highly of their skill, power, patience, and general impartiality? Where, in all the fields of literature,

shall we find a more terse and classical style, more lucid order, more excellent learning, than in the pages of those masterly periodicals, the names whereof will immediately occur to every reader? Grateful indeed should all men be, in this age of many books, to those unwearied condensers of sometimes very wearisome authorship, whose analytical diligence enables us to keep pace with the rapid march of publication; grateful, not only for the trouble saved of reading in a diluted, what they give in a concentrated form, but, in nine cases out of ten, for right direction and good principle superadded to the subject in discussion. Our best reviewers not only give us the cream of everything, but luxuriously convert it, for the wayfarer's heated palate, into a delicious cream ice; delicately flavoured by the vanille of Taste, sweetened by the sugar of Imagery, and cooled into a grateful mass by the unenthusiastic praise of Essayism.

Yet, shall this silly simile of our's prove more apposite and fortunate than some of you are now supposing; for, woe to nascent authorship! how often has not the rich sweet cream of its labours been rather curdled by the rennet of criticism, than glorified and pampered as aforesaid! How often have not poets, novelists, historians, biographers, tourists, translators, and others, men of art, science, and dear-bought experiences (thrown then at length into bookshape before the Cerberus of Zoilization, and submitted for the first time to its awful tender mercy), how often have they not had to complain of a haste that worked injustice, a prejudice that would not hear both sides, a sometimes pettiness in carping, a sometimes vindictiveness in condemning?

Doubtless even hypercriticism works well for the general interests of literature. A severe judge makes obedience epidemic: and so the rules of taste and the canons of composition remain more usually inviolate than under more indulgent Minoses. With fledgling authorship itself, however, and its partial friends, the sense of so much general use is forgotten in the present pain and hardship ill-deserving. But let us comfort such awhile. It must not be a little consolatory for them to remember, that scarcely one of our great modern writers has escaped in his day the castigation of the critics. Without an effort, half a dozen luminous names occur to the mind at once—Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats—all of whom some despotic and anonymous reviewer instantly consigned to perpetual oblivion. These, and similar constellatory minds, in their own early rising, appeared to Literature's presumptuous and self-elected judges as mere marsh-fires, transient and fatuous; while, by way of a makeweight to so strange a mass of critical stolidity, hundreds of authors whom “the world has willingly let die,” thousands of volumes long ago clean forgotten, have been promised immortality by the same keen wits—and attained a taste of it too for the current month or quarter. Unluckily for their own sagacity, the self-same publications which threw cold water upon A, and B, and C (now great names all, and “known

“ quantities ” in the algebra of intellect), valorously got up the steam for such unrecognisable beings as X, and Y, and Z ; and we are still continually being admonished of sundry novel geniuses, whom, after such laudation, no one really ever hears of again ; while sundry famous poets or historians, who (passed over in silence) meet with neither commendation nor abuse, have, nevertheless, taken the world by assault, and live upon the mouths and hearts of men.

The influence of these derelictions in right judgment—to say nothing about cases of personal enmity or favour—(combined with a few other objections, whereof anon), has effected a gradual but abiding change in the public estimate of a reviewer's criticism. It avails very little now for a book if all men praise it ; the genuine puff is spitefulness—everybody reads an author well abused. Without directly asserting that such praise is censure and such censure praise, it amounts to a proverb now, that praise is oblivion and censure notoriety ; and there are not wanting instances of a well-commended author having had no readers at all (saving his injudicious critical friends in their too-indulgent periodicals) until some one of them, shrewder than the rest, has kindly cut him up. This, men argue, places such an one on a level with those other mighty names so sensibly condemned ; and forthwith the world looks sharp after the Marsyas man, whom critical hostility has marked with one at least of the characters of genius.

But it is not merely the fallibility of some of our reviews which has warped men's minds against them ; they like not also their supercilious tone of omniscience, the despotism they affect, their conflicting verdicts, and the bias of party-politics or personal interest perpetually exhibiting itself. When an author's work is reviewed in certain quarters, the question is very much to what party does the man incline, or what publisher owns the volume ; and, as a matter of course, there ensues a regular game of battledore and shuttlecock between the leading organs of the great political parties—our hypothetical author being praised by the one set and abused by the other in the exact ratio of their particular prejudices. The lofty-condescension style also is, to the initiated, truly ridiculous ; a voluminous labour of years—say, the fruit of such a mind as Bünsen's, or Hallam's, or Sismondi's, taken up in a hurry, has to be authoritatively reviewed off hand by some dashing young scribe. He may know nothing whatever about the mighty subject so learnedly handled by its master ; but is he, therefore, humble ? will he meekly sit at the feet of such a Gamaliel ? Nothing of the sort. Armed with indices and dictionaries, hand-books and encyclopædias, he speedily and cleverly “ crams ” his information ; he skims the cream of the work to be reviewed, and cunningly takes notes of opposite opinions in some antagonist writer. Boldness is supplied by the Anonymous, and practice has made him skilful with the pen. Then comes the onslaught ; and triumphantly the mighty We bears down upon

the luckless author. Points, that may have been the studied conclusions of years, are flippantly disposed of as entirely elementary; while some unimportant vagueness, or some venial inaccuracy, is held up to the scorn and pity of the civilised world. In effect—if anybody now-a-days cared about such matters, the ruin or the making of an author would be found to depend not a little upon the party he is supposed to belong to, or the publisher who becomes his patron. There are well-found periodicals which have been established principally with the view of favouring their owner's writers, and (on the principle of keeping down competition) destroying the good fame of those unconscious innocents whose crime is—an opposition publisher. Truth, skill, wisdom, good intent, will help the author little, if only Mr. Rival's name is on the title-page; while every contrary quality cannot sink a book, so far as its publisher's own journal is concerned. After this intelligence made known, let no mother's cheek be blanched if her boy's first essay is proclaimed the publication of a blockhead; let no maiden's eye be dimmed, because her lover's History meets a caustic critic; and, on the other hand, ye lawyers, and poets, and parsons, who severally (at your own expense, or for the consideration of so many hundred copies foisted on your friends) feed up the Cerberus of your cacoëthes with treatise, song, and sermon set up in readable type, flatter not yourselves if sundry prints commend you; their peculiar errand is, to pamper vanity such as yours, and thus to keep a carriage for your publisher.

But, let no one leave off here. Truth though all this be, it is very far from being the whole truth. Undoubtedly the best, aye, and the bulk of our reviews, are admirable and honest; excellent in wisdom, scrupulous in praising or blaming that each be well deserved, proverbial for powerful writing, and astonishing for extensive erudition. Can any one rate too highly some of our Quarterlies, not quite all—some of our monthly, weekly, daily reviewers—some, not all? Can any man fairly estimate the vast amount of high genius, right feeling, and good English purpose, so abundant in the mass of our periodicals? Let the reader fill up for himself his list of favourites, and confess that, for general impartiality, for conscientious intention, and for Eracles' might in using the club or in plying the distaff of criticism, modern reviewers are in most cases excellent and unapproachable.

Why then, it may fairly be asked, and with what hope of competing successfully, do the Editors of *The Anglo-Saxon* hereby propose to add an occasional sheet of reviews to their other lucubrations? Their answer, in all humility, is threefold. *First*.—The field of their vocation is, geographically speaking, more extensive than that of any other publication in the world. Though it be but by units as yet, this new-born "Anglo-Saxon" travels to every English-speaking corner of the globe; and authors, whose ambition it may be to be heard of in every colony and throughout the kindred continent of

America, as well as here at home, may naturally seek our world-wide vehicle. For the same reason, it may prove a good medium for the advertisement of new inventions, and so forth.

*Secondly.*—Without condescending to promise praise, unless it be justly due, and without suffering charity to emasculate our pen from censure well deserved (or even ridicule, if empty folly prompts it), still it is our wish to be fair, and kind, and patient to all men; tolerant of opinions not our own, if held honestly and not in irreligion; making no claim to universal knowledge, and not encouraging the scheme of cramming information for the nonce, but rather professing *to learn* from many an author, even while our review of his labours may possibly in some things be unfavourable. We desire to recollect how many hearts are needlessly made to ache by critical unkindness; how often the poor scholar; the amiable, though far from perfect, poet; the painstaking, but sometimes inaccurate, historian; the well-meaning pastor; or the struggling young aspirant for a livelihood through literature: we wish to take always into our account how easily such authors may be made wretched, may reap contumely in their own circles, may possibly find their budding prospects blighted, through the wide-scattered public print that harshly writes them down ignorant, conceited, or unprincipled. Without professing even to emulate our chief reviewers in their usually admirable forbearance, we will yet promise not to fall into the bad fault of sundry others who are rather cynics than critics, and with whom an inkstand is the proper Fountain of Detraction.

*Thirdly.*—To obtain variety; and, by way of securing now and then a useful peg whereon to hang our floating fancies for the amelioration, or amusement, or union of our great family; to aid in our useful internationalism; to expedite our own editorial labours; to win to our side the goodly phalanx of those authors whom we can honestly commend—aye, and those too whom, with good cause shown, we can as honestly censure. For all these reasons we desire to add to our other functions that of occasional reviewing; and we take leave to announce for a future number, that those authors who desire our judgment of their labours, may, if they so please, forward their works to be reviewed.

C.



## Correspondence.



**W**E are cheered on our course by many notes of admiration : and, although the very fact of alluding to them must lay us open to the unkindly charge of Egotism, still the voice of encouragement is wont to wake up so many more sweet echoes (which otherwise might modestly be mute), that we cannot help giving, by way of extract, a few samples of the good which we are privileged already to be doing. Private letters, of course, are sacred to ourselves ; the public press of our own country, favourable in almost every instance, must not find its numerous eulogies reported here by us ; Australia and New Zealand, at the Antipodes, and several of our Settlements elsewhere, are too distant for the kindness of their replies as yet to have reached us : all this, with delays in some of our arrangements, necessarily must circumscribe and bring within somewhat narrow limits the much which otherwise we have to say. But, without further preamble, we will venture to lay before our readers the extracts following.

In "Littell's Living Age," an American periodical of most extensive circulation, a New York correspondent speaks thus warmly of our adventure : his kind personal compliments of course we must omit. "I send for your use," says our unseen friend to his Editor, "the New Quarterly, the 'Anglo-Saxon,' No. III., wherefrom the 'Word to the Yankees' [quoted at length in Mr. Littell's Magazine] will be read with delight by thousands. We have not had many such addresses sent over to us from England ; and, in fact, so far as my observation extends, it is the most cordial and generous greeting an English Author has ever penned. It will be as generously responded to. The day has gone by when capital can be made out of the Hall and Trollope style of writing. A better spirit is growing up between the Anglo-Saxons of the old



and new world. \* \* \* I have not yet observed in your invaluable eclectic any extracts from this new and noble journal. As it is possible you have not yet received it I send you also the two first numbers, from which I hope you will transfer some of the best portions. No literary project has ever been started in England in which our nation has been so deeply concerned: none which has ever promised to result in so much good. \* \* \* The object of the 'Anglo-Saxon' is to bring the scattered sons of the great Anglo-Saxon family closer together,—to record what is most worthy of remembrance in the history of this greatest of all races,—to make mankind more familiar with our history and progress. It opens with the kindest spirit towards this country. It is purely international in this sense,—that it is devoted to the interests of Anglo-Saxons throughout the world, without distinction of country, or clime, or government. Certainly we shall be prepared in America to hail the advent of such a Journal with cordiality and gratitude. \* \* \* It has sprung up under the fairest auspices, and will not unlikely soon take its place among the first of those great Journals which constitute the ornaments of British literature."

To this we will add *in extenso* two important letters from the "Living Age" Editor himself. He says:—

"Perhaps the most cordial answer which the Editor of the 'Living Age' (speaking for one Anglo-Saxon) can give, is to print two letters which he wrote several years ago. We are ignorant of the fate of the one sent to the 'Times'; that addressed to the British minister was acknowledged in the most gratifying terms.

" BOSTON, 31st January, 1846.

" *To the Editor of The Times, London.*

"The tone and temper of some of your late articles induce me to hope that you will exert your great power—great in America as well as in Europe—to promote between the English families on both sides of the Atlantic the most hearty friendship.

"I am sure that if you knew how much the English press is really a 'power,' in its influence upon America, you would be careful never to print an idle word about us. Contemptuous or harsh expressions rankle deep in many hearts, and are felt as personal injuries from the people of England to the people here. And, above all, even above the government itself, 'the Times' is supposed to speak with the voice of England.

"And after all that has tried it, how abiding has been our love and respect for the 'old country!' It was some time before we could cease calling it 'home.' We are sensitive to what you say and do to us, for we desire your respect and good will above that of all Europe beside. And even when we set

our face as a flint against encroachments by you, we separate your government from your people in our anger, and think we are animated by the same spirit which made you free and invincible.

" That this is the feeling of all Americans, I do not say. Many prefer to represent England as an encroaching, domineering nation ; and, instead of finding its type, in good-natured, jolly ' John-Bull,' look for it in your Eighth Harry, ' who never spared man in his wrath, or woman in his lust.' But you may make us all of one mind ; and, just now, in the melting tenderness of reconciliation, and while we are hurt by the attitude of France ' our ancient ally,' is a favourable time to lay a foundation upon which perpetual peace may be builded. And although I rejoice in the '*entente cordiale*,' and have honoured the King of the French for his successful labours to preserve peace so long ; and although I should think it great glory for America if her influence should be able to prolong it for you after the death of the king, yet it seems to me impossible that with any other nation you can make so strong an alliance, as with one which is bone of your bone.

" The present governments of the two nations are disposed to promote a more intimate commercial intercourse. I should be glad to go beyond that, and to come as near a union of strength and feeling as could be effected, without our being entangled with your alliances and conquests, or losing any of the simplicity of our government.

" Would that it were possible for your government to rise above the points in dispute between the nations, and, strong in truth and conscious greatness, to say to ours, that, proud of being the mother of so great a nation, England wishes to lay the foundation of perpetual peace and friendship, by removing all causes of anger and distrust, and so far from quarrelling about a desert on the Pacific, wishes to promote between us and her American possessions as much cordiality of intercourse and freedom of trade, as if they were now, or were to become, parts of the same family. Stipulating for a ' drawback ' of all duties which America might impose upon goods intended for British America, and reserving a right of free export through all our territories, (you reciprocating all these privileges), not only might you disregard the question of boundary on the Pacific, but you might suffer and sanction the more intimate union which would grow up on the Atlantic, and thus for ever cut up by the roots the suspicions and jealousies by which only can an anti-English party be unnaturally supported here.

" By this process you might, for all useful purposes, get back your ancient colonies, and correct not only the blunder of 1783 in retaining Canada as a hostile garrison near us, but the ten or twenty years older follies which made two nations out of one.

" If you could do this you might make the changes, which probably must

take place at all events, of great profit to you and to all the world; instead of leaving them to be accomplished through a long course of anger and suffering.

“ Upon the removal of all doubt of you, we should be able to indulge our natural sympathy. We should rejoice in your spread in Asia, and in your probable growth in or near Brazil. We should no longer be a house divided against itself, and the Anglo-Saxon race would go on in the fulfilment of what would then plainly appear to be its mission, the settlement, civilisation, and Christianisation of the world.

“ Apart from our desire to get rid of European interference, we have no other interest in extending our empire than the greater enjoyment of the two advantages of our union—Peace and Free Trade. And these are the only advantages which you can reap from your North American possessions. Our trade is better for you than it would have been had we remained colonies.

“ The government of Protestant England may be able to make, gradually and quietly, the organic changes which the ‘movement’ requires. But that will hardly be done upon the continent of Europe. And, perhaps, even so early as the death of the dexterous and sagacious King of the French, the trumpet will call to a desperate battle. When that shall happen, you would be greatly strengthened by having your own descendants in the position of strong neutrality and peace-makers, with undoubted friendship and sympathy for you, rather than have us calculating the chances of that awful time, and arguing that, as we must fight you sooner or later, it would be prudent to do it then.

“ The waters must soon or late break up in Germany and Italy, as well as in France, and whatever triumphs may await England in the strife which will be thrust upon her, it will be prudent for her to prepare *this* continent for her use and support when the waves shall dash over Europe.

“ The people of America, and I hope the people of Great Britain, are now ripe for the constitution of a tribunal for the settlement of all present and future differences between them—whether their statesmen are ready to carry this into effect remains to be seen. Let us ‘bombard them with good measures.’ I suggest the following

#### “ COURT OF NATIONS.

“ The United States to nominate five of our citizens, to be approved by England, who shall for life hold the sacred office of members of this court, with ample provision for their support. Appoint such men as Chancellor Kent, Bishop White, Justice Story, Horace Binney, John Jay.

“ Let England do the same, and let the court select an umpire, in case of its equal division upon any question.

“ Let the place of holding these courts be alternately in America and England—and all expenses be jointly paid by the two nations.

“ The indirect influence of these ten men would ward off many occasions

of ill will—and purify many ill humours—and thus *prevent* as many disputes as it would pronounce upon. And other nations would from time to time leave their differences to it.

“ AN AMERICAN.”

“ *Near BOSTON, 11th February, 1846.*

“ *To the Honourable RICHARD PACKENHAM, Washington, D. C.*

“ SIR,—The fear of being thought intrusive shall not prevent me from expressing to you the gratification with which I, yesterday, read the offer made by you, of submitting all differences between the United States and Great Britain, to a mixed commission—a *Board*, (implying perhaps permanence).

“ By this mail I send to you some numbers of the *Living Age*, and ask you to look at pp. 248 and 296. When you see that what I had longed for had been actually proposed by you, you may imagine the delight with which my heart was expanded at your proposition, and the sinking of soul which came over me at its rejection. Important as the Oregon harbours are to us, it was not less important to lay hold of such an opportunity to settle the peace of both the English families for ever, and thereby to enable them to maintain the peace of the world. It hardly enters into the thoughts of man to conceive of the strength which our reunion would give to the *MEN who speak English*, and who might then fill up the waste places of the whole world.

“ But although we mourn over the present failure of your offer, let us not have to say, ‘ Oh ! fair occasion, now *for ever* lost !’ If Great Britain will preserve the same temper and tone, it must be yet accomplished. And even already, a hundred thousand hearts, at least, beat more kindly toward England because of your offer. This is of more advantage to you than a year of victories.

“ Valuable to you and to the world as the good understanding with France is, you may by a few years of prudent gentleness and kindness, make a more perfect and more enduring friendship with us. You may knit together the *broken bones*. That you, Sir, may personally be the means, in the hand of Providence, of helping to place the two nations at the head of all Christian people, is my prayer.

“ The President may have resources upon which he relies for a settlement of the dispute. But this is not all that I hoped for. I should have rejoiced that its close had been so brought about, as to let our hearts knit to the ‘ old country.’

“ These feelings are communicated to you, in the hope that you will believe that they are shared by a very large part of the American people, and that you may be encouraged by this belief to persevere in ‘ winning our hearts.’ If so, you will not fail of success. Our government, I truly believe, is desirous of

peace—but even if not, it could not go to war, or give you any reasonable provocation to it, in the face of such correspondence.

“ I am, Sir, with great respect,

“ Your humble servant,

“ E. LITTELL.”

WE cannot sufficiently rejoice to think how cordially this able writer not only can understand, but has positively anticipated us, even in expressions. “ The men who speak English,” “ the Anglo-Saxon race,” the “ house no longer to be divided against itself,” one “ mission in the settlement, civilisation, and christianisation of the world,”—these are our very thoughts, our actual words. Let such a beautiful coincidence speak out, how sympathetic are the cords that bind us ; how ripe is the soil of the world for the good-will-seed that we are sowing !

And now we have to give another friendly echo, in a different key, but still eminently characteristic and valuable.

To the Editor of “ *The Anglo-Saxon* ;” England.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *August 3rd*, 1849.

DEAR SIR,

A short time since I saw your Appeal to the Yankees, extracted from a publication styled the “ *Anglo-Saxon* ;” and being much interested in the objects it is designed to favour, have felt impelled to communicate the train of thought suggested by it : accordingly I forward to you the following Response. The form which the “ *Anglo-Saxon* ” was to take did not appear from the article ; hence I was obliged to write at random ; but if my humble authorship is capable of being made useful in any way, please to consider it at your service.

I write without hesitation, and with little ceremony, as to a very friend ; for, as such I ever regard those with whose spirits my own has held sweet communion through their published thoughts. I prefer that my name should not appear with the article, if it be published ; and at all events I remain,

Sincerely your obedient Servant,

\* \* \*

A Response from Yankeeland.



“ We have heard a voice from our Fatherland ; by the mouth of one whose heart we know, and, knowing, love and honour. It is the voice of fraternal

regard, imploring by the ties of brotherhood for a more closely cherished and more heartfelt friendship ; strengthening that appeal by pointing us to similarity of sentiments, and to a oneness of destiny.

“ After the manner of the Red Man of our forests, we respond. Brother ! we have listened to your talk,—it is good. It comes to us like the whispering of the Great Spirit as he speaks to his children, while we hear him passing through the trees ; and our hearts do burn with love while he tells us to be good, and kind with each other, to be friendly, and sincere. We love you much for this gentle word you have spoken in our ears ; it fills our hearts with gladness, and we take you by the hand, while we sit down under cover of the wigwam made for us by the Great Spirit, and smoke together the calumet of peace. Our friendship shall not be as the chain of iron which, though strong, may be corroded by the rust ; nor like the ring which, though endless, may be broken ; but like the perennial shining of the sun upon the vineyard the Great Spirit has given you to cultivate and improve, and shall only cease when by misdoing the sun is made ashamed to shine upon it, and you forfeit the privilege of covering it with your shadow. We have spoken.

“ But it may be well to consider the reasons founded on the character of its destiny, why this Anglo-Saxon race of both hemispheres should earnestly cement the bonds of brotherhood.

“ Glancing over the political chart of the world, we discover amongst all its governments three, and three only, *progressive* empires ; and these three are Russia, Britain, and America ; representing the three great distinct forms of government,—each with its corresponding mission before it ; and however different the means by which it is to be attained, or diverse the roads which each must travel to it, their ultimate end is the same, *viz.* the improvement and the elevation of man.

“ Their destiny is different from that of any other nations, or, perhaps, it would be more proper to say than the future destiny of any others ; for some of them have had corresponding missions, and have fulfilled them (or neglected to do so), and having ceased to operate beyond their own borders, have chrysalis-like retired within themselves to undergo such political moultings as may possibly prepare them hereafter, to make farther progress. Thus Spain, Portugal, and France, have not only ceased to plant new colonies, but have lost the controul of nearly all they ever did plant ; and why ? Simply because having done all that the genius of their political and religious institutions would permit them to do by way of improving the race ; and, not only so, but having brought themselves directly into contest with the self-improvement of their colonies, their power for evil was set aside by the sure, but indirect working of natural laws, or Providence. Napoleon had a mission, but, neglecting to accomplish the greatest work he might have performed, he was set aside ;—the Moslem power progressed as far as its genius will permit,

and is crumbling now away, retaining just enough of its former greatness to present a barrier to the misdirected ambition of the Czar ; while haply he may yet bethink him of his mission, and build to himself an enduring monument of glory by its accomplishment, thus averting the ignominy of failure in the consummation to which he is called.

“ The providential errand of a civilized nation surrounded by savage or barbarous hordes is to bring those elements of discord into harmony, to displace anarchy by establishing the order of law, to substitute knowledge for ignorance ; and only where it has done this, has it a mission beyond its own borders ; and having done this to the extent of its abilities, its home work is so far at an end.

“ Russia, at this time, presents the spectacle of a Government whose external mission has ceased, by virtue of the equality or superiority of its borderers ; but which, by having absolute sway over vast multitudes of barbarian hordes, has within the limits of its legitimate influence a mighty work before it, in the form of raising this great portion of mankind from the degradation of ignorance and serfdom. A grand and noble work this for the Emperor of all the Russias—and one, the accomplishment of which would confer higher and more imperishable honour than all the military conquests that ever have been, or ever will be made. Oh, that Nicholas might be wise ! and instead of marshalling his legions to smother the flames of freedom that blaze so brightly in Circassia and Hungary, he would set himself to work in right good earnest to free and educate the serfs already within his domains ! The genius of his religion and the idea of absolutism would only permit the progress of such a work to a certain extent ; after which the expanding mind must burst its bonds, and find full scope for its powers under the canopy of more liberal politics and wider religious institutions. But by ceasing to lord it over so large a portion of this God’s earth and God’s men upon it as a tyrant, and by becoming a father to his people, the Czar, and his successors after him, might for a long time avert the doom which his present course of action is tending speedily to consummate. For, let him succeed in subduing the Circassians and extending his sway over them, and in crushing the Republic of Hungary, whatever other results may follow, this, sooner or later, would be inevitable—that these people, with the Poles and all others who should sympathise with them both within and without the Czar’s dominions, would unite at the first favourable moment to overwhelm his legions and to scatter his power to the winds that could return them not again. For, the free idea cannot die, and the fate of Louis Philippe should teach the Emperor Nicholas that when the people are once awakened, military batteries are no protection to a throne.

“ But turn we from Russia, whose duty is external to us, to the contem-

plation of our own united mission—that which we, the great Anglo-Saxon family, have to work out with our own hands, and heads, and hearts.

“ And first of the Fatherland, whose lion shakes his mane in every breeze and roars in every clime—colony-planting Britain, whose native energies can be confined to no hemisphere, cramped by no ocean-limits—progressing Britain, who, though with a crowned head and an hereditary aristocracy, has too a charter and elective representatives, trial by jury and the right to think. Yes; “ Britain, with all thy faults we love thee still ” and much ; we love thee for thy free-spirited race of men that will think, and then will act their thought; that will not brook tyranny over-much in either Church or State, though often much-enduring. We love thee, because that, while thou darest not let go the wrong, thou wilt yet look Tyranny in the face till thou hast scanned its fearful features ; and then wilt give him battle, wherein, though slow thy progress and patient thy hope, yet thine ultimate victory is sure. We love thee, because of thy glorious errand, the nobleness of thy nature—the character of our common race ; and we love thee all the more, because thou hast sought out our sympathies, and encourage us, as now, to co-operate with thee in the fulfilment of thy mighty mission.

“ Colony-planting and colony-rearing Britain, thou hast made some mistakes, and peradventure thou wilt yet make more ; it was hard for thee to learn that the leading-strings should be cast aside when the children are strong enough to run alone, and that adults should be permitted to tax themselves with the responsibilities of manhood. But thou hast taken some fine lessons of thy truant Jonathan, and he is ever ready to lend thee further counsel. Thou hast fulfilled much of thy true mission, by infusing intellectual and moral energy into regions where intellectual and moral desolation had reigned for centuries, and where existed no inherent life-giving principle of activity or progress. That thy motives are always the purest, or the means of accomplishment the justest and the best, we cannot say ; nevertheless thou doest well according to thine own enlightenment ; and when we compare the children of thy planting with those of some other nations we wot of, the keenness of our censure dies away within us.

“ We have hinted that the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race gave Britain the pre-eminence in this work of infusing life-breath and the life-creating spirit of progress into the torpor-stricken portions of the world. We discover it both in the individual and in the collective energies of the race ; in the free tendencies of her institutions, and more especially in her religion. Not yet as fully free as we Yankees could wish ; but still so much so, that when compared with neighbours in the south-west of Europe, we can easily answer the question why it is that the colonies planted by the latter in South America and Mexico have made no progress whatever in self-improvement, either before their sepa-



ration from the parent stock or afterwards. Their religion being purely retrospective admits of no improvement, no progress, no light. Doomed to tread in the steps of their forefathers, the intelligence of the fifteenth century is their intelligence to-day. True, they made an effort to follow the example of Jonathan, by casting off parental restraint and setting up for themselves with a show of republicanism. But, alas for them ! their religion tied them up and swathed them round as with the bands of a mummy ; they could not stir hand nor foot. What could a people do under such circumstances of constraint, even if they had possessed the Anglo-Saxon energy ?

“ Aye, Jonathan ! thank thy stars and Mother Britain that thou art clothed for the most part in the unshackling religion of primitive Christianity ; in that ancient freeman’s creed that was lost in Romanism, and is found again in the Reformation.

“ But however well the political and religious institutions of Britain are adapted to the planting and rearing of colonies, and opening the way for the improvement of nations, they do not enable her to complete the work. Hence when she has broken through the walls by which superstition had excluded the light of heaven from human eyes, and its warmth from human hearts ; when she has scattered to the winds ignorance and stagnation ; when she has planted a sufficiency of Anglo-Saxon seed, to stock a land with the self-living elements of progress, her mission is fulfilled ; and nobly fulfilled too, if fearing not too great an expansion she fosters evermore a larger increase.

“ But what of Jonathan, that uncouth boy who in his turn outgrew controul, and left his mother ? Shall he remain content to settle down in an indolent state of vegetation, and be a cypher in the world unknown and inglorious, occupying a big plot upon the map of the world, and only relieving the tedium of a monotonous existence by sympathy with old world revolutions ? No ; no ! Emulating Father John, he too goes on to plant colonies in the wilderness, and grows apace in might and majesty.

“ And not stopping at mere imitation, he acts according to the proverb that, “ Every generation grows wiser and wiser, and I am a better man than “ father was ;” so then, as soon as his colonies are able to stand alone, he makes them equal brothers ; and thus instead of dependent colonies, like extravagant grown up sons living at home, he raises independent states, rich customers, profitable neighbours, all having a unity of interest ; so that the uncouth stripling, the outlying state, that yesterday contested for a questionable existence, to day astonishes the world by his growth, his majesty, and his might ;—taking rank among the first empires of the old world in power, and far in advance of them in the prosperity, the intelligence, and the happiness of his people. And why ? simply because the genius of his political and religious institutions makes every man responsible both for the administration of the

government and for the character of his religion ; thus continually luring him on to higher excellence. His faculties are continually stimulated to activity,—he can no more stop than the earth in its orbit,—he must progress—never satisfied with what he has attained, his motto is ever “ onward and upward.” No height can satisfy him, no acquirements can satiate him. Seeing himself still imperfect he pants for perfection. Wrongs he may do in wantonness—but these his better nature deprecates. Excrescences there are upon his otherwise fair proportions, but these he will strive to eradicate. One whole side is (we admit it) sorely afflicted with a dark schirrous disease, which has threatened almost to sap the fountains of his health ; a sort of King’s evil, inherited from father John, and which has cost him many a bitter pang. But that same lie to all his protestations of justice—that sorry clog with which his progress has been so long hampered, is doomed to perish soon. Jonathan is awakened to the danger of a false security and makes speed—wholesome speed not heated haste—to overthrow Slavery. Yes, Africa, weeping degraded Africa, so long profaned, so fearfully polluted, thy tears shall yet be stayed ! the sources of thy grief shall be dried up, thou shalt yet rejoice in justice done to thee, and in the elevation of thy degraded people ! Jonathan owes thee much ; and already he has begun to repay. One little republic imbued with the spirit of his *free* institutions, now thrivingly implanted on thy shores, is but the earnest of what shall be done for thee when his own great sore is healed. But Jonathan’s Mission and his destiny—what are they ? Standing out full to the view and blazing as the midday sun, we cannot mistake them. His earnestness—his energy—his untiring perseverance—his continually upward and onward aspirations—and his steadily increasing strides up the great ascent of human progress, clearly point to him as the beacon of the world to reveal what the race may become, and beckon the nations to its realization. Indebted to Britannia for his character and many of his institutions, and forgetting family skirmishes, Jonathan rejoices in the growing friendship of the Fatherland ; and the more that, though a little way behind, John Bull is marching nobly on to share in the glory of that mission also ; so that the father and the son may walk hand in hand in the excellent way of a world’s religious, political, and social progress.

“ For the fulfilment of her destined errand, Britain’s power is now at its acme, equal or superior to any other in the world. Not so America ; our thirty young empires are still in their youth, and grow apace ; powerful now in arms, soon their colossal strength will enable them to smile with complacency at any supposition of the need of using them.

“ With a continent before us, then, to cover with inhabitants, and a world to magnetize into new life, we may well be content with our mission of charity, and our destiny of greatness ; we may heartily welcome dear old Britain to our

embrace, and all Anglo-Saxons to our brotherly sympathies; glad if we can mutually hold fast the olive branch of peace between us, and labour together faithfully and thankfully, for the better development of human happiness."



Among miscellaneous matters of correspondence, it will, we think, be interesting to our readers, not less than it has been instructive to ourselves, to give a hint of the strange variety of opinions, wherewith, among sundry friends, our movement has been met. This we can do, by proper precautions, without any violation of confidence, and it may serve as our reply to numerous objections and suggestions; to frigid indifference as well as to zealous co-operation.

Hear, then, a few sentences from our correspondence, not always *ipsissimis verbis* for delicacy's sake, but still honestly preserving each its spirit. One friend writes to us in this tone:—"My good fellow, I strongly recommend you not to bore us with another Quarterly: nobody cares a button about all those heavy coaches now, except a few bookworms and the quidnuncs: they're fast falling off the road, I tell you: in fact I know that at every club I go to, if it wasn't for flunkey cutting the leaves, there'd be the best of all possible proofs that nothing's read in them at all, except what's spicy or sporting. An article that slaughters a poor devil author without mitigation or remorse, or something dashing about the moors and dogfancying may pay; but save us from those longwinded affairs of hard literature. Don't think it's the guinea; but I must look to my digestion in these cholera times: a Quarterly is too dyspeptic. I'm sorry to say No, but you mustn't break with me for it."

Well: without going the length of our friend, we do think that mere book-reviewing and imperious essayism has been somewhat overdone. The great want of the day (and we are far from thinking we have yet given even a good sample of our recipe), the great social prescription is, union by moderation; unpartisan literature; philanthropy and not sarcasm; a definite christian purpose in every page, and not the mere glitter and sparkle of rhetorical flourishes.

Another unknown wellwisher, evidently a most profound archæological pundit, mistakes our name and aim much as follows:—"If my co-operation can be of service, I have to propose for periodical insertion in your pages an unpublished Anglo-Saxon Grammar, (!) which I request you to peruse, and to inform me what terms you are disposed to offer for the use of it, in the first thousand copies of your learned journal. I say 'the first thousand' because I should require a progressive ratio of emolument in the proportion in which my lucubrations tended to your financial advantage." Poor Enthusiast! strongly reminding us of that "blushing author of a volume on 'the Greek participle,' in Bulwer's Pelham: as if, first, anybody could read

his terrible MS. ; as if, secondly, one creature in ten millions cared the snuff of a candle for an Anglo-Saxon Grammar ; as if, thirdly, we wanted to purchase his leaden mediocrity, when so many brightest minds are glad to start us with their friendly contributions ; and, to conclude, as if Anglo-Saxonism meant a mere molegrubbing back again into the long dark tunnel of a thousand years ago, and were not now a living, growing universality, a name for union and sympathy, for Christianity and progress.

Very similar to the hood-winked mortal above, is the false fancy of another who facetely considers us “ hys aunicyente ffreynde,” and who supposes that Hengist and Horsa are as much heroes in our eyes as Alfred, seeing that they all come of one old stock. Knoweth he not that Alfred’s spirit is still quick and strong in every one of our English institutions ?—that, if gratefully we look back through many ages to the commencement of our excellence, it is that we may hopefully look forward to a higher state of excellence, possibly, in God’s good providence, reserved for our Future.

And this word, Future, reminds us of another potent objection, to which we desire to give serious heed, while we remonstrate with its spirit. Sundry of our disputants have answered much as thus :—“ Is this a time for indulging “ in any worldly pursuits, commencing a new quarterly, or celebrating an “ ancient monarch, when ‘ the Lord is at hand ? ’ Is it a mark of Christian “ knowledge or religious illumination to be trying to unite and to ameliorate “ mankind, when the sure word of prophecy forewarns us that before the “ coming of Christ (and His chariot wheels are waiting) all will be blood, “ and fire, and vapour of smoke ; wars and rumours of wars, famine and “ pestilence,—every man’s hand against his neighbour, &c. &c. ? Do ye not “ know that the attempt to regenerate this disjointed world is presumptuous “ and unholy ? &c. &c. Verily, Antichrist is to come as an angel of light ; “ and none but those who *sigh* for their Lord’s appearing, and who *wait* for “ his coming with a continued ‘ how long,’ will meet anything at that hour but “ condemnation and dismay ! ”

Excellent sir, we answer, is it not our duty to be up and doing ? Not to distort such a good and patient word as “ wait ” into monkish indolence,—but to quicken our Christian watchfulness into action, and to “ come to the help “ of the Lord against the mighty ? ” If our state of life ordained us to such Evelyn-like patriotism as that of planting acorns, we should fear no rebuke from our Redeemer, if He found us planting acorns even till his coming ! Hear how Sir Matthew Hale once acted :—it was in 1688, when all Europe’s best and wisest were looking for the Advent : the good judge was seated at his desk of duty, trying a prisoner ; a most fearful storm raged at the time, and the affrighted multitude in court began to endanger the solemnity of the proceedings through the excitement caused by a fanatic who rushed wildly into court,

and shouted out "Christ is come!" Hale believed the man. He knew the prophetic probability of the fact; and that overwhelming crashing of the elements seemed indeed the day of doom. But how did he act?—even as, on true Christian principles, every brave and good man ought: "Sheriff! take that person away, and keep order in the court; if my Judge is come, he shall find me doing my duty. Let the case proceed." And so, friend, without disputing possibilities, and not only well aware that the end *may be* to-day, but heartily desiring and watching for it, if the Master will,—nevertheless, it is our duty to occupy till He come; to hide no talent in a napkin, but to do our best for the good of man and for the honour of God in every way that is possible. The acknowledgment of good seed in His servant Alfred, whose fruit is ripe this day, and the effort to amalgamate brothers, and ameliorate the suffering condition of humanity, these are wise and noble ends; and while we take and hold fast by the good word "wait," we will yet do so not in the idle attitude of slumbering and sleeping, but as those who have talents to use and work to do, and who must give account of their stewardship.

But we must have done, and can scarcely hint at such little matters as, "How glad I am to see Poetry rescued from its usual little print, and legibly set out in readable characters;" and the opposite opinion, "What could you mean by making verses so prominent in your book?" Again: "For my own part, I hate those Yankees, and think them a vulgar set of rebels:" and *per contrà*—"Perhaps one of the most valuable features in your plan is that of encouraging a friendly feeling towards America. I congratulate you exceedingly upon your efforts in this respect, and am sure that that cordial race of people will accept them, as a precious proof that we desire above all things to be friends with our brethren."

One person exclaims against us for "not being party-men, having no flag, no motto, no fixed principles;" his neighbour unconsciously answering the imputation as thus:—"Your end, if I understand you, seems to be to find points of similarity, rather than points of difference; to take the broad banner of a Race, and the wide watchword of a language, and so long as Christianity is professed, to endeavour to amalgamate prejudices and parties."

An antiquarian friend, famous all over the world for his minute knowledge of our ancient forefathers, threatens us with literary prosecution in these terms:—"If it was not that *you* had a personal interest in this precious Anglo-Saxon, I should have been down upon it long ago: why, the outside cover is enough, oak-leaves and St. Gregory, and the absurd black letter! what has all this to do with your properties? I'll give you the correct lettering from coins, and a genuine archaic lattice pattern from manuscripts; and if you don't reform the whole appearance of the thing, inside and out (I must in mercy forwarn you), I shall be down upon you!" There: they

will thus resolutely mistake us. Let us have the murder out at once: we are not antiquaries:—to please the few, and our irate friend among them, we will indeed now and then condescend to some such exciting subject as “The Saxon Period,” for instance (see III. p. 200); or enshrine in Mr. Brettell’s superb typography a stray morsel from Bede, Alcuin, Ethelwerd, or Regnar Lodbrog; but all this is a mere supererogatory indulgence; we are Anglo-Saxons, only as we are universal Englishmen; we care nothing comparatively for the queer spelling of Asser, or the Russian-looking letters of the Saxon Chronicle: let the antiquaries leave us alone; (unless indeed they will kindly contribute a gem or two, bright or dull, as hinted above); we are modern Anglo-Saxons, creatures spoken of by this constant appellation in *Times*-leaders, and July-American-orations. “Anglo-Saxon” is simply a term to include the great English family everywhere: “Leave us, leave us to repose.”

Yet another deliberate objector; hear him and his answer:—“I am exceedingly concerned to find a man of your good sense,” such is our friend’s lefthanded compliment, “engaged in so hopeless an undertaking. Why? It is positively a mundane matter, a most comprehensive business; involving enormous cost and toil, and demanding energies, talents, and resources of the very highest order. You propose a literary point of union for a Race wide as the world; and seem to me to be aiming in the general, at what all manner of Home and Colonial and American Magazines, besides Freemasons, Foresters, Druids, Odd Fellows, and all other English guilds, are attempting to do in particular. My dear young friend, do let a man old enough to be your grandfather exhort you to have nothing to do with so perilous and extensive a concern. Every man’s hand will be against you!” Answer. If it is, we must fight; but, as a matter of fact, not one enemy has yet revealed himself in print, and more than a hundred disinterested literary judges (all thanks to them!) have liberally paved our way with praises. Further, for the matter of extent, if extensive, “*perseverantiâ et amicis*,” it will bear its own charges; and as to toil, with all respect to our venerable friend, we are of the sort that likes trouble, and is content to be stirring these world-wide waters. No fear for us; if only *you*, excellent Mentor, will help Telemachus with a little crook of gold in addition to your kind advice. Bring us a score of subscribers: and so, a hundred weight of these fair volumes will find free freight to New Zealand or New Orleans.

A West Indian gentleman sends us a long [illegible, by-the-bye,] rigmarole against certain government officials. We really cannot undertake to settle his affairs; an *ex parte* quarrel is not to our taste: if he will have the goodness to give us his views on the slave trade and abolition, or on free trade and its consequences, we will put his MS. into the printers’ hands, that it may be decyphered; and if up to the mark, it shall stand.

A zealous Anglo-Saxon addresses us in manner following:—" Gentlemen, and Brother Anglo-Saxons, I greet you well! May the same Spirit that sheds its lustre over the wide-spread Saxon Race, guide your newly-launched venture clear of the hidden and treacherous rocks and shoals which Envy and Prejudice have laid for the destruction of all that is high, and ennobling, and good-intentioned, and virtuous. It is difficult to propagate, successfully, such sentiments as you hold, inasmuch as they are above the capacity, and contrary to the principles of the many. And why?—Because based on Truth, and truth has nothing in common with those whose vulgar interest it is to retard the intellectual and spiritual advancement of Man. Do not understand me that I would impute ignorance and prejudice to the Readers of your able Quarterly.—No! My object is to guard them from its venom; and they will not find a more efficient shield against its influence, than by perusing and pondering well on the sentiments contained therein: if they do so, they will have to combat with ideas that speak home to the hearts of men, and will bless the hour that introduced them to your principles of Truth and Virtue.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Then, Brothers, proceed you on your course, and, by God's help, the public heart will expand, and, when appreciated and understood, *all* will hail you as of the few who advocate and really desire the amelioration of evils under which so many of us barely *exist*,—I cannot say *live*;—for, now-a-days, there are many bright spirits doomed even to Pauperism. \* \* \*

" I wish, with you, a ' better state of things.' Let us work for this. I would have Society earn for itself a higher tone:—Man estimated for the good he does, rather than for his account at the bankers. We must shame Envy into nothingness with the mirror of Truth. We must go hand-in-hand,—high and low, rich and poor, without regard to conventional degree,—for the ' general good: ' like the Roman of old, setting honour in one eye, and death in the other, looking on both indifferently:—and let him be esteemed most who deserves most."

Several anonymous communications must remain unnoticed: we have a right to know the name and standing of every correspondent.

It is a remarkable coincidence, that (without being aware of any thousandth anniversary) the Religious Tract Society have published in due course " A Life of Alfred for the people," this very summer: likewise, that similarly without a chronological intention, Mr. Thornycroft, the eminent sculptor, has produced this year the life-size classical group of " Alfred and his Mother," an engraving from which adorns our present number. Equally opportune, though not similarly fortuitous, has been the able Lecture on Alfred the Great, recently delivered at Crosby Hall, as one of a course of Lectures to Young Men; and the fine medal of our hero Monarch, described in our opening article, is another well-timed incident.

With respect to the Jubilee, now at length zealously and earnestly taken up by Berkshire (not "Bæotian," O thou false poet, but genuinely Attic, the tip-top County after all, and worthy of its native Alfred), we are overflowing with letters; and, without breaking private confidences, as well as devoting more space to the matter than we now have to spare, we can only specifically allude to one or two of our most liberal and enthusiastic friends. Foremost among them we are glad to hint at the Veteran Father of Architectural Archæology: and at another, equally a veteran and a patriot, seeing that forty years ago he got up that spirited National Commemoration, King George's Jubilee: and at others, all earnest in the cause, and still resolved, "once in a thousand years, to celebrate the Father of England."

But enough: if friends will help, and will rally round our standard, nothing shall be wanting in our perseverance,—nor therefore to success. At any rate, be our future what it may, we trust that there are many things present well meant and well deserving in this our first volume. Happily, for coincidence, its four quarterly numbers fulfil the four seasons of King Alfred's thousandth birth year; and, in itself a sort of literary jubilee, it may stand to show that he, his principles, and his character, are still spiritually vigorous in the world-wide *Anglo-Saxon*.




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LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. BRETTILL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.











## L'Envoy.

WERE endeth the first Fytte of *Y<sup>r</sup>* Anglo-Saxon.

And now, Gentles all, while the curtain is falling, and the scene shifting, and all due preparation going on for Act the Second ; while critics are whispering, politicians speculating, fools yawning, and ladies smiling, as they turn over the pages of our goodly volume,—in the name of all the gallant recruits who, from East and West, North and South, have flocked to the Banner of the Anglo-Saxons—WE SALUTE YOU !

We will not cry “ *Largesse ! Largesse !* ” nor send round the cap for Contributions. We will not entreat your indulgence, nor crave your mercy ; of course every one may guess the dangers, difficulties, and disappointments that await an adventure like ours ; there must be numerous shortcomings and frequent rebuffs. But as A TROOP we have done our Duty, we have redeemed our pledge, and—we mean to do it again.

Most courteously, therefore, we present ourselves, cap in hand, to salute, but not to supplicate.

Neither few, nor fearful, nor *fainéants* are the Cavaliers who have gallantly taken service in the Cause, and have sworn to uphold the Banner of our Race against all Challengers. And there are some among them, worthy descendants of those adventurous Crusaders, the slayers of the Dragon and the Giant,—Men who will not fear to take Mammon by his beard, and Cant and Prejudice by the ears, and defy them to the Battle.

And, by the help of God, they shall gain the day. There is the stalwarth Knight-errant, who has been wandering in many lands, “ chewing the cud of sweet and bitter

“fancy.” Truly some of his words are bitter, and his spirit seems to be disquieted within him ; but he has run his course well, for sharp and relentless is the spur of Indignation. And there is the stout and sturdy Champion of Old England, who has found his adversary, not in foreign lands, but in his own country and among his own people. Down-right and trenchant his stroke, laborious and earnest his assault—may he live to see the grim Workhouse and the dreary Gaol swept away from the face of his Fatherland, and the old times restored, “When the Great Man helped the “Poor, and the Poor Man loved the Great.” And the Minstrel Herald, the first to rally to the Standard, the foremost to bear it forth to the ends of the earth—

“Wafting his message of Peace and Goodwill,  
Brotherhood, Godliness, Science, and Skill :”

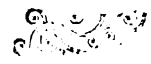
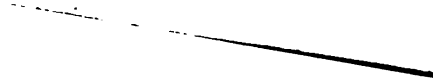
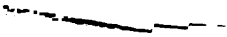
Many are “the stout Anglo-Saxons, the resolute ones,” whom he has won to the cause by the voice of his charming.

Nor must we forget the earnest Pioneer who has ventured into the living deserts of the mighty city, the lairs and lurking places of the Famine and the Pestilence. Time, however, would fail us to enumerate, one by one, each individual knight of “our Round Table ;” the Learned and the Gentle ; the Daring and the Brave ; Champions of the Cross, in honour and in courtesy ; suffice it to declare that from the first who raised the Standard, to the Recruit of the last hour, all are of good heart and of stout mind ; not ashamed of the Past, and full of hope for the Future ; determined to do well what they have undertaken to do, and each looking forward to a Niche in the future Walhalla, and a Name in the grateful Annals of

## The Mighty Anglo-Saxon Race.

A.

October, 1849.



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# Opinions of the Press.

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"The *Anglo-Saxon* more than realises the expectations raised by its announcement at the beginning of the year. For beauty of typographical execution and richness and tastefulness of illustration, it stands wholly unrivalled among Periodicals. The contents present a not inharmonious mixture of antiquarian lore with modern topics; essays on the great questions of the day alternating with disquisitions on the ancient history and language of the Anglo-Saxon race. These are relieved by poetic contributions of more than ordinary merit."—*John Bull*.

"The *Anglo-Saxon* is an original and very cleverly conducted (quarterly) Periodical, which is beautifully printed, and very tastefully as well as attractively illustrated. Part II. is peculiarly good, showing well the scope and objects of the work, which is styled 'The Standard of the Race.' 'The standard was raised in London (say the Editors), the centre of the race, and an Anglo-Saxon messenger was forwarded by rail and steam to every corner of the globe recognised as an Anglo-Saxon settlement.' The full intent and design of the Publication are skilfully described in the opening article, which richly merits perusal. It professes 'to promote progress and improvement,' and we are sanguine that it will achieve its object. The contribution on 'The Rookeries of London' affords curious details, and will excite much serious thought. The Table of Contents is very varied, and a great amount of talent is evidently enlisted in the cause which the Periodical is founded to support. We cannot avoid again praising the appearance and aspect of the work. It is ably conducted and written, while the typographical and illustrative labours bestowed on its pages have been most successful and effective."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"A new, bold, and heart-stirring conception. It strikes new chords in the Anglo-Saxon heart. '*We Anglo Saxons*,' is a new fraternal expression to which we have not often listened; and, to which we confess that we do listen, in the noble aspirations of this new Quarterly, with some pride, and much heart-felt pleasure."—*Cambridge Advertiser*.

"The plan of this new Periodical is admirable. It embraces all that can interest the mighty nations which, in all quarters of the world, are germinating from the Anglo-Saxon stock—that ancient original root of the race which flourished, centuries ago, in the very Isthmus which the Teutons of Germany are now devastating with a causeless war. All the Past and all the Future of these great kindreds of mankind are laid open for discussion by the plan of such a Work. \* \* \* To say that the noble plan of the present undertaking has been fully worked out would be to imagine that one of the greatest achievements ever proposed to be effected by the pen had been mastered at the first attempt. The very undertaking is itself a great distinction."—*Dorset County Chronicle*.

"These pages are replete with interesting matter—matter that is alike valuable to the merchant, to the Englishman, as a member of the 'vast family' of Anglo-Saxons, and to the antiquarian."—*Somerset County Herald*.

"The object of this neatly got-up and ably-written Publication, as we learn from the opening article of this, the Second Part, is 'to establish unity and brotherly good-will among all Anglo-Saxons, in spite of time and distance, in spite of varieties of creeds, or differences of institutions,' and we have no doubt that there is sufficient Anglo-Saxon spirit yet alive, both in this country and America, to welcome and encourage the undertaking. The birthright of the race is energy and success; and the aim of this Periodical, the onward progress of society and the temporal and spiritual advancement of man, is a truly noble one to undertake, and worthy of all praise.

"The prospectus, which forms Part I., contains an Anglo-Saxon Map and Kalendar, on both of which considerable pains appear to have been bestowed. From the well-written article explanatory of the former, we take the following brief extract, to show the meaning and design of it:—

" 'This map teaches us,' &c.

"The contents of the Second Part, which may be taken as a fair sample of what this new and interesting Periodical is to consist of, are able, varied, and most readable. Some of the best writers of the day, learned in Anglo-Saxon antiquities, have been enlisted in its service; and the illustrations with which its pages are decorated, are not only novel and attractive of their kind, but are finished in the highest style of art. The Anglo-Saxon standard, with which the Part justly opens, is a well-executed sketch of a young knight on horseback, giving the Anglo-Saxon banner to the breeze. The other illustrations are—Gregory the Great and the English captives at Rome, when he uttered the memorable saying, which forms the motto of the work—'Non Angli sed Angeli'; a Scene in St. Giles's; and Anglo-Saxon Chieftains, being one of the year 449, with shield and helmet, contrasted on the opposite page with one of 1849, viz. Sir James Brooke, the Rajah of Surawak, in his careless modern costume, when he went in his yacht to obtain possession of a large portion of the Island of Borneo. Besides these, there are the splendid emblazonments of the armorial bearings of the Heptarchy, which, of themselves, are worth the price of the Publication. The articles generally are full of information on Anglo-Saxon subjects, or of Anglo-Saxon interest. Those which please us most are, 'Ruminations of Travel,' 'The Rookeries of London,' 'Old England, and the Politics of the Day,' 'A Statistical Outline of the Present Condition and Progress of the Anglo-Saxon Race,' and 'Christendom,' which are all written in a high and chivalrous tone. 'The Widow's Son,' a tale of the early Saxon times, is a touching and well-told story; and the paper on Chaucer and Wicliffe is a very suitable one, the period at which they lived being the starting-point of English literature, Chaucer being the Father of English Poetry, and Wicliffe 'the Morning Star of the Reformation.' The poetry is excellent. A characteristic and truly noble piece, by Mr. Martin F. Tupper, on 'Energy,' appropriately begins the list.

"On the whole, we are much pleased with this Periodical, which will supply a gap in English literature that we marvel has not been filled up sooner. It is an interesting and important Publication, and deserves to be successful."—*Daily Mail*.

## The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

"A new and exceedingly novel Publication intended as a rallying point for Anglo-Saxons all over the world. Its design is so peculiar, that we are induced to make our readers fully acquainted with it, by quoting the whole of the opening article."—*Nottinghamshire Guardian*.

"We invite the attention of our readers to this new quarterly Publication; the object of which is to promote good feeling, and revive the family sentiments of kith and kin amongst the different members of the widely spreading Anglo-Saxon race. The recollections of the past, the anticipations of the future, are blended with subjects of present interest; and the meeting-point, or bond of union, proposed for all the children of the family in every quarter of the globe, is their *mother language*, the '*kindly English tongue*,' which is common to so many millions, of different climates, different sects, and institutions.

"The Table of Contents is very varied and attractive, and the illustrations, emblazonments, and beautiful typography render the *Anglo-Saxon* a striking exception to the usual slovenly appearance of periodical publications. The first Part contains a valuable Map of the World, coloured so as to distinguish the various settlements of the Anglo-Saxon race; and showing us that nearly a fourth part of the dry land, and a fourth part of the inhabitants of the globe, are under their governance.

"The Second Part opens with an Easter Offering, by the Editors, setting forth in good set terms the object and aim of the promoters of this new Publication. It contains, amongst a list of twenty-four or twenty-five different subjects, a first-rate article on '*Ruminations of Travel*,' written from Paris, giving a graphic description of men and manners there, and contrasting them not unfavourably with English customs and ideas. '*Christendom*,' a well-written and valuable analysis of the different parties now claiming attention in the Church; and, although written in a kind spirit, evidently rejecting high church, low church, and no church parties, as having none of them brought forth fruits worthy of Christendom. '*Old England, and the Politics of the Day*,' enters into an elaborate and powerful exposition of the evil tendencies of a growing disposition for *centralised* in opposition to *local* government; on the vexed questions of National Rate, Rate in Aid, and Poor-Law Commissions, it is well worthy the attentive perusal of farmers, manufacturers, guardians, and magistrates. Then follow '*Tales of the Anglo-Saxon Times*,' an elaborate statistical article on the '*Present Condition and Progress of the Race*,' a lively history of '*Chaucer and Wicliffe*,' the great fathers of our language; a spirit-stirring address to the '*Gentlewomen of England*;' and a learned article on the heraldic ensigns and other interesting subjects connected with '*The Saxon Period*;' illustrated by three pages of richly coloured emblazonments. The Second Part is varied by a number of pieces of uncommonly good poetry, of which we may mention as particularly good, lines on the '*Energy of the Race*,' by the author of '*Proverbial Philosophy*;' some unpublished '*Verses*,' by Evelyn, the well known author of '*Sylva*;' some appropriate verses on '*Emigration*;' and a quaint contrast between the '*Anglo-Saxon Chieftain of A.D. 449*,' (the year in which they landed in Britain), and that of A.D. 1849, illustrated by a picturesque portrait of the Rajah, or Chieftain, Sir James Brooke, at Sarawak. In conclusion, we may remark that this new Publication appears happily at a time when men are beginning to be sick of party names and party quarrels,—when people no longer read '*The Quarterly*,' merely because it is the Tory, or '*The Edinburgh*,' as the Whig, or '*The Westminster Review*,' as the Radical exponent of political doctrines. The Anglo-Saxons are, we hope, beginning to put away childish things, and to look on men and manners with more enlarged and expansive views. The small Part now on our table does credit to the talent of the Editors, and also to the taste of the Printer (Brettell). We look forward with pleasure to the issue of the next Parts, and can well recommend our readers to order the first."—*Bucks Chronicle*.

"The *Anglo-Saxon* has burst upon us like a brilliant meteor in the darkness of the night, its sparkling corruscations astonishing, but enlivening, all within the circle of its traverse, excepting only those whose grovelling ideas prevent them from looking upwards and onwards in the great march of improvement; but, unlike the meteor, its light, uncontrolled by space, will shine wherever the Anglo-Saxon has found a standing-place amongst nations. Its matter is as varied as its information is sound, and betrays the deep research, the high taste, and the copious intelligence of its correspondents. It treats of Education, Colonisation, Law, War, and Peace; English, American, Australian, and other Anglo-Saxon manners, customs, and institutions; Daily Politics, Anecdotes, Poetry, Homes and Houses, Food and Raiment, Commerce and Agriculture,—'*subjects not the less interesting because belonging to daily life, and the hopes, the fears, the smiles, and the groans of millions*.' The highest subject of all, the spiritual destiny of our race and of mankind, has not been omitted, and it endeavours to '*wipe away from men's recollections the blots and stains of acrimony and contention which have almost made the name of religion to stink in the nose of a no-longer barbarous world—to sound loud and clear in the ears of straggling, wandering, nations, the one recalling note to which, when truly struck, man's inmost spirit ever yearns to respond—Love!*' The illustrations are novel, and present a combination of talent of the very first order; but if we are delighted with the *matter*, justice requires we should say something of the *manner* of its '*getting up*.' Truly Mr. Brettell, who has long evinced an ambitious and an honourable endeavour to eclipse the profession, has succeeded to the utmost extent of his wishes. The specimens of printing in the work before us, are, indeed, superb, and will reflect a credit on Rupert-street as long as the locality shall exist."—*Hants Independent*.

"This remarkable Work is intended to act as a bond of union between the widely-scattered brethren of the Anglo-Saxon race. The idea is a very good one, and hitherto it appears to be well worked out. Talent of the highest order, both in prose and poetry, combined with great beauty of type and cleverness of illustration, places this attractive serial at once in the very highest position, and we shall watch its progress with no small interest. Meanwhile, to give our readers a taste of this old family-feast, we may as well produce the pleasant bill of fare exhibited by the Table of Contents in the Second Number; the First Number, barely more than a prospectus, being chiefly noticeable for its very able preliminary Address, and its useful Anglo Saxon Map. . . . . When

## The Anglo-Saxon.—Opinions of the Press.

we add, that some splendidly coloured emblazonments, and wood-cuts after Gavarni, decorate this intellectual feast with appropriate pictorial flowers, we have done enough to whet the appetite of our readers, and we leave them to satisfy it at their earliest opportunity."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"We have been rather taken by surprise at the elegant and costly typography of this new candidate for public approbation, not having seen the announcements or prospectuses which usually herald the first appearance of a new quarterly publication. The leading idea of the Editors appears to be what is called 'social progress' and human improvement; and in treating of the past history, the present condition, or future prospects of the Anglo-Saxon race—in our own island and in the other parts of the globe—a very wide range of subject is necessarily included. There is much novelty both in the general plan and in the execution of the work, the Editors having struck out a new path in the thickly-traversed field of periodic literature. We are more particularly pleased with the healthy catholic spirit pervading the several articles, as opposed to the narrow-minded bigotry and prejudice of party. It is enough to say that the principles enunciated are advocated in a manner that leads us to expect that the *Anglo-Saxon* will rank amongst the enduring periodicals of the time."

—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*.

"This is a new Quarterly, the object of which is to promote the union and brotherhood of the whole Anglo-Saxon race. The intention is most praiseworthy, and the contents of the First Number (which is the only one that we have received) promise that the Publication will be one of the most talented and best written of the day. We wish it success."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"Devoted to the discussion and illustration of whatever relates to the history and progress of the Anglo-Saxon race, whether considered in connection with the events of antiquity, or as exhibiting the influence and power exerted in the larger developments of modern times; the conquests of mind over matter, and of that indomitable energy which 'wills and works a clearance' of whatever opposes itself thereto; and of which the events of modern times have furnished so many brilliant examples.

"An ampler field whereon to exercise the energies of thought and intellect could not well have been selected; but we fear the conventional idea which has become associated in most minds with the term Anglo-Saxon, will operate against the success of our new Quarterly. To relieve and vary the weight of prose, there are several very pretty poems introduced—one especially, by the Author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' which has pleased us much, and from which we must find room for a portion, that our readers may, at least, have some sample of the *Anglo Saxon*. The poem is entitled 'Energy.'

'Indomitable merit

Of the Anglo-Saxon mind!'

"The *Anglo-Saxon*, besides its more fanciful articles, contains much valuable information, according to our present standard of value, and the information is generally well condensed."—*Cheltenham Parish Register*.

"We noticed, three months ago, the first issue of this Work, which partook, in fact, rather of the nature of a Prospectus than a specimen. The idea is a good one—to cherish and encourage all the nobler tendencies of the age, to establish unity and brotherly good-will among all Anglo-Saxons, in spite of time and creed, or differences of institutions,—is certainly a praiseworthy object, and one to which we must most heartily wish success. The Work is, in fact, a *mélange* of History, Biography, Theology, Political Economy, Poetry, and Romance; and considerable talent is shown in the various articles. The good predominates; and we quote, as a specimen of the style and manner, an extract, in every word of which we heartily concur, on some of 'The Characteristics of the Anglo-Saxons,' &c."

—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

"If we are to judge from this, the first Number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, it will be a sterling work—a work which must become valuable, acceptable, and interesting to the Anglo-Saxon in every quarter of the globe. If we augur correctly from what we perceive, this work will eventually supersede many of the publications extant, as it will combine advantages which are scattered through the pages of general literature. The style of composition is excellent, and its contents, which are methodically arranged, show that its course will be guided by a master-hand. We see nothing but what will tend to great usefulness in the circulation of the *Anglo-Saxon*; it will prove an inestimable source of intelligence to the reader: and, as time rolls on, it will become a beacon of reference to mark the onward progress of society throughout the habitable globe. As to the style of 'getting-up,' it is excellent—we have seen nothing to surpass it in typographical art. Our best wishes are, that it may prove successful."—*The Lynn Advertiser and West Norfolk Herald*.

"The literature of the spring dawns smilingly and sweetly in the Second Part of the *Anglo-Saxon*—not like the First Number, a mere specimen, a brief promise of something good, but a goodly royal octavo, rich and rare in its literary gems, tasteful and varied in its typography, truthful and talented in its chirographical illustrations. Such a Number of a work which addresses itself to the warmest and manliest sympathies of our nature, claims and must have many notices. We promise ourselves and our readers frequent references to its stirring subjects—we can at present only hail its advent and bid it thrice welcome. We transplanted to our 'usual corner,' last week, some of its 'gentle' stanzas, and this week prepared to follow them with a lengthened notice, but press of local matter forbids."—*Derbyshire Courier*.

"In a Quarterly Journal termed the *Anglo-Saxon*, we lately observed a proposition for the foundation of a civil order of merit in this year, the decenary anniversary of the birth of our Great King, Alfred, who first saw the light in 849. \* \* \* The recognition of the claims of the medical profession to this order, does honour to the head that imagined and the heart that dictated the proposition."—*Lancet*.

"As a beautiful specimen of typography alone, this new Quarterly ought to command attention ;

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but much more so for the lofty and patriotic aims and objects which its conductors have in view."—*Maidstone Journal*.

"We have been taken by surprise at the extreme beauty of this Part [III.] It is seldom, in these days of mere utility, that so handsome a work is offered to the public."—*Cambridge Advertiser*.

"The authors of this elegant work are actuated by the most Catholic spirit."—*Cheltenham Examiner*.

"This new Quarterly rises in value and excellence with every new number. \* \* We gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity of recommending the *Anglo-Saxon* for general circulation, with the assurance that it will be found one of the most interesting, no less than one of the most useful literary works of modern times."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger*.

"This Quarterly Journal is avowedly devoted to the promotion of 'good fellowship and brotherly feeling amongst all sections of the great English family everywhere.' Several earnest minds are engaged in the task, and the result is, a periodical possessing more interest than one would have expected where so loose an object is desired. The opening article 'Who are the *Anglo-Saxons*?' is worthy a perusal, if only for the vast number of subjects criticised, or, we should rather say, touched upon in so short a space. There is much laudation of the time of Alfred, and adoration of Alfred, and his mode of rule, and Mr. Tupper has written some stirring verses on the subject of the 'Good King of Old.' The articles and poetical pieces are so numerous, that we cannot afford space even to scan them. The work is a perfect specimen of beautiful typography."—*Critic*.

"The *Anglo-Saxon*, Part III.—has just made its appearance, with claims for the public support fully equal to the promises made on the entry of its predecessors. No. 8 combines prose with poetry, interspersed with a pleasing variety of topics, but all of a superior order. 'A Word to the Yankees,' from the pen of Martin F. Tupper, in which we recognise an extract from the poetry of our old friend the Rev. James Richmond, will be perused with the interest it merits. We are pleased to find that the exertions of the printer have kept pace with the desire of the editor to produce a work worthy of the age, and both have succeeded to admiration."—*Hants Independent*.

"One of the most exquisite productions that has for a long time been issued to the public."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

"In a work so noble, so praiseworthy, and so desirable, we willingly bid the labourers God speed!"—*Norfolk News*.

"A new and ably conducted Quarterly. \* \* There is a healthy English feeling in this (Alfred, by M. F. Tupper), which cannot be too warmly cherished, or too widely diffused; but we think still more highly of the tone and sentiment of the following (Gentle-men), which has a double interest, from being the production of one of the fairer and better half of our race."—*Oxford Herald*.

"Talent of the highest order both in prose and poetry, combined with great beauty of type and cleverness of illustration, places this attractive new Quarterly at once in the very highest position."—*Brighton Paper*.

"There is much good, and true, and powerful writing in this excellent periodical, both in prose and in poetry. The publication, as our readers are aware, has been established for the purpose of treating of such topics as are calculated to interest and instruct all who belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, so widely spread over both hemispheres. The Editors are men of standing and influence in literature and in society, and their writings are motivated by the desire of doing good."—*North British Mail*.

"Having such large sympathies, we view of course with entire approval a proposition to celebrate the memories of our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors. It is strange indeed that a people among whom the Anglo-Saxon element predominates should so long have tolerated the airs of exclusive importance given to themselves by Norman *parvenus*, and by the Celts whom their ancestors drove on all hands to seek shelter in the recesses of their bogs and mountains. In these days of universal tolerance and assertion of the rights of man, we have sympathy for the enthusiasm with which Celt and Norman cherish the memories of their ancestors; but we have ancestors as good and (in confidence let us say it) better than theirs. Let us, too, assert our nationality.

"This is the aim and object of the works which have suggested this train of thought." [After condemnation of another book,] "but there is genius in some of the contributions to the *Anglo-Saxon*, and generally a very true, healthy, and sincere spirit—to say nothing of very pleasant assistance rendered, by the pencil of Mr. Leech, to the hearty and thoughtful purpose which animates them. As to the practicability or eligibility of some of their plans for Anglo-Saxonising society, we must be allowed to remain sceptical; but we would fain see success to their proposal to celebrate by a festival at Wantage, the birth-place of our Alfred, the lapse of the thousandth year since the birth-time of that real patron saint of Old England—that mythological incarnation of the Anglo-Saxon spirit."—*The Examiner*.

"No literary project has ever been started in England in which our nation has been so deeply concerned: none which has ever promised to result in so much good. 'The *Anglo-Saxon*' opens with the kindest spirit towards our country. It is purely international in this sense, that it is devoted to the interests of Anglo-Saxons throughout the world, without distinction of country, or clime, or government. Certainly we shall be prepared in America to hail the advent of such a journal with cordiality and gratitude. It has sprung up under the fairest auspices, and will not unlikely soon take its place among the first of those great journals which now constitute the ornament of British Literature."—*The New York Living Age*.







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The

# Anglo Saxon Jubilee.

In honor of Alfred the Great.

(Burn at Wantage, 849.)

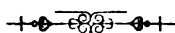


Thousandth Anniversary.

1849.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY T. BRETTILL, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET.

A CALL  
TO  
THE GOOD AND GREAT  
OF  
The Anglo-Saxon Race.



Alfred the Great was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, A. D. 849; and a thousand years of prosperity to his realm and family everywhere will within a few short months have closed their mighty cycle!

There has never hitherto, we believe, been any commemoration of Alfred: neither does there exist a worthy memorial of him, other than that "*monumentum ære perennius*"—a Name!

It has occurred to us, the undersigned, as in many ways a just, and proper thing, to try to wipe off without delay that stain upon our national gratitude. Now, or never, is the fitting time to do it: what is not done on this thousandth birth-year, will scarcely be accomplished at any other period *for ever*! Never, at least, can it be done so appropriately, or so opportunely, as at this fixed point of the consummation of ten centuries.

We now, therefore, in this preliminary prospectus, venture to propose A NATIONAL JUBILEE, in honour of

King Alfred, who may truly be regarded as the Father and Founder of Anglo-Saxon greatness all the world over. You, to whom this proposal is now forwarded ;—you, the sanction of whose names will alone command success, are hereby requested, nay—for the cause is worthy!—are challenged, man by man, to stand forward and (as your position both warrants and enjoins) to take the lead in the celebration of a world-wide people's gratitude.

Perhaps there never was a time at which such an appeal to the spirit of the English people has been more appropriate. Stagnant party, weary disputation, disheartened pauperism, jealous castes and classes, unprofitable lounging, hardened money-getting, fanatic religionism, and foolish philanthropy,—how will they all melt and soften, and expand, and evaporate with the genial glow of patriotic enthusiasm! What a fresh and fair starting for the next year! How many parted hands will have been joined in friendly reconciliation, when Tory, Whig, and Chartist, meet over the tomb of Alfred! How many a seditious whisper will be hushed for ever in the echo of that national hip, hip,—hurrah! which will reverberate through the land! Oh, glorious opportunity! Happy combination of the Past, the Present, and the Future!

The first point is, to secure the names of some champions of the national glory, some patrons of the family feast, such as those to whom we have now the honour of making this appeal; and, to quicken your decision in the matter, we venture to make the following practical suggestions.

I. *For the time.*—That the end of the long vacation, the middle of October, generally a month of fine weather, and when the many professional men who will wish to take a part in the national festival will have returned to London, Oxford, and Cambridge, will be the most appropriate season. Later, the days will be too short; earlier, it would not be possible to collect a general gathering—to say nothing of certain valid reasons well known to sportsmen.

II. *For the place.*—Wantage, the birth-place of Alfred, first suggests itself. On the Great Western Railway, in the neighbourhood of the famous White Horse, and the Downs, it would offer many characteristic attractions for such a festival as we contemplate; and arrangements could be made with the Railway Company, and sundry of those conveniences of civilisation, the Edgingtons, the Gunters, and the Lovegroves. At the same time, for reasons of distance and expense, it is possible that some other spot may hereafter be considered suitable.

III. That the actual arrangements must be left to the Committee, to which you are now respectfully invited to belong; and, so soon as the acquiescence of a sufficient number of distinguished persons shall have been signified to the undersigned, that the programme of details be proposed for consideration in committee.

IV. That prizes, to be offered by the liberality of donors, be given for all manner of Old English sports and games; also, for productions of articles of home and cottage manufacture; also, for old age and good desert to

some of the present poor in Wantage; and, further, if the great idea be so effectually carried out as to assume the importance of a national festival, that the prizes and rewards be extended to other parishes, and for other objects worthy of specific praise at such a celebration.

V. That whatever surplus may arise from the profits of the Jubilee, after expenses paid, be given towards erecting at Wantage a memorial to record the commemoration—a premium being offered for the best design; or else, that any such possible profits be given to the Royal Literary Fund Society, in the name of the Scholar-King.

And now, noble and gentle, magnates of the Anglo-Saxon race, come over and help us! Let all our worthiest and wisest, our best and our bravest, hasten to lend the sanction of their names, and help heart and hand in this good work. Up! ye men of Kent, and muster round your “White Horse,” immemorially stamped upon the Downs of Wantage. Up! ye thanes and gentlemen of Berkshire, look to your county’s and your country’s weal, and be swift to follow in this generous race. Up! patriots all, and rally round the golden cross—old Egbert’s standard. Up! all good men and true, in every state of life to which it hath pleased God to call you, from the Prince Consort and Princes of the Blood Royal of England, to the honest peasant who is just about to bind up our wheatsheaves,—Up! and help in this Anglo-Saxon Jubilee with all your characteristic energy and truthfulness! America, and Australia, and our other colonies and offsets, have always in the dear old Mother Country many a worthy representative: let them, too,—each and all,—join us on

this common ground. And if, as we have the best reason to expect, a distinguished orator will be amongst us this autumn from the United States, we will claim of him a thrilling (because a patriotic) speech in honour of *our* Ancient King.

Again : Remember, it must be Now—or Never !

The thousandth year of our Founder is passing away step by step, as hour by hour ; let us catch its golden autumn-skirt ere it depart, and wrestle with its Angel for a blessing !—the blessing inestimable of national spirit well revived,—of true fraternity amongst all classes in our English family everywhere,—of a grateful retrospect towards “ Alfred’s well,” the Heaven-blest spring of so many of our mercies ! Let Rank and Wealth,—and Genius and Patriotism ;—let each man, mighty for influence or position, hasten, ere it be too late, to join in this good work : so shall their names be remembered with honour, as true sons rejoicing to celebrate the thousandth birthday of the Father of British Liberty ! There is nothing but good to be gained by your speedy acquiescence, and no risk of any ill or loss to any one—but that of losing so fair an opportunity. So, frankly come forward,—one and all,—and help in this great celebration, wherever and whenever it be decided to take place,—whether eventually at Wantage, or at—Windsor.

For if—as a climax to our poor thoughts—(and we pray your pardon for any presumptuous warmth in their expression) it might please Our Queen to grace with Her presence this grand millennial commemoration of Her glorious Precursor, who shall say how deep a river

of national good feeling may not thereby overflow the land from this unsealing of King Alfred's well at Wantage? Who shall estimate the force and the depth of that current of British loyalty which would encircle our Island Queen? How dearly we should recognise in HER (through forty generations daughter of Alfred the Great, and but a year or two ago the happy mother of his little namesake)—how gratefully in Victoria, our Queen, should we discern the consummate flower whereof Alfred, our King, was the germ, the fruit of that fair tree which Alfred planted, —the very head and crown of that world-wide Empire which Alfred, under God, by Wisdom, Strength, and Virtue, reared a thousand years ago!

Names will be received by:—

MARTIN F. TUPPER, Esq.,  
*Albury, Guildford.*

THE REV. J. L. BRERETON.  
*Alfred Club, London.*







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